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MORAL EMBLEMS

WITH

APHORISMS, ADAGES, AND PROVERBS, OF ALL AGES AND NATIONS,

FROM

JACOB CATS AND ROBERT FARLIE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FREELY RENDERED,
FROM DESIGNS FOUND IN THEIR WORKS,
BY JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.
THE WHOLE
TRANSLATED AND EDITED, WITH ADDITIONS,
BY RICHARD PIGOT,
Member of the Leyden Society of Netherlands Literature.

SECOND EDITION.

A good book is a true friend a wise author a public benefactor.
L. G. & Co.
1725

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1862.

VIRTUTE AC LABORE.

LITTERA SCRIPTA MANET.

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THE WRITTEN LETTER REMAINS.

BY VIRTUE AND TOIL.

18-634

A. J. Nov. 23/11
INTACT 1/13/92

LIBROS Y AMIGOS,

A MAN IS BUT WHAT HE KNOWETH.

UN UOMO LETTERATO NE VAL DUE.

TO

WILLIAM STIRLING, ESQ$^{RE.}$ (OF KEIR) M.P.

A LEARNED COLLECTOR OF THE PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY OF ALL AGES AND NATIONS, THIS ATTEMPT TO REVIVE A LOVE FOR EMBLEMATICAL LITERATURE AND ART IS DEDICATED

BY

JOHN LEIGHTON.

POCOS Y BUENOS.

LABOUR IS THE SALT OF LIFE.

KONST OG LÆRE GIVER BRÖD OG ÆRE.

ART AND KNOWLEDGE BRING BREAD AND HONOUR.

GOOD DEEDS REMAIN, ALL THINGS ELSE PERISH.

A
GOOD
LIFE HATH
BUT A FEW
DAYS, BUT A GOOD
NAME ENDURETH
FOR EVER.

Eccles.
xli.
13.

GOOD MEN ARE A PUBLIC GOOD.

GLORIOUS IS THE FRUIT OF GOOD LABOUR.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE reception given to the First Edition (1860) of this selection from the Emblematic Poems of JACOB CATS has already called for a reprint of the book: and the expression of a wish on the part of many readers for a more detailed account of his writings than was given in the Introduction to the First Edition, has led to the belief that a few remarks on the motives that led him to the choice of his subjects, and the method he followed in the execution of his task, may not be without interest.

The plan of the present Volume, as a selection from several works, not only precluded an adherence to the original order of the pieces selected, but tended in some degree to conceal the unity of purpose that underlies the whole series. The Emblematic Writings of Jacob Cats form no mere collection of Fables or Parables strung together at random: they are the result of wide observation and mature thought, and embody a whole system of Moral Philosophy. Few writings more completely bring before us a man who has striven to act up to a high standard of Christian duty, and whom the memory of his own struggles has impelled to warn, instruct, and encourage others. With this design, he has not merely made use of familiar facts or incidents in the physical world to enforce a lesson in morals; he has not merely, like older writers, exposed the follies or the vices of men under fables and allegories, but he has carefully analysed the several stages in human life, and adapted his teaching to the needs and the dangers of each. But, living in an age in which the profession of a moral purpose sufficed generally to deter readers from opening a book, he felt that he must draw attention to his work by something like a stratagem. If, however, he prefixed to his "Sinne en Minne Beelden" the title of "Proteus," he did so not merely to suit the fashion of his time, but to express the general view he had taken of human life. To him that life appeared to be divided into three distinct stages, in the first of which the natural affections and sentiments predominate, while in the second, the man feels himself concerned in the wider interests of his fellow-citizens; and in the third turns his thoughts to that unseen world which he is so soon to enter. The first stage is the season of love and marriage; the second is taken up with the discharge of civil duties; while the third is the period of devout meditation, in which the man is drawn away from the world into more immediate communion with God. These stages he accepts as an appointed order: the first is to him as pure and fitting as the last; and the idea of urging on a premature development

Preface to the Second Edition.

of the second or the third is wholly absent from his mind. Without the slightest tinge of monastic or ascetic philosophy, he sums up for each his conclusion, that "in the natural man we should live temperately; in the civic man, justly; and in the Christian man, godly."

If the form of his "Proteus" was suggested by the prevailing taste for Emblematic writing which had already produced a literature of its own, yet the completion of his design bears evidence of his personal growth in a simple and manly piety. In his youth he had, in his own words, "penned some Amatory Emblems, that is, foolish conceits, which at the time were laid aside." These he afterwards found among some old papers, and seeing in them "the mirror of his condition in the wild season of youth," he resolved to associate with the Emblems of Love certain other Emblems more in accordance with his later dispositions, and so to depict the changeful course of human life, that men might learn, in passing from one stage to another, to replace their former inclinations by higher and better desires. And if he sought to impress on his readers a high standard of duty by fable and allegory, he felt that he was following the example of the Divine Teacher, who, under the images of seed-time and harvest, conveyed His warnings to a careless generation.

His work was done: what its success might be, he knew not; but, with a true humility, he adds, "this we know; that a firm resolve has sprung up within us to strive daily more and more towards the change and renovation of our dispositions and life in Christ Jesus." He had taught and trained himself, before he came forward to teach and instruct others; and he was content to let his work go forth in the hope that, it might impart to his readers something more than the amusement of a passing hour.

WHEN the mind proposes honourable ends, not only the virtues, but the deities also, are ready to assist.—*Lord Bacon.*

A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN A GOLDEN GIRDLE.

IN HOMINE VIRTUTIS OPINIO VALET PLURIMUM.

INTRODUCTION.

Although the Typification of Moral truths and Doctrines by Symbolical Images and Devices had its origin in remote antiquity, and subsequently became a favourite method of imparting counsel and instruction with the Greeks and Romans, it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that it began to assume (first in Italy) the character of a distinct kind of literature.

Towards the end of that century, the poetic genius of the erudite Andrea Alciati, of Milan, imparted so pleasing an impress to this new style of literature, as to direct thereto the attention of men of letters, with whom it soon became a favourite medium for the diffusion and popularization of moral maxims applicable to all the phases and circumstances of human life.

The Emblems of Alciati, written in Latin verse, and eulogized by such men as Erasmus, Julius Scaliger, Toscan, Neander, and Borrichius, were soon translated into the Italian, French, and German languages, and became so highly esteemed that they were publicly read in the Schools, to teach youth the Art of Emblematic writing.

Thus established, as an elegant and useful method of inculcating, both by Word and Eye-pictures, the virtues of civil life; men of learning, poets, and statesmen, in France, Holland, Germany, Spain, and England, vied with each other, as it were, throughout the seventeenth century, in the cultivation of this branch of Composition, insomuch that it had become a favourite and admired medium for the diffusion of Religious, Social, and Political maxims, and maintained that position in public favour, up to the end of the eighteenth century.

In the seventeenth century, Printing, and its sister art Engraving, had attained in Holland to a higher grade of perfection than in any other country of Europe; and, favoured by circumstances so auxiliary to the artistic illustration of works in the then not inaptly termed "Picture Language," the poetic genius of a Jacob Cats found, in the pencils of Jan and Adrian Van De Venne, and the burins of Matham, Peter de Jode, Verstralen, Van Bremden, and others, artistic exponents worthy of his muse, and equal to his most ardent desires.

LEARNING PRODUCES REFLECTION, AND REFLECTION VIRTUE.

WISDOM FREQUENTLY CONQUERS FORTUNE.

Introduction.

D. Jacob Cats, the eminent Dutch Jurisconsult, Statesman, and Poet, was born at Brouwershaven in the Isle of Schouwen, province of Zeeland, on the 10th November, 1577. His father was a counsellor of some standing; and his son Jacob was first destined to the profession of the law. Having completed his course of philosophy, he proceeded to the University of Leyden, to study jurisprudence. From thence he went to France, and was some time at the University of Orleans, where he took the degree of Doctor of Laws. He subsequently went to Paris, and was very desirous to visit Italy; but his family opposed his going thither, and he was obliged to return to Holland. Arrived at the Hague, he applied himself wholly to jurisprudence, and was assiduous in his attendance at the Public Pleadings of the most distinguished lawyers. To perfect himself still more in his profession, he put himself under the direction of the jurisconsult, Cornelius Van der Pol, one of the most eminent pleaders of the Dutch Bar. Some time afterwards, Cats practised with distinction at Zieuwrikzee, and at Brouwershaven. At this period it would seem he applied himself no less assiduously to Poetry, and not only became distinguished among the literati of Holland for the purity and elegance of his Latin verses, but soon took rank as one of her first lyrists in his native tongue. Falling seriously ill of an hectic fever, induced by over-application to study, he was advised by his physicians to seek a change of air.

Hereupon he repaired to England, and visited the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. When in London he consulted the then celebrated physician, Dr. Butter, on the subject of the obstinate fever which still afflicted him; but that physician was not more fortunate in his prescriptions than those of Holland. Upon his return to his native country, he was eventually cured, says his biographer, Moreri, by an old alchemyst.

Distinguishing himself by his legislatorial and statesmanlike qualifications, no less than he had done by his poetic genius, Jacob Cats rose subsequently to high Official rank, and for several years filled the post of State Pensionary and Chief Magistrate of Middleburg and Dordrecht. He was eventually promoted to the rank of State Counsellor and Grand Pensionary of the province of West Friesland, and made Keeper of the Great Seal of Holland. After filling these important Offices for eighteen years, having now attained the age of seventy-two, he requested permission to retire into private life; which was at length granted by the States. His valuable services were, nevertheless, once more required, and he was solicited to form a member of the Embassy sent at that time to England, to arrange a treaty of commerce between the two countries. After discharging the important duties therein delegated to him, he retired wholly into private life, and devoted himself with faculties still unimpaired to the Muses, up to the advanced age of eighty-three years, when he may be said to have expired with the pen in his hand. Few men have left behind them greater proofs of indefatigable industry than Jacob Cats; and his numerous lyrical works are as rich in poetic genius as they are replete with evidence of world-knowledge, and genial with the love of mankind.

Introduction.

Would the limits allotted to this Introduction permit of a more detailed account of the life and works of this highly gifted, good man, numerous incidents and passages in both might be adduced, which would awaken in the breasts of Englishmen and women (for he was especially the poetic champion of the worth and virtues of the fair sex) an appreciation and esteem of his genius and character, as great almost as that felt for him in his own country: where "Father Cats," as he is affectionately called, is honoured as the bard of Home and of the Domestic hearth, the still popular and revered instructor of his countrymen in the Virtues of Social life, and in the Maxims of purest world-wisdom.

The "Moral Emblems" of Jacob Cats, to which Daniel Heinsius rendered his tribute of eulogy, as also two of Holland's greatest lyrists, Hoogstraaten and Zeeuwes, are almost unknown, even by name, in England, from being chiefly written in the Dutch language, of which it has been truly said, that "it has been a language too hastily neglected and despised by Englishmen."

They form, nevertheless, in the collect, a series of the most admirable compositions in Emblematic Literature which any language can boast, though written at a period when the Dutch tongue, like the rest of the northern European languages, was yet rigid and quaint in its structure, and so different in its orthographical style and idiom to the Dutch of the present day, that to most modern Dutch scholars his earlier works are almost a sealed book. Nevertheless, when Cats wrote in the vernacular of his day, the Dutch language, like that of his contemporary, Shakespeare, had been developing capabilities of harmony combined with vigour of expression, quite equal to our own, as an exponent of poetic thought and imagery, and was one in which no writer of his day knew better how to speak to the feelings of his countrymen, and win their hearts by the pleasantly conveyed wisdom of his "household words" than Jacob Cats.

By his "Sinne en Minne Beelden," and his "Emblemata Moralia et Œconomica," Jacob Cats first established his fame, both as a classical writer, an amiable moralist, and a popular poet. The former written in Dutch and Latin verse, each theme accompanied by a short distich in French verse, gave evidence both of the versatility of his poetic genius and of his linguistic talent. The success achieved by these compositions encouraged him to carry out his predilection for this style of writing in a yet more extended form; and some time after he gave to the world his "Spiegel van den Voorleden en Tegenwoordigen Tyt," or "Mirror of the Past and Present Time," in which he emblematised, in Dutch verse, the numerous proverbs and sayings of antiquity, together with the most popular and current adages of his day, in most of the European languages.

The above-named Emblematic works comprise many hundred subjects, in the treatment of which he evinced as much ingenuity as poetic grace, in working them out so as to render them a charming Code of Moral Instruction, addressed alike to the Youth of both sexes, and applicable to every phase of Civil and Political life.

Introduction.

To every subject of his Word-Pictures, he appends, in support of the moral he inculcates, the most pertinent quotations from the Ancient writers, and a most interesting collect of Popular adages, bearing upon the sense of each theme.

From so rich a mine of Emblematic lore, the present volume forms, of course, but a selection from each of the above-named series, the subjects of which could not therefore be placed in the same order as in the originals; but embodied in the present form will, it is hoped, be found a pleasing collect, well calculated to give an idea of the diversity of subject treated by the Author.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a youth, was much influenced by the Artistic excellence of Adrian Van de Venne's Designs for the illustration of the Dutch Folio Edition of Cats' Works, of which he made careful copies; and Sir Wm. Beechy, in his Life of Reynolds, states that "Sir Joshua's richest store was Jacob Cats' Book of Emblems, which his grandmother, a native of Holland, had brought with her from that country."

Reproduced with the best appliances of Modern Art, in the Pictorial Illustration of the word-pictures of the Author, the original designs of Adrian Van de Venne, in a few instances only, have been deviated from, in so far as was deemed most consistent with the more elevated taste of the present day in pictorial embellishment.

The Proverbs of the different nations,—that wisdom which of all others sprang from the bosom of the Peoples in every land, and was handed down from generation to generation, rather orally than by books,—form so pleasing and instructive a feature in the Emblems of Cats, that they have been for the most part preserved in their literal garb of Cats' day, an adhesion to the original which it is believed will have a greater charm and interest for the student of Languages, curious to see the shape in which the traditionally acquired wisdom of long past days was expressed, until it reached us in the more polished garb of modern times.

Wherever admissible, passages from English and other Authors, having an affinity in sense, and moral, to the Emblem or theme, have been introduced, by way of elaborating, or giving more extension to the doctrine inculcated by the Author. The appendage to this selection from Cats' Moral Emblems of a reprint of the now exceedingly rare and curious Poems and Emblems of his contemporary Emblematist, the pious Scot, Robert Farlie, published in London under the title of "Lychnocausia," in 1638, will, it is hoped, be considered a not unpleasing associate for the Dutch moralist, and their juxtaposition in the same volume give an additional interest to the whole.

THE TRANSLATOR.

NON QUO, SED QUOMODO.

IT IS BETTER TO BE UNBORN THAN UNTAUGHT.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

LIST OF

CONTENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Jacob Cats—Under allegorical figure of Universal Justice, supported on one side by Solomon, Confucius, and Æsop; upon the other by Age instructing Infancy and Adolescence, in the presence of Labour and Travel; in the background Peace and Plenty are contrasted with the violent acts of man against the will of Supreme Power. In the centre foreground is a vase of flowers surrounded by choke-weeds—type of elevated nature a constant prey to the coarser elements. On the base are sculptured bas-reliefs, "Suum cuique"—Let each apply to himself that which fits him; "Bonus cum bonis"—The just with the true. . . . . *Frontispiece, engraved by* Leighton.

Page 3	None can clean their dress from stain, but some blemish will remain	Leighton.
6	*I lurke and shine*	Green.
7	Act wisely and thou shall't be free	Dalziel.
10	*Diogenes Lanterne*	Dalziel.
11	Whither the breath of my mistress calls me	Green.
14	*Whilst I breathe, I hope*	Leighton.
15	If poor, act cautiously	Whymper.
18	*Light onely is my praise*	Leighton.
19	Rest content where thou art	Green.
22	*Better with a little*	De Wilde.
23	Love takes possession of the mind insensibly	Leighton.
26	*I lay open here onely*	De Wilde.
27	The inexpert are wounded	Green.
30	*Hence commeth my filth*	Leighton.
31	While we draw, we are drawn	Green.
34	*Upward*	Leighton.

MANY MEN, MANY MINDS.

Contents and Illustrations.

Page 35 Both sides should be seen . . . . *Engraved by* LEIGHTON.
38 *Darknesse addeth glory to me* . . . . LEIGHTON.
39 Who is hurtful to himself, benefits no one . . . . GREEN.
42 *So I am undon by doing good* . . . . LEIGHTON.
43 The pot goeth so long to the water, til at last it commeth broken home . GREEN.
46 *Whither my soule* . . . . GREEN.
47 Play, but chastely . . . . GREEN.
50 *My life is my death* . . . . LEIGHTON.
51 Hasten at leisure . . . . LEIGHTON.
54 *So to die is miserable* . . . . LEIGHTON.
55 Let your light shine before men . . . . GREEN.
58 *The Lanterne leades the way* . . . . GREEN.
59 Smoke is the food of Lovers . . . . GREEN.
62 *Fire followeth smoake* . . . . LEIGHTON.
63 Each deplores his own lot . . . . GREEN.
66 *I nourish myselfe* . . . . DALZIEL.
67 Every flower loses its perfume at last . . . . DALZIEL.
70 *I will dye, but I shall ascend* . . . . LEIGHTON.
71 Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip . . . . GREEN.
74 *Light me, I shal sigh no more* . . . . LEIGHTON.
75 Love, like a ball, requires to be thrown back . . . . DALZIEL.
78 *Quickly or I am consumed* . . . . DE WILDE.
79 The biter bitten . . . . GREEN.
82 *My light is not the lesse* . . . . GREEN.
83 The branches may be trained, but not the trunk . . . . . . LEIGHTON.
86 *In vaine thou puttest me out* . . . . LEIGHTON.
87 When slovenly servants get tidy, they polish the bottoms of the saucepans . LEIGHTON.
90 *'Tis better to tarry* . . . . LEIGHTON.
91 Grease the fat sow . . . . SMYTHE.
94 *Altero extinguor, Altero accendor.* (The one puts me out, the other kindles me) GREEN.
95 Play with the dog, and he'll spoil your clothes . . . . GREEN.
98 *I am consumed more, and shine less.* (Magis consumor minus luceo) . GREEN.
99 Bees touch no fading flowers . . . . DALZIEL.
102 *You feared me whilst I shined* . . . . LEIGHTON.
103 One rotten apple infects all in the basket . . . . JACKSON.
106 *Farewell* . . . . DE WILDE.
107 I am touched, not broken by the waves . . . . GREEN.
110 *I envie not thy light* . . . . GREEN.
111 Birdes of one feather will flocke together . . . . JACKSON.
114 *If thou abroad, I at home* . . . . LEIGHTON.
115 The ripe pear falls ready to the hand . . . . LEIGHTON.
118 *My light escapes thee* . . . . LEIGHTON.

Contents and Illustrations.

Page 119	What is insensible to Love?	*Engraved by* GREEN.
122	*Hero's light*	GREEN.
123	The higher the rise the greater the fall	GREEN.
126	*Death finds the way*	LEIGHTON.
127	The hunchback sees not his own hump, but he sees his neighbour's	BOLTON.
130	*In vaine thou coverest me*	LEIGHTON.
131	Enter not, or pass through	LEIGHTON.
134	*Helpe, or else I dye*	DE WILDE.
135	A hen lays every day, but an ostrich only once a year	THOMAS.
138	*So you are borne for others*	LEIGHTON.
139	When the eyes are won, love is begun	DALZIEL.
142	*My light is darkness to thee*	DALZIEL.
143	Who cuts off his nose, spites his own face	GREEN.
146	*Spare me for future use*	GREEN.
147	Though taken to the water's brink, no blows can force the horse to drink	GREEN.
150	*O morning starre, shew ye day*	GREEN.
151	Excess of liberty leads to servitude	GREEN.
154	*Nauplius his lights*	GREEN.
155	Who would learn to shave well, should first practise on a fool's beard	SWAIN.
158	*At the bottom least and worst*	DE WILDE.
159	What the sow does, the little pigs must pay for	DALZIEL.
162	*On mine own cost*	DALZIEL.
163	A ship aground, is a beacon at sea	GREEN.
166	*I seeke mine hurt*	LEIGHTON.
167	The goose hisses well, but it don't bite	GREEN.
170	*The end tryeth all*	DE WILDE.
171	With unwilling hounds it's hard to catch hares	LEIGHTON.
174	*Thus must I be consumed quickly*	LEIGHTON.
175	A whole mill to grind a peck of corn	BOLTON.
178	*Not under a bushell*	LEIGHTON.
179	The dogs and the bone	LEIGHTON.
182	*I doe not put out myselfe*	LEIGHTON.
183	No one can love Thetis and Galatea at the same time	HARRAL.
186	*The Virgins lampe*	DE WILDE.
187	Within is emptiness	LEIGHTON.
190	*It is a token that I shined*	LEIGHTON.
191	When the wolf comes, the oxen leave off fighting to unite in self-defence	GREEN.
194	*I save others, I waste myself*	GREEN.
195	While she weeps, she devours	SWAIN.
198	*Fessa tibi nunc lampada trado.* (I weary give my light to thee)	LEIGHTON.
199	By yielding thou may'st conquer	GREEN.
202	*Compare small with great*	GREEN.

Contents and Illustrations.

Page 203 Great cry and little wool . . . . *Engraved by* SWAIN.
206 *Sursum Peto deorsum trahor.* (I bend up, and am drawn down) . . LEIGHTON.
207 Cripple will always lead the dance . . . . LEIGHTON.
210 *Herostratus his light* . . . . LEIGHTON.
211 Fire, Cough, Love, and Money are not long concealed . . . . LEIGHTON.
214 *Death is gaine to me* . . . . DE WILDE.
215 Every bird sings according to his beak . . . . LEIGHTON.
218 *Aut splendore aut situ consumor.* (Either by light or mouldiness I die). DE WILDE.
219 Hares are not caught with beat of drum, nor birds with tartlets . . . EVANS.
222 *I finde things lost* . . . . LEIGHTON.
223 The Gnat stings the eyes of the Lion . . . . LEIGHTON.
226 *How great a light* . . . . LEIGHTON.
227 Like melons, friends are to be found in plenty, of which not even one is good in twenty . . . . SMYTHE.
230 *I see all and say nothing* . . . . LEIGHTON.
231 Every fowl scratches towards itself . . . . LEIGHTON.
234 *An evill-doer hateth light* . . . . LEIGHTON.
235 Well set off is half sold . . . . DALZIEL.
238 *Finis* . . . . DE WILDE.
239 One stroke fells not an oak . . . . HARRAL.
242 THE END. *Study me in thy prime, bury death and weary time* . . LEIGHTON.

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

WER GEWINNEN WILL, LERNE VERTRAGEN.

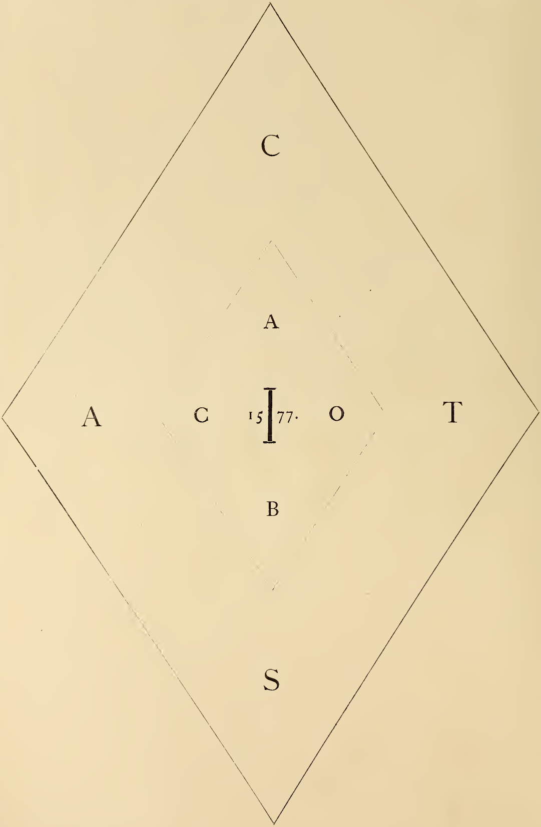
MORAL EMBLEMS

CI E CHI VEDE MALE, E VOREBBE VEDER PEGGIO.

SPARE TO SPEAK AND SPARE TO SPEED.

TIME WILL TEACH HIM

SIEHE ERST AUF DICH, DANN RICHTE MICH.

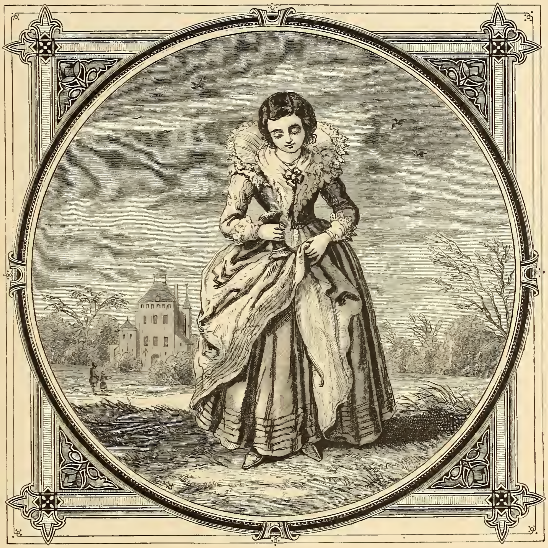


TUTTO EL CERVELLO NON E IN UNA TESTA.

WHO HAS NO TEACHER.

WITH HONOUR, FAITH, AND WITH THE EYE, TRIFLE NOT.

On ne peut décrotter sa robe sans emporter le poil.



NONE CAN CLEAN THEIR DRESS FROM STAIN,
BUT SOME BLEMISH WILL REMAIN.

HOW I've ſplaſh'd and ſoil'd my gown,
With this gadding through the town!
How bedraggled is my ſkirt,
Trapeſing through the bye-ſtreet's dirt:
In what a ſtate for me to be,
From this Town-life gaiety!

EHRE, GLAUBE, UND AUGE, KEIN SCHERTZ.

QUIEN LA FAMA HA PERDIDO, MUERTO ANDA EN LA VIDA.

HE WHO HAS LOST HIS REPUTATION IS A DEAD MAN AMONG THE LIVING.

FILLE TROP EN RUE, EST TOST PERDUE.

FEMMINE E GALLINE PER TROPPO ANDAR SI PERDONO.

Come girls here, come all I know,
Playmates mine, adviſe me, ſhew
In this plight that I'm come to,
What is beſt for me to do?
How ſhall I remove this ſtain,
And reſtore my gown again?

If to waſh it out I try—
Waſhing ſhrinks the cloth when dry;
Makes the colour often fade,
Or elſe gives a darker ſhade:
If I cut it out, there'll be
Such a hole that all muſt ſee:
If I rub it hard, 'twill take
All the nap off then, and make
Yet more plain, the ſtain that ne'er
Honeſt maiden's dreſs ſhould bear.
Pray then tell me, ſome of you,
What in this miſhap to do?
Thus ſo ſlut-like to be ſtain'd,
Makes me of myſelf aſham'd;
For wherever I may go,
People will look at me ſo,—
And think perhaps,—ſuch dirt to ſee,
I'm not what I ought to be.

Say, can none of you ſuggeſt,
What in ſuch a caſe is beſt?—
No?—then this I plainly ſee,
You muſt warning take by me!
If you would not ſoil your gown,
Go not gadding through the town:
In the ſtreets who plays the flirt,
Never yet eſcaped ſome dirt:—
Run not therefore Eaſt and Weſt,
Home for girls is much the beſt.

WOMEN AND HENS ARE LOST BY TOO MUCH GADDING.

RARO VAGA VIRGO PUDICA EST.

VEEL OP DE STRAET, LICHT OP DE PRAET.

PUDICA NON EST, FAMA PUDICAM QUAM NEGAT.

Maidens, whereſoe'er you go,
Walking, travelling to and fro;
Over land or over ſea,
In whatever way it be;
In the Country or the Town,
Over meadow, dale or down,
Over hill or over moor,
In the houſe or out of door,
Over road or over ſtreet,
Girls, where'er you bend your feet,
Keep your Clothes and Kirtles neat.

A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.—*Proverbs* xxii. 1.

Redire, cum periit, nescit pudor.—Senec. *Agam.*

Ego illum periisse puto, cui periit pudor.—Plaut.

Omnia si perdas; famam servare memento;
Qua semel amissa postea nullus eris.

Etiam sanato vulnere cicatrix manet.

Although the wound be healed, it always leaves a scar.

Of schoon de wond'al is genesen,
Daer sal noch al een teycken wesen.—*Old Dutch Proverb.*

Die in een quaet geruchte kommt, is half gehangen.—*Ibid.*

Who comes to an evil repute is half hanged.
Give a dog a bad name and hang him.

Conduct thyself always with the same prudence, as though thou wert observed by ten eyes, and pointed at by ten fingers.—Confucius.

Put a curb upon thy desires if thou would'st not fall into some disorder.—Aristotle.

It is better to be poor, and not have been wanting in discretion, than to attain the summit of our wishes by a loose conduct.—Diogenes.

Be discreet in your discourse, but much more in your actions; the first evaporates, the latter endure for ever.—Phocylides.

Shun the society of the depraved, lest you follow their pernicious example, and lose yourself with them.—Plato.

Eer is teer. Honour is tender.
The finest silk will spoil the soonest.

Celle n'est pas entièrement chaste qui fait douter de sa pudicité.

SHE IS NOT VIRTUOUS OF WHOM RUMOUR SPEAKS ILL.

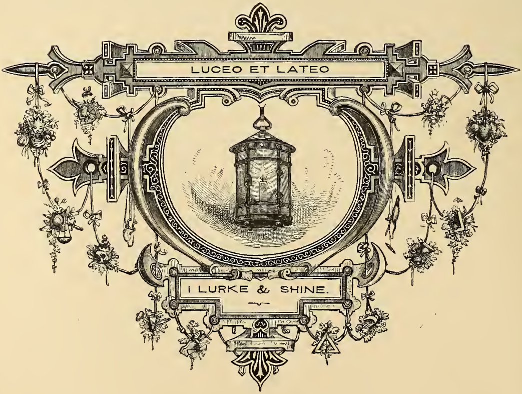
MUCH IN THE STREET, LIGHT OF REPUTE.

LASSES AND GLASSES ARE ALWAYS IN DANGER.

FEMME SOTTE SE CONNAIT A LA COTTE.

BEFORE my Light was to the winds a ſcorne,
My body likewiſe ſubject to be torne;
Now for a ſafeguard I this lanterne have,
So whilſt I ſhine from wrong it doth me ſave;
Even as the Diamond his light forth ſends,
And with his hardneſſe ſtill himſelfe defends.
Honour is ſubject to unconſtant chance,
Nor can it without envy 't ſelfe advance:
Vertue to honour is a braſen wall,
Guarded with which, it is not hurt at all;
And how ſo ever Fortun's ſtormes doe blow,
Yet Glory lurking thus, his light can ſhow.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



A FOOLISH WOMAN IS KNOWN BY HER DRESS.

FIGLIE E VETRI SON SEMPRE IN PERICOLO.

STRAW BANDS WILL TIE A FOOL'S HANDS.

Fac Sapias, et Liber eris.

FOOLS GROW WITHOUT WATERING.

EVERY FOOL IS PLEASED WITH HIS BAUBLE.

ACT WISELY AND THOU SHALL'T BE FREE.

MUCH Men do is Folly merely;
And if aſked the reaſon, why?
Seldom, truthfully and clearly,
To the queſtion they reply.
If reply they make, 'tis ever,
With them all, the ſame excuſe;
And ſome think the anſwer clever:
"'Tis the Faſhion"—"cuſtom"—"uſe!"

CE QUE ME LIE, C'EST MA FOLIE.

Thus it ever is with fools;
Cuſtom more than Reaſon rules:
And where Reaſon ſhould be law,
Faſhion—Cuſtoms, ſlight as ſtraw,
Stronger chains on them impoſe,
Bonds more binding far than thoſe,
Tyrants ſince the world began,
Laid upon their fellow man.
He vainly boaſts that he is free,
Who fears t' infringe on Faſhion's rule;
For worſe than ſlave, already, he
Is both at once—a ſlave, and fool.

INTER causas malorum nostrorum est, quòd vivimus ad exempla, nec ratione componimur, sed consuetudine abducimur. Quod pauci faciunt, nolumus imitari: quùm plures facere cœperunt, quasi honestius sit, quia frequentius, sequimur, et recti apud nos locum tenet error; &c.—SEN. *Epist.* 58.

Qui veut, il peut.

WHAT less, than Fool, and greater Fool, than he,
Who knows no Heaven but his mistress' smiles,
And bows his reason to the tyranny
Of her caprice and ever changing wiles?
Than he, whose brain-sick fantasy can find
Subject for Love, in each insensate whim,
And in her very faults of heart and mind,
A grace, to none apparent but to him!
Who sees not, when she most affects the Dove,
She but derides the passion he reveals;
And that most false when most she vows her love,
'Tis but to seem what least she is—and feels.
If true that, he who wills it may be free:
Who hath no Will, must have a lack of brains;
A straw-tied Fool! who for his stultity,
In Love, as in aught else, deserves his chains.

A WISE man's heart is at his right hand, but a fool's heart is at his left.—*Ecclesiastes* x. 2.

NE FAITES MESSAGERS DES FOLS.

D'UN FOL NE FIT, JAMAIS HOMME SON PROFIT.

FOOLS ARE NOT TO BE CONVINCED.

He that sendeth a message by the hand of a Fool, cutteth off the feet, and drinketh damage.—*Proverbs* xxvi. 6.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a Fool returneth to his folly.—*Proverbs* xxvi. 11.

Non ex omni ligno fit Mercurius.
Magna Negotia viris magnis committenda.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wise.—S. Greg.

Ex thymbrâ nemo lanceam conficiet;
Neque ex Socrate bonum militem.—Athen. *lib.* v.

Th' upward soaring spirit ever
Craves the joys of heaven to know,
But alas! the vain endeavour!
Bondslave of the flesh, below:
Though they be but frail as straw,
Worldly joys more strongly draw.

For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another.—*Galatians* v. 13.

The weak may be laughed out of anything but their weakness.—M. de Genlis.

We talk of acquiring a habit! we should rather say being acquired by it. Habit is the janissary power in man; Passion and Principle the antagonist revolutionary powers for evil and for good.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
A foolish heart.—Shakespeare.

A Nation deserves no better laws than those it will submit to.—Goethe.

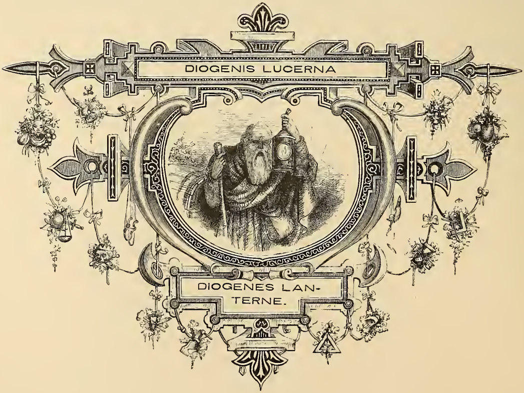
The Nation, like the man who would be free,
Must merit first the rights of liberty.

A FOOL IS LIKE OTHER MEN AS LONG AS HE IS SILENT.

FOOLS AND THE PERVERSE,

WHOSE purchaſe was his pouch, his houſe a tun,
Criticke of actions whatſoever done,
That learned dogge, at noone-tyde tinn'd his light,
Searching for one, whoſe actions were upright.
The Eagles young ones by the Sunne are try'd,
Mens actions by the lamp are best espy'd;
For men in day time maſkt with vizards goe,
Of truth and faith making an outward ſhow.
But when they can nights ſecret ſilence find,
Before the lamp they doe unmaſke their mind.
Happy is he whom Sunne and Lamp ſees one,
Who's honeſt ſtill, though witneſſe there be none.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



FOOLS SHOULD NA HAE CHAPPING STICKS.

ONLY THE RICH FOOL IS SAID TO SPEAK SENSE.

FILL THE LAWYER'S PURSE.

AS THE WIND BLOWS, SO THE WEVELL GOES.

Dominæ, quo me vocat, aura.

A WOMAN'S MIND AND WINTER WIND CHANGE OFT.

VIENTO Y VENTURA POCO DURA.

WHITHER THE BREATH OF MY MISTRESS CALLS ME.

SPORT of thy miſtreſs' fickle mind,
Hapleſs lover! turning ever
Like the wevell with the wind,
Haſt not ſtrength ſuch bonds to ſever?

Look around thee, ſenſeleſs lover!—
Fair as ſhe thou'llt many find;
Many who poſſeſs moreover,
Far more charms of heart and mind.

OU QUE SPIRE, ME TIRE.

Slave of her deſpot frown or ſmile;
Haſt no other will to guide thee,
Than her changeful will, who while
Ruling thee, doth but deride thee?

He who thus ſubjects his reaſon
To a fickle woman's rule,
Merits juſt as much deriſion
As the witleſs ſtraw-tied fool.

QUAM miserè servit, cui mulier imperat, cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat quod videtur: qui nihil imperanti negare potest, nil recusare; poscit, dandum est; ejicit, abeundum; vocat, veniendum; minatur, extimescendum!—CICERO.

IMPONIT leges vultibus illa tuis.—OVID.

Quo nos Numen agit.

Whither God directs us.

HE is the wisest, who has school'd his mind
T' adopt the current of the ruling wind.
Blow whence it will, prepared for all event,
With fortune's dispensations e'er content,
Who with discernment both in time and place,
Bends his opinion with a cheerful grace;
To him unknown the troubles which impart
The constant fever of the stubborn heart,
That 'mid a world of change would stand aloof,
To stem the torrent with his vain reproof.
To change opinion and yet constant be,
Is possible alone to such as he
Whose strength of mind is in its pliancy.

UT acerbitates multas ac molestias evitemus, consilia ad eventus ac tempora flectenda sunt.—SENECA.

OPORTET enim tanquàm in talorum jactu, ad id quod ceciderit, res suas accommodare. PLATO.

LEVE fit quod bene fertur onus.—OVID.

QUONIAM id fieri quod vis non potest, velis id quod possis.—TERENCE.

TEMPORI enim cedere, id est necessitati parere, semper sapientis habitum est.—CICERO.

DECET id pati æquo animo;
Si id facietis, levior labos erit.—PLAUTUS.

GOD GIVES THE WILL, NECESSITY GIVES THE LAW.

CHI NON PUO FARE COME VOGLIA FACCIA COME PUO.

CHI NON PUO QUEL CHE VUOL QUEL CHE PUO VOGLIA.

THROW aside prejudice and thou art saved. Who prevents thee from doing so?—Marcus Aurelius.

All things change—You yourself continually change, and destroy yourself in some part. It is the same with the whole world.

We should take counsel of reason upon that which befalls us, and correct by our prudent conduct the injustice of fortune, as a gamester repairs a stroke of ill luck by his skill.—Plato.

A sure means to become inaccessible to disappointment, is to become penetrated with the inconstancy of fortune, and to be prepared for all her capriciousness.—Plutarch.

Necessitati ne quidem Dii resistunt.—Erasmus.

Les hommes légers et flottans,
Perdent toûjours leur avantage:
Aussi n'appartient-t'il qu'au sage,
De sçavoir bien prendre son temps.—Gomberville.

The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of to-morrow.—Carlyle.

When things will not suit our will, it is wise to suit our will to things.—*Arabic Prov.*

All our undertakings should be bent in accordance with the circumstances of the moment.

In Domino quies.

Reſt is in God.

FIX'D to no point, the wevell sways about,
Obedient to th' uncertain wav'ring blast;
But when the wind has ceas'd to blow in doubt,
The wevell to one point is fix'd at last.
Vain heart! go search the world's remotest nook,
Pry into all, examine every book,
With equal thirst and hunger still oppress'd,
In God, the Lord, thou'llt find alone true rest.

COME unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—*Matthew* xi. 28.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.—*Psalm* lxxiii. 25.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light.—*Matthew* xi. 29, 30.

IL SAVIO, FA DELLA NECESSITA VIRTU.

WHAT CAN'T BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED.

MAKE THE BEST OF A BAD JOB.

NECESSITY HAS NO LAW.

A THOUSAND evils this my life doth ſpend;
At length fierce Boreas thereto puts an end:
My light, my heat, my flame and all is paſt;
Onely, whilſt breathe remaines, my hope doth laſt.
This life of ours is toſt to and againe,
Time and unconſtant Fortune workes our bane:
Care kils us, griefe, diſeaſes doth outweare
This life, Death dragges us to the dolefull biere.
Fortune takes what ſhe in the morning gave;
Or enemies robbe and spoile what e're we have;
Strength, beauty, periſh, honours flye away,
Falſe friends, when meanes are gone, they will not ſtay.
Hope's onely conſtant in adverſity,
Before ſhe's kild by death, ſhe will not fly.

Farlie's *Emblems.*

DUM SPIRO SPERO.
WHILST I BREATHE, I HOPE.

IL FAUT SOUFFRIR CE QU'ON NE PEUT GUERIR.

THE WEAKEST GOES TO THE WALL.

Pauper agat cautè.

LITTLE BOATS SHOULD KEEP THE SHORE—

LARGER SHIPS MAY VENTURE MORE.

IF POOR, ACT CAUTIOUSLY.

LITTLE fiſh! why come you ſkimming
  On the ſurface as you do?
Deeper down you ſhould be ſwimming,
  That's the fitter place for you.
Here above, great ſea-mews hover,
  Keen of eye, and ſwift of flight;
And for ſuch as you moreover,
  Have a wondrous appetite.

HE WHO CLIMBS TOO HIGH, IS NEAR A FALL.

Here alone, the kings of ocean
  May with ſafety dare the light,
But how came you by the notion
  Thus to brave the eagle's ſight?
Every kind of little creature
  Should its proper ſtation know;
And your fitter place by nature,
  Is much rather—down below.
But if little Bleaks diſport them,
  Like the porpoiſe and the whale,
While ſo heedleſs they comport them,
  Danger muſt their lives aſſail:
Little fiſhes undertaking
  What the great alone may do,
Like all, who their part miſtaking,
  Soon or late their folly rue.

EVERY little fish expects to become a whale. He who would be every where will be no where.—*Danish Proverb.*

THOSE who wade in unknown waters will be sure to be drowned.

AN ounce of discretion is better than a pound of wit.

WHO always does that which pleases him,
Does not always what he ought.

SEMPRE ha torto il piu debole.
A cader va chi troppo in alto sale.

ON ne doit jamais prétendre à des droits qu'on ne sçauroit soutenir.

QUIEN siempre hace lo que quiere,
No hace siempre lo que debe.—*Spanish Proverb.*

TRASPASA el rico las leyes, y es castigado el pobre.
THE rich man transgresses the law, and the poor man is punished.

HE WHO STANDS HIGH IS SEEN FROM AFAR.

SEEKEST thou great things for thyself? seek them not: for, behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord.—*Jeremiah* xlv. 5.

As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.—*Proverbs* xxvii. 8.

A PRUDENT man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished.—*Proverbs* xxvii. 12.

HE that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction.—*Proverbs* xvii. 19.

WHO shall go about
To cozen Fortune and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.—SHAKESPEARE.

POOR and content, is rich, and rich enough.—*Ibid.*

THRASO is Gnatho's prey.—LORD BACON.

TRUE happiness is to no place confined,
But still is found with a contented mind.

WHEN we have reached the summit of a vain ambition, we have only reached a pinnacle where we have nothing to hope, but everything to fear.—COLTON. *Lacon.*

PARVUM parva decent.—HORACE.
FELIX est qui sorte sua contentus vivit.—HORACE.

NE te quæsiveris extra.—*Ibid.*

CUI non conveniat sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit subvertet, si minor uret.—*Ibid.*

NE quid nimis.—TERENCE.

HAUD facilè emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.—JUVENAL.

PAUPER amet cautè, timeat maledicere pauper,
Multaque divitibus non patienda ferat.—OVID.

QUID fuit ut tutas agitaret Dædalus alas,
Icarus immensas nomine signet aquas?
Nempe, quòd hic altè, demissiùs ille volaret,
Nam pennas ambo non habuere suas,
Crede mihi, benè qui latuit, benè vixit, et intrà
Fortunam debet quisque manere suam.—OVID.

NULLUM Numen abest si sit Prudentia.—JUVENAL.

ALL MEN CAN NOT BE FIRST.

ALL IS FINE THAT IS FIT.

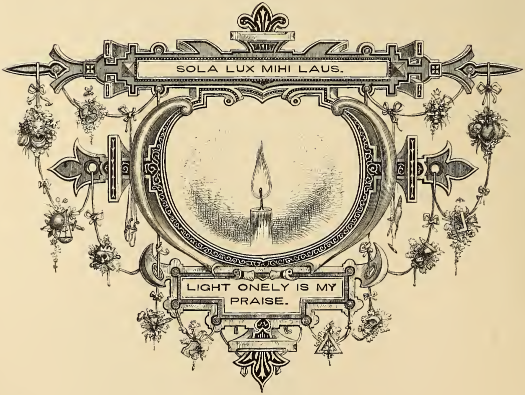
HE WHO PITCHES TOO HIGH WON'T GET THROUGH HIS SONG.

CONTENTEMENT PASSE RICHESSE.

VIVES TUA SORTE CONTENTUS.

LIGHT is the Torches life of heavenly kind,
Thus to a fraile and greaſie maſſe combind,
To which the Painter beauty doth impart,
Giving it gloſſe and colour from his Art.
The painting's nought, light doth the Torch commend
Which firſt was framed onely for this end.
It is our mind that doth our life approve,
Shewing our race derived from above.
Blind Fortunes goods, kins generoſity,
Youths ſtrength, and beauties curioſity
Make not, unleſſe the ſpirit doe us ſeaſon
With that Heav'n-bred ſparkle of divine reaſon.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


SOLA LUX MIHI LAUS.
LIGHT ONELY IS MY PRAISE.

LIVE CONTENT WITH THY LOT.

PRIDE THAT DINES ON VANITY, SUPS ON CONTEMPT.

QUI EST BIEN, QU'IL SY TIENNE.

Vry daer gy zyt.

FELICE NON E CHI D'ESSER NON SA.

HE IS NOT HAPPY WHO KNOWS IT NOT.

REST CONTENT WHERE THOU ART.

THERE is a Fiſh, ſo Fiſhers ſay,
Of mood ſo giddy and ſo gay;
So fond of glare and dazzling light,
That even in the darkeſt night,
'Twill crowd thereto in ſportive play,
And e'en more ready than by day
Become the wily Fiſher's prey.

WHOSO IS WELL, LET HIM KEEP SO.

FATTI TI MIELE E TI MANGERAN LE MOSCHE.

HOME IS HOME, BE IT NEVER SO HOMELY.

The Fiſher who theſe fiſh would get,
Needs neither baited hook nor net:
A blazing torch, his only lure,
Fix'd in his boat, is far more ſure
Than bow-net, ſeine, or hook and bait,
His ſkiff in little time to freight.
For while his mates propel the boat,
As up and down the ſtream they float;
The fiſh enchanted with the light
That makes a mimic day of night,
From far and near toward the blaze
Directing their enraptur'd gaze,
Swim up in ſhoals, and ſport around,
Till giddy with delight they bound
Into the fiſher's bark, and there
Forfeit their life for love of glare.
Those who on Love or Pleaſure bent,
Leave their own home and element;
And wander far to court the grace
Or win the smile of ſtranger face,
Of whom they nothing farther know,
Than their mere outward charm and show;
Have frequent reaſon to repent
They were not with their home content;
And like the fiſhes of our tale,
Their folly, when too late, bewail.
Wooers and wooed! to both of you,
Alike applies a maxim true,
Which cannot be too oft repeated:—
Who far away a-courting goes,
Where one of t'other little knows,
Or goes to cheat—or to be cheated.

QUIEN lejos va a casar,
O va engañado
O va a' engañar.

HE MAY LIE BOLDLY WHO COMES FROM AFAR.

MAKE THYSELF HONEY AND THE FLIES WILL EAT THEE.

A NEAR NEIGHBOUR IS BETTER THAN A DISTANT COUSIN.

Fallitur ignotis, aut fallit amator in oris.

Ut cephalum Venetis fallat piscator in oris,
  Præfiget parvæ lumina magna reti:
Mox piscis, quà teda micat, salit, inque phaselum
  Cùm ruit, in prædam navita promptus adest.
Quid tibi cum flammis, cum sint tua regna sub undis,
  Quid salis in Cymbam stulte, natare tuam est:
Ni cupiat vel fraude capi, vel fallere quemquàm,
  Errat, in ignoto littore si quis amat.

Domus amica, domus optima.

THE finger of God points to home, and says to us all, "There is the place to find your earthly joy!"—Rev. J. Abbott.

If you find a young man who does not love home, whose taste is formed for other joys, who can see no happiness in the serene enjoyment of the domestic circle, you may depend upon it he is not to be trusted.—*Ibid.*

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, wherever we rove, is not met with elsewhere.
    Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!
    There's no place like home!—B. Cornwall.

E MEGLIO DOMANDAR CHE ERRARE.

BETTER TO ASK THAN GO ASTRAY.

DRY BREAD AT HOME IS BETTER THAN ROAST MEAT ABROAD.

TRUST, BUT NOT TOO MUCH.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

GREAT SMOKE, LITTLE ROAST.

MY Light is beſt maintain'd with little Oyle,
Too much of that which feeds me, doth me ſpoile.
Deluge of waters drownes the fertile ground,
Soft dropping raines makes it with graſſe abound:
Riot in cheere, the body kils and minde,
The meaneſt fare, the beſt for both we finde:
Rather in Mica than Apollo dine,
If thou wouldſt wit and health ſtill to be thine.

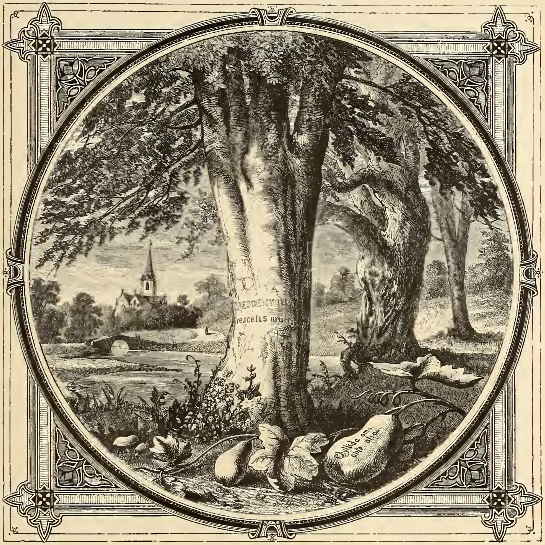
Farlie's *Emblems.*

EXIGUO MELIUS.
BETTER WITH A LITTLE.

TRUST, BEWARE WHOM.

TIME BRINGS ALL THINGS TO LIGHT.

Sensim amor sensus occupat.



TIME IS THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

PERFECTION IS NOT REACHED AT ONCE.

LOVE TAKES POSSESSION OF THE MIND INSENSIBLY.

THOUGH ſcarce at firſt apparent to the ſight,
The words which on the tender bark we write;
Yet how diſtinct, 'ere long, the letters ſhew,
In ſize increaſed, as with the rind they grow!
So by degrees, as on that lettered bark,
Doth Time expand to flame, Love's ſlighteſt ſpark:
So to the germ of Vice in early youth,
Time gives the increaſe with the body's growth;

SLOW AND SURE.

And errors deem'd at firſt too ſlight to trace,
Spread to a depth no efforts can efface.
From small beginnings riſe the fierceſt ſtrife;
Nor Love, nor Vice, at once leap into life:
The breeze at firſt ſo zephyr-like and warm,
Is but too oft the prelude of the ſtorm.
That ſo it is; how many have to grieve!—
The miſchief when full grown we can perceive;
But how it grew—we ſcarcely can believe.

AMOR neque nos statim, neque vehementer ab initio, quemadmodum ira, invadit; neque facilè ingressus, decedit, quamvis alatus: sed sensim ingreditur ac molliter, manetque diu in sensibus.—PLUTARCH.

LABITUR sensim furor in medullas,
Igne furtivo populante venas,
Non habet latam data plaga frontem,
Sed vorat tectas penitùs medullas.—SENEC. *Hippol.*

LONG-WAITING love doth entrance find
Into the slow-believing mind.—SYDNEY GODOLPHIN.

THERE is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than is the matter of Love; for it seems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the first time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the finest metal, the freshest wits have in all ages shown their best workmanship.—ROBERT WILMOT.

WE are not worst at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and Philosophy—
Aye, and Religion too—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent.—*Old Play.*

Tempus omnia revelat.
TERTULLIAN.

THERE is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; and hid that shall not be known.—*Matthew* x. 26.

Tenera Pietatis principia.

By degrees, until Chriſt be formed in you.—*Galatians* iv. 19.

TILL we all come in the unity of the Faith, and of the Knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. —*Ephesians* iv. 13.

DESPAIR not that the writing on the tree,
So indistinct at first appear to thee:
Of one day's growth was Virtue never known;
The Light of Grace spreads by degrees alone:
Until throughout illumin'd by its ray,
The Soul of Man made perfect in each way
By Faith and Works, is fitted to partake
The joys of Heav'n for his Redeemer's sake.

ALTHOUGH the operations of Nature are hidden, we must acknowledge the hand of a Power which acts in secret, as we acknowledge a force which attracts heavy bodies to the earth, or which carries light bodies upwards.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

. . . . . . Medium Sol aureus orbem
Occupat, et radiis ingentibus omnia luſtrat.

THE pitchy darkness of the night
Is not immediate changed to Light:—
'Ere morning shews his ruddy face,
First breaks the dawn with gentle pace;
And then, the Sun, the World's bright eye,
Rises and gradual mounts the sky;
Until at last his fullest ray,
Floods sea and earth with brightest day.

BETTER is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof: and the patient in spirit is better than the proud in spirit.—*Ecclesiastes* vii. 8.

QUICK AND WELL DON'T AGREE.

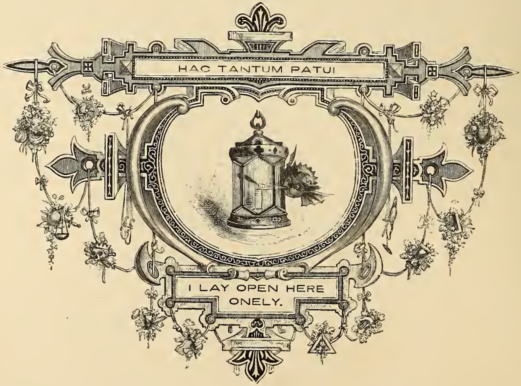
PRESTO E BENE NON SE CONVIENE.

DESERVE SUCCESS AND YOU SHALL COMMAND IT.

THE SUN WILL BRING TO LIGHT WHAT LAY UNDER THE SNOW.

THIS little rift and chap workes all my woe,
Whilſt thorow it fierce Boreas doth blow;
A crevice is a city gate to death,
Who ſtill in ambuſh ſeekes to ſtop our breath:
A little chink dothe drowne the loaded barke,
A ſtately houſe is burned with a ſparke:
And one diſeaſe doth this our health annoy,
One wound our life is able to deſtroy:
One ſinne can Soule and Body overthrow
Into the hell, and darkneſſe that's below.
Doe not a danger which is meane deſpiſe,
From meaneſt cauſes greateſt evils ariſe.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


HAC TANTUM PATUI
I LAY OPEN HERE ONELY.

VROEG OF LAAT KOMT DE WAARHEID AAN DEN DAG.

SOONER OR LATER, THE TRUTH COMES TO LIGHT.

LITTLE BY LITTLE THE BIRD BUILDS ITS NEST.

WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE MEDDLE NOT.

Laedit ineptos.

ERFAHRUNG IST DIE BESTE LEHRMEISTERIN.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER.

THE INEXPERT ARE WOUNDED.

AS food for man, like many other fiſh,
A well dreſſ'd Thornback is a dainty diſh;
But in the cooking, leſs of art there lies,
Than how to hold it when you've caught the prize:
For he who doth not know this fiſh's ways,
And grips him juſt as he would take another,

CUSTOM MAKES ALL THINGS EASY.

Moſt dearly for his want of knowledge pays
With unexpected pain, too great to ſmother:
While the more ſkill'd and cautious fiſher, he
Seizing him firſt by one gill, then the other,
Short work of him ſoon makes, and as you ſee,
Laughs in his ſleeve to hear his neighbour's pother.

Non omnibus omnia.

All things are not good for all.

WHO think that they the faculty possess,
All things alike to do with like success;
And that alike all things may be achiev'd,
Ne'er fail'd alike to find themselves deceiv'd.
Not ev'ry one is apt to ev'ry thing,
Nor the same talent to the purpose bring:
To take or this or that be what it may,
Each certain thing has its own certain way.
T'achieve success in all we would acquire,
Needs something else beyond the mere desire.
And when obtain'd how oft 'tis but to find,
The thing desir'd, not suited nor design'd
Or to our talent, health, or frame of mind.
All is not good for all, though all would be
Alike possessors of some thing they see:
What joy to one imparts and is his gain,
Is both at once another's loss and pain,
And ev'ry day doth some example shew
That one man's weal is but another's woe.

ARTE citæ remoque rates veloque reguntur,
Arte leves currus, arte regendus amor.—OVID I. *Amand.*

QUI secundos optat eventus, dimicet arte, non casu.—VEGET. *lib.* 3 *in Præf.*

AMABIT sapiens, cupient cæteri.—APUL. *ex Afran.*

Without knowledge meddle not.

Diluis helleborum certo compescere puncto
Nescius quantum? vetat hoc natura medendi.

Wilt thou mix hellebore, who doth not know
How many grains should to the mixture go?
The art of med'cine this forbids, I trow.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

That is a twofold knowledge, which profits alike by the folly of the foolish, and the wisdom of the wise; it is both a shield and a sword; it borrows its security from the darkness, and its confidence from the light.—Colton. *Lacon.*

One man's meat is another man's poison.
One man's fault is another man's lesson.

It is better to learn late than to remain ignorant.—Phocylides.

What is the true good? Knowledge.
And the true evil? Ignorance.—Seneca.

Disappointment in Marriage.

Listen, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage:—collect all their complaints: hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn?—"They were mistaken in the person."—Some disguise either of body or mind is seen through in the first domestic scuffle:—some fair ornament—perhaps the very one which won the heart, *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit*—falls off; *It is not the Rachael for whom I have served,—Why hast thou then beguiled me?*

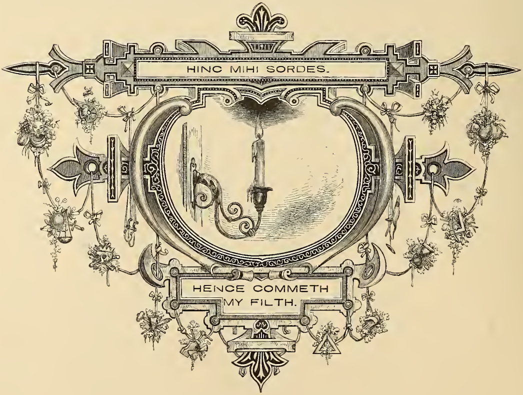
Be open—be honest: give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing,—varnish nothing,—and if these fair weapons will not do,—better not conquer at all, than conquer for a day:—when the night is passed, 'twill ever be the same story,—*And it came to pass, behold it was Leah!*

If the heart beguiles itself in its choice, and imagination will give excellencies which are not the portion of flesh and blood: when the dream is over, and we awake in the morning, it matters little whether 'tis Rachael or Leah—be the object what it will, as it must be on the earthly side, at least, of perfection,—it will fall short of the work of fancy, whose existence is in the clouds.

In such cases of deception, let not man exclaim as Jacob does in his,—*What is it thou hast done unto me?*—for 'tis his own doings, and he has nothing to lay his fault on, but the heat and poetic indiscretion of his own passions.—Sterne's *Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 11.

SOMETIMES I was the brood of Gold'n-haird ſunne,
More pure, more chaſt, than Veſta's watchfull nunne,
Purer than Eaſterne gemmes, than Saphirs bright,
Purer than Ophirs gold, than Rubies light,
Purer than Pactols gravell often try'd
In fire, and furnace ſeven times purify'd:
But ſince the fates to greaſe did me combine,
His filthy dregges are judged to be mine:
For why conjunction doth contagion make,
And from th' impure the pure infection take.
The ſoule once plung'd into the body darke,
Forgets it was a chaſt and divine ſparke.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


HINC MIHI SORDES.
HENCE COMMETH MY FILTH.

TON NON MOUVOIR, MOUVOIR ME FAIT.

Dum Trahimus, Trahimur

DO GOOD WITH WHAT THOU HAST, OR

IT WILL DO THEE NO GOOD.

WHILE WE DRAW, WE ARE DRAWN.

I SEEK to move thee to my mind:
But in ſo doing, this I find;—
That 'tis not I who give to thee
The fond emotion I would ſee;
But thine immobility,
That moves me rather, more to thee.
Strange! that the coldneſs of thine heart,
Should thus to mine more warmth impart;

THINE IMMOBILITY MOVES ME.

And thus, what I would draw, to ſee
Draw me, who would the drawer be!
The more thou doſt my pray'r deny,
Alas! the more I burn and ſigh,
Lamenting Love's perverſity.

Adtrahens, abſtrahor.

The Puller is pulled.

LIFE'S high-rais'd landmark is the firm set rock,
Emblem of HIM who moveth all around,
Himself quiescent, yet who gives the shock
Of Life and Motion which throughout abound.
Man, whose weak hand, and as it suits his will,
Would pull to him that rock, shall strive in vain,
And learn therein, his Destiny is still
Thereto but to be drawn, howe'er he strain.
Sure guide to those who unreluctant hale
Their bark thereon—their toil shall best avail;
And those who doubt, shall find it still prevail.

SI nunquàm Danaën habuisset ahenea turris,
Non esset Danaë de Jove facta parens.—OVID, *Amor.* Eleg. 19.

SÆPÈ ego cùm possem facilem exorare puellam,
Difficilis mentem cœpit habere meam.

Quod movet, quieſcit!

That which moves, is at reſt!

GOD the Immoveable Rock, moves all.—*Psalm* xviii.

EVERY good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning.—*James* i. 17.

Omne motum non in moto movetur, ſed in quieſcente, et id quod movet, quieſcit.

HERM. *Pæmand.* cap. xi.

IMMUTABLE, yet changing all
  On high, around, below;
Immoveable, yet moving all
  The way that all should go:—

Fount of all Life and Light,
  All Good, all Love, all Grace;
Encompassing with thought and sight,
  Eternity and space:—

All Peace, all sweet repose and rest,
  Yet ever moving still
Earth, Sea, and Sky, as He knows best,
  His purpose to fulfil:—

Changeless, where endless change we see,
  Unmov'd—the Mover moves
All else in changeful harmony,
  And though unmov'd—HE LOVES.

WHAT is God? The Soul of the world. What is God? All that we see, and that we do not see. The grandeur of God is infinite; alone He is all; for He wills and directs His work.—SENECA.

AN Eternal God moves this mortal world; an Incorruptible Spirit breathes life into our frail organs.—CICERO.

WE cannot understand God other than as a simple, free Being, divested of all perishable admixture: knowing all things, impressing motion upon all, and enjoying in and of Himself an eternal activity.

How do the Heavens speak to us? In what language doth it instruct us? The seasons run their course; all is reborn, all things are renewed. It is with this eloquent silence that they discourse to us the great Secret Principle by which all is moved.—CONFUCIUS.

MON Dieu conduisse moy, par la voie ordonnée,
Je suivray volontiers, de peur qu'un fort lien
Ne m'entraine mechant, où en homme de bien
Je pourrois arriver, suivant la destinée.

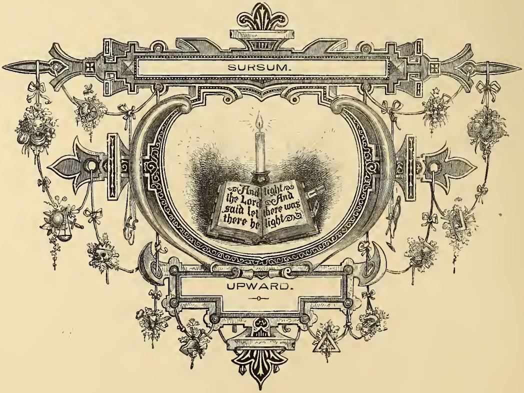
The Prayer of Epictetus. LE SIEUR DU VAIR. (*Manuel d' Epict.*)

BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT FEARETH THE LORD.

GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHICH LOVE THY LAW, AND NOTHING SHALL OFFEND THEM.

MY light from whence it came, mounts ſtill on high
Unto the ſource of light that's never dry.
Like as the Rivers to the Ocean runne,
From whence their ſecret fountaines, firſt begun;
Like as the ſtone doth to the center ſway;
So to the Spheres my light ſtill makes his way.
No joyes, delights, and greateſt weights of gold,
Nor pampering pleaſure faſt our ſoule can hold.
The panting ſoule reſts not, untill it ſee
His maker God, a Tri-une Deitie.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


SURSUM.
And the Lord said let there be light And there was light
UPWARD.

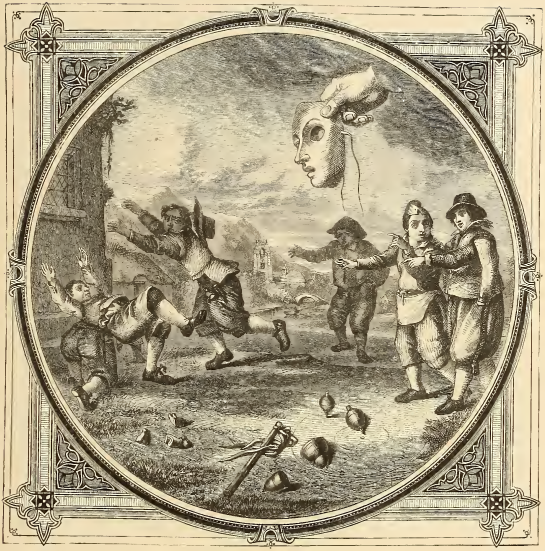
THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT. THE TESTIMONY OF THE LORD IS SURE.

REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAY; AND AGAIN I SAY REJOICE.

LA PEUR EST GRAND INVENTEUR.

Inverte, et Avertes.

QUI LE VOIT D'ARRIERE S'EN MOQUE.



TRUST NOT TO APPEARANCES.

BOTH SIDES SHOULD BE SEEN.

A MASK, ſeen firſt in front, by children's eyes,
Strikes them with terror and with wild ſurpriſe:
But would'ſt reſtore to calm the urchin mind,
Avert the face, and let them ſee behind.
With men no leſs, how oft doth it appear,
The worſt interpreter of things is Fear!

FEAR IS A GREAT INVENTOR.

FOOLISH FEAR DOUBLES DANGER.

FEAR MAY KEEP A MAN OUT OF DANGER,

How oft the crowds of men and women grown,
Quailing like children at ſome form unknown—
Or when ſome ſound unuſual ſtrikes their ear,
Fly, to meet ills far worſe than thoſe they fear!
And yet how frequent, would they but reſtrain
The ſudden terror of their fever'd brain,
And calmer wait t' examine and to ſee
The how, or end of what the thing may be;
Puerile as that which fill'd the child with dread,
They'd find the fancied peril which they fled;
And ſcann'd with coolneſs, learn more probably,
That what in front is terrible to ſee,
Seen from behind provokes hilarity!

Timiditas est corruptio judicii.

Seneca.

The Imagination (says Seneca) appals us usually more than the thing itself; in like manner as the mere whizzing sound of a sling frightens birds, and makes them take wing, so are we alarmed more by the noise than by the act. As the forms of bodies appear increased in size in misty weather, so are all things magnified to us by Fear: in so much that many through fear of coming into danger, fall, daily, into the most extreme peril. Men have been known, in peril of shipwreck, to throw themselves overboard through fear of being drowned; drowning themselves, therefore, in order not to be drowned, and dying to avoid death. What folly so great (says Seneca) as to become troubled at approaching difficulties, to spare ourselves no anguish, but rather call an increase of sufferings to those that threaten?

Perii, interii, occidi—quo curram? quo non curram?
Tene, tene—quem? quis? nescio—nihil video.

I'm lost, undone, I'm kill'd, oh whither shall I flee?
Whither shall I not flee?
Hold! hold! whom? what? who? I know not—I do nothing see.

The novelty of the danger is not unfrequently its chief and only terror.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem.

In peril, still preserve an unmov'd mind,
And oft no peril in the thing you'll find.

BUT COURAGE ONLY CAN SUPPORT HIM IN IT.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.

ADHIBE rationem difficultatibus, possunt et dura molliri, et angusta laxari, et gravia scitè ferentes minùs premere.—SENECA.

TERROR absentium rerum ipsâ novitate falsò augetur; consuetudo autem et ratio efficit, ut ea, etiam quæ horrenda sunt natura, terrendi vim amittant.—PLUTARCH *in Mor.*

Mors larvae similis: tremor hinc, nihil indè maligni.

I CORINTH. XV. 55.

Death, where is thy Sting?

E'EN as the mask, in front seen, only, fills
The mind of children with a panic fear,
So Death by men is feared: yet least of ills,
Alike of both the terrors disappear
When seen by Reason's light on every side.
And why fear Death, ere we its nature know?
'Tis but a livid mask, which, seen behind,
Hath terrors none, but balm for every woe,
Hope, peace, and comfort to the righteous mind;
Opening to realms more bright, the portals wide.

PUERI larvas timent, ignem non timent; sic nos timemus mortem quæ est larva, contemptu digna, peccatum non timemus.—CHRYSOSTOM, *Hom.* 5 *ad Pop.*

YEA, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.—*Psalm* xxiii. 4.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—*Ibid.* xxvii. 1.

WHY are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?—*Matthew* viii. 26.

SIC nos in Luce timemus.—LUCRET. *l.* 2.

PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.—*Psalm* cxvi. 15.

FOR I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ: which is far better.—*Philippians* i. 23.

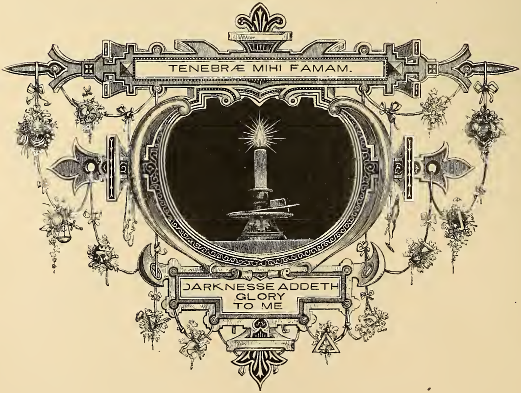
PRESENT fear begetteth Eternal security: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.—S. AUGUST. *super Psal.*

EXPERIENTIA STULTORUM MAGISTER.

FEAR IS STRONGER THAN LOVE.

NO glory could I ſhew, wer't not the night
In ſable clouds did mantle up heavens light,
When ſtarres are vail'd, and Phœb' her hornes doth hide,
Laying her creſſet and attire aſide.
The more nights fogge doth maſke the ſpangled ſpheare,
The more in darkeneſſe doth my Light appeare;
Nights foggy cold doth make my flame more ſtrong,
And light's more glorious pitchy clouds among.
If you together contraries parallel,
By contrary oppoſition they excell.
Vertue compare with Vice; and you ſhall ſee,
This ſhew his glory, that his infamie.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


TENEBRÆ MIHI FAMAM.
DARKNESSE ADDETH GLORY TO ME

LA ESPERIENCIA ES MADRE DE LA SCIENCIA.

EXPERIENCE IS THE INSTRUCTOR OF FOOLS.

HE IS A GREAT FOOL WHO FORGETS HIMSELF.

HE WHO SERVES THE PEOPLE HAS A BAD MASTER.

WHO SERVES THE PUBLIC SERVES NO ONE.

Sibi nequam, cui bonus.

WHO IS HURTFUL TO HIMSELF, BENEFITS NO ONE.

MAKE Love with cheerful heart,
Of what uſe thoughts of ſadneſs?
Do as the Partridge doth,*
That fattens on Love's gladneſs:

---

* La perdrix s'engraisse à couvrir la femelle.—PLUTARCH.

HELP THYSELF, AND GOD WILL HELP THEE.

SELF-PRESERVATION IS THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

ZELFS LIEF, NIEMANDS LIEF.

SELF-LOVE, NOBODY ELSE'S LOVE.

Do as doth the pretty bird *
Which on the banks of Nile,
The while he feaſts his fill, no leſs
Doth ſervice to the Crocodile.

Nay ne'er repine, ſweet youth,
'Tis ſenſeleſs, downright Folly,
To let thine ardent flame
Give cauſe for Melancholy:
He that loves and ſerves a maid
In truth, achieves two ends;
For while her wiſh he pleaſes moſt,
So he no leſs himſelf befriends.

Et puer es, nec te, quidquàm nisi ludere oportet.
Lude, decent annos mollia regna tuos.
Cur aliquis rigido fodiat sua pectora ferro?
Invidiam cædis pacis amator habes.
Ovid, lib. I. *de Remed. Amor. ad Cupidinem.*

Amor immoderatus ipsi amori novissimè inutiles sic facit: nam quùm fruendi cupiditate insatiabili quis flagrat, tempora suspicionibus, lachrimis, querelis perdit, otium sui facit et novissimè sibi est odio.—Hieron.

Les violences qu'on se fait pour s'empêcher d'aimer sont souvent plus cruelles que les rigueurs de ce qu'on aime.—La Rochefoucauld.

Non id agis, quod agis.

Publica prætexuntur, privata curantur.

Quelque personage que l'homme joue, il joue toujours le sien parmy.—Mich. de Montaigne.

With Public men, great fault the Public find,
That while the business of the State they do,
They shew themselves the while somewhat inclin'd
To look to self, and mend their own state too.
In this withal, we see not much to blame;
And those who most the impulse oft condemn,

---

* On the subject of this bird, the Trochilus of Pliny, see Plin. lib. 8, cap. 25. De Trochilo sive avium rege, crocodilo dentes scalpente et se saginante.

IT IS EASY TO HELP HIM WHO IS WILLING TO BE HELPED.

Would—ten to one—in office do the same,
  Or even worse than those whom they contemn.
In this as in all else 'tis the excess
  That constitutes the fault, and those alone
Who steer the middle course, the best express:
  "Serve well the Public ends, but serve thine own."
The wisest Statesman of a surety,
  Is he who lab'ring for the Public weal,
His own alike with the same glance can see,
  And feel for that for which none else would feel.
On this world's stage, whate'er the Part man plays,
  In act and speech however seeming fair;
He always something of his own betrays,
  And in the Part—the Man himself is there.

* * *

A LA cour du Roy, chacun pour soy.
Sois serviteur, sans crevecœur.
Onder Vrientschaps schyn, besorght hy't syn.

* * *

O prodiga rerum luxuries!

WHEN gorged with food, the greedy Crocodile
  Extended lies upon the sands of Nile;
The pretty King bird with an appetite
Gross as the Vulture, or the bird of Night;
Hies to the monster's wide extended jaws
To cleanse his fetid teeth with beak and claws.
That bird so pretty should a taste display
For food so filthy, doth too well pourtray
And symbolise the grosser appetites
Which some men shew for sensual delights;
And who while doing service as they seem,
The service of their bellies most esteem.

WHOSE end is destruction, whose God is their belly; and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things.—*Philip.* iii. 19.

STOLEN waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant.—*Prov.* ix. 17.

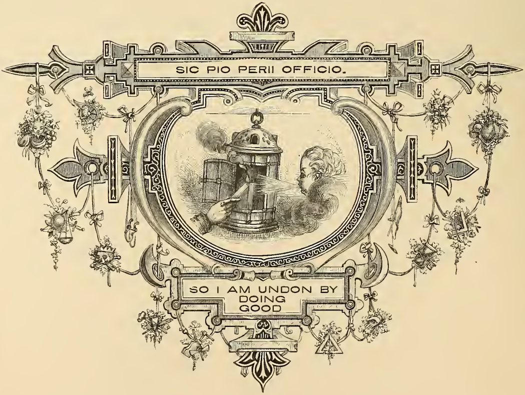
HE WHO WOULD TAKE MUST GIVE.

IT'S A BAD GAME WHERE NOBODY WINS.

SELF IS THE MAN.

WHILST ſtormy winds about the Lanterne rage,
The light ought to have lurked in his cage;
Untimely love undoes him, while he lends
His Light, loe how his harmeleſſe life he ſpends.
When troops of enemies beſiege the wall,
For feare of hurt, ſhut gates, though friends doe call.
If that a friend accompanyed with a foe
Doth come, feare neighbour danger, let him goe.
If thou lov'ſt to be charitable, doe
So good to others, that it hurt not you.

FARLIE'S *Emblems*.


SIC PIO PERII OFFICIO.
SO I AM UNDON BY DOING GOOD

QUIEN QUIERE TOMAR CONVIENELE DAR.

KNOW, ONE FALSE STEP IS NE'ER RETRIEVED.

De Kanne gaet soo lang te water, totse eens breeckt.

REPUTATION IS GAINED BY MANY ACTS,

BUT IS LOST BY ONE.

THE POT GOETH SO LONG TO THE WATER, TIL AT LAST IT COMMETH BROKEN HOME.

ALAS! Alas! What have I done?
Oh! Woe is me this day:
My Pitcher's broke!—all from this fun,—
This ſilly, romping play.
Oh! ſad! what will my Mother ſay?
Her words have come too true!

DONNA CHE PRENDE, TOSTO SE RENDE.

On me alone the blame ſhe'll lay,
  Whatever ſhall I do?
And yet full many a time and oft,
  In this ſame Pitcher too,
I've water drawn both hard and ſoft,
  Nor had miſhap to rue:
Pumpt water in and thrown it out,
  And pumpt it full again,
Nor e'en ſo much as chipp'd the ſpout,
  For Mother to complain.
Alas! that I could ever be
  So heedleſs of her ſay—
The warning ſhe would give to me,
  And, almoſt ev'ry day!
But here about young fellows are
  So rollicking and free;
Pull girls about ſo much, nor care;
  And moſt of all p'rhaps me.
That Hans there of our Village, he's
  So rough and wild alway;
If I won't ſpeak, he'll ſulk, or teaſe
  Whene'er I paſs his way.
And I'm good natur'd too I know,
  And where is then the blame,
I love a laugh ſometimes, and who
  At heart but does the ſame?
And I and other girls when we
  Perchance together meet,
Some lads are always ſure to be
  At games about the ſtreet:
And ſo it was juſt now, although
  I did all I could do,
For Water firſt my way to go,
  When Hans he joined us too.
Then there began a game all round
  Of running—jibe and joke,
When down we came upon the ground,
  And I my pitcher broke!

And thus I've found the ſaying true,
I've many times heard ſpoken,
"The Pot that goes too oft unto
The Well, at laſt gets broken."

TANT va la cruche à l'eau, que le manche y demeure.

DER Krug gienge fo lang zur buch
Bis er zu lest zerbruch.

DER Krug gehet so lang zum brunnen, bis das er bricht.

TANTO va la secchia al pozzo, che vi lascia il manico.

CONSUMITUR peccando sæpiùs pudor.

TANTO va la capra al cavolo, che vi lascia la pelle.

HET geytjen loopt soo dickwils in de koolen, tot het eens de vacht laet.

DE mug die om de keerse sweeft,
't Is wonder soo die lange leeft.

WIE veel wil mallen,
Moet eenmael vallen.

Κακοῖς ὁμιλῶν αὐτὸς ἐκβήση κακός.

Id est,

MALOS frequentans ipse et evades malus.

UNE folie est tost faite.

LET! vrysters! wie ontrent u gaen
Een malle greep is haest gedaen.

Be cautious, maidens, how ye run;
A foolish thing is speedy done.

Avoid too much Familiarity.

IT is unwise both to use and to permit too great Familiarity. Who become familiar, soon lose the superiority which their previous reserve gave to them; and consequently, their credit. We should be familiar with none—never with our superiors, because it is dangerous; nor with our inferiors, because it is derogatory; and still less with the vulgar, whose ignorance renders them insolent, and, unable to perceive the honour that is done them, they presume that it is their due. Familiarity is one of the tendencies of a weak mind.—GRACIAN.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.—SHAKESPEARE, *Rich. III.*

LE MECHANT EST COMME LE CHARBON,

KEEP BAD MEN'S COMPANY,

AND loth'ſt thou me, my Soule, loving to goe
Elſewhere, I pray thee whither, let me know?
Was thou not all this while my deereſt mate,
My gueſt, my convoy, confort in eſtate;
While I did floriſh, thou didſt conſtant prove,
My times are darkend now, ſo is thy love?

SOULE. Here as a captive to a keeper, ſo
I tyed was with thee, at liſt, to goe,
Baniſht from home: loe now my bonds are looſe,
Thou dy'ſt, I glad runne to my father's houſe.
Soules bond with body hardly maketh breach,
Yet this doth dye, and that Heav'ns dwelling reach.

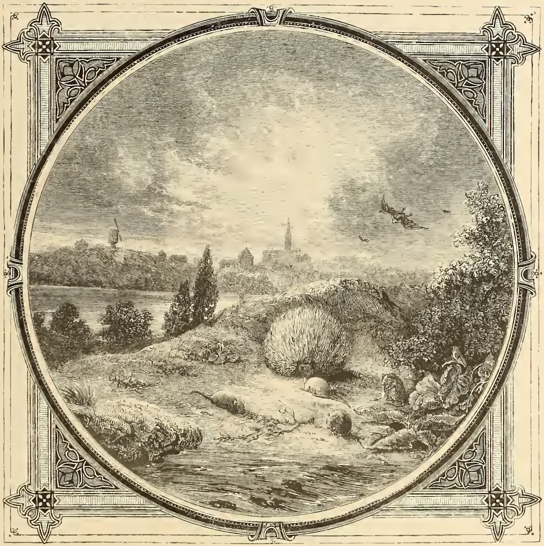
FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

AND YOU WILL BE OF THE NUMBER.

S'IL NE VOUS BRULE, IL VOUS NOIRCIT.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

Ludite, ſed Caſte.



PLAY, BUT CHASTELY.

THE cunning Hedgehog, with inſtinctive art,
In ball-like ſhape, rolled up, upon the ground,
With open hole-like mouth, knows well his part,
T'entrap the giddy mice that ſport around.
And lo! when one, more prying than the reſt,
Draws near, to peep within a hole ſo nice,

RIRE SANS MAL-ENGIN.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR GEESE WHEN THE FOX PREACHES.

COURTESY THAT IS ALL ON ONE SIDE CANNOT LAST LONG.

The Hedgehog ſnaps him up with eager zeſt,
And mouſey pays for peeping, in a trice!
Let caution guide your ſport, be what it may;
For where expected leaſt, ſome ſnare may lay:
And Venus' boy was painted blind of yore,
For that in darkneſs he worked miſchief more.

FORMOSAS intueri jucundissimum, tangere autem et tractare sine periculo non licet. PLUTARCH.

AMOR latebricolarum hominum corruptor.—PLAUT. *Trin.*

DETUR aliquid ætati, sit adolescentia liberior, non omnia voluptatibus denegentur. Dummodò illa in hoc genere præscriptioque moderatioque teneatur, parcat juventus pudicitiæ suæ, ne spoliet alienam, ne probrum castis, labem integris, infamiam bonis inferat.—CIC. *pro Mar. Cœlio.*

Parva Patitur ut Magnis Potiatur.

NIUNO piu facilmente inganna gli altri, che chi è solito, e ha fama, di non gli ingannare.—GIUCCIARDIN.

No one so easily deceives others as he who is expert in deceit, and has a repute for Integrity.

He is not the greateſt cheat who begins with cheating.

TO gain his ends, the Hedgehog first permits
Each sportive freedom that the mouse would take;
For well he knows if he to that submits,
More sure is he, his prey of him to make.
So is't with those who most to wrong intend;
They first assume the semblance of a friend;—
And e'en sometimes to make the cheat more sure,
Some favour offer, or some loss endure:
Till having gain'd the vantage ground they sought,
And lull'd suspicion with most fair pretence,
Their too reliant dupe at length is caught,
And rues too late his ill plac'd confidence.

VIGOR ingentibus negotiis par, eò acrior, quo somnum et inertiam magis ostentat.
TACITUS.

PELLICULAM veterem retines, et fronte politus,
Abstruso rapidam gestas sub pectore vulpem.—PERS. *Satyr.* 5.

FRAUS in parvis fidem sibi præstruit, ut, cùm operæ pretium est, cum mercede magnâ fallat.—LIVY.

Objecta movent.

BE sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—1 *Peter* v. 8.

THE Hedgehog knows the mouse's wanton ways,
And knowing this, knows well to profit by it:
He shows the mouse a hole, nor aught betrays
That might abate his innate bent to try it:
Within his mouth in hole-like fashion hollow'd
The mouse soon creeps—and is as quickly swallow'd.
With just such baits as these, Man's mortal foe
Lures man to ill, and fills this world with woe:
He knows our hearts, he knows our love of sin,
And by that knowledge strives our souls to win,
Tempts each alike, by that which most allures
The heart of each, and thus his prey secures.

BUT I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ.—2 *Corinth.* xi. 3.

IT is the Devil's part to suggest: Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: As often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who opposeth us, that we may contend, and assisteth us, that we may conquer.—S. BERNARD *in Ser.*

UNLOOKED-FOR, OFTEN COMES.

UNDER THE SACKCLOTH THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE.

FOURE Elements in this my body are
All yockt in one, yet ever ſtill at warre;
As all agree to nouriſh this my light,
So to my ruine they combine their might:
Aire maketh way for flame, Earth builds a pyre,
My moiſture feeds the ſtill conſuming fire.
Still as I ſhine by light, by light I dy,
As cause of life, ſo of mortality,
It was Prometheus fault who ſtole away
Heav'ns fire, and joyn'd it to his mortall clay.
Moiſture doth heat, and heat doth moiſture quale,
That dryes our body, this makes it dampe and fraile,
That which doth give, doth likewiſe ſpend our breath;
The firſt of being, is firſt houre of death.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

VITA MIHI MORS
MY LIFE IS MY DEATH.

UPON A SLIGHT PRETEXT THE WOLF TAKES THE SHEEP.

UNDER FAIR WORDS, BEWARE OF A FRAUD.

Yl, met Wyl.

HATEZ VOUS LENTEMENT.

EILE MIT WEILE.

HASTEN AT LEISURE.

THE Peach-tree with too eager haſte
To ſhew its bloſſoms to the ſun,
Gives oft its pretty bloom to waſte,
Before the froſts of Spring are done.

Much wiſer is the Mulberry,
Which only thinks its leaves to ſhew,

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

When leaves are green on ev'ry tree,
And roſes have begun to blow.

They moſt enſure Succeſs and Praiſe,
Who, guided by the Rule of Reaſon,
Do fitting things on fitting days,
And dreſs as most becomes the ſeaſon.

* * *

PLUTOST meurier,
Qu'amandrier.

D'Amandel bloeyt vroeg, de Moerbesy laet;
Maer let eens wie het beter gaet!

Sat citò, si sat benè.
Assez tost, si bien.

Haest genoeg,
Is't wel genoeg.

Soon enough begun,
That which is well done.

Dress drains our Cellar dry,
And keeps our Larder lean.—Cowper.

Fond pride of Dress is sure a very curse.
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.—Benjamin Franklin.

The most violent Passions will sometimes allow us a respite, but Vanity leaves us no repose.—La Rochefoucauld.

* * *

PROIN quidquid est, da tempus ac spatium tibi:
Quid ratio nequit sæpè sanavit mora.—Seneca, *Agam.*

Si quid benè factum velis, tempori trade.—*Ibid.*

Da spatium tenuemque moram, malè cuncta ministrat
Impetus.—Statius.

Differ, habent parvæ commoda magna moræ.—Ovid.

The mean, is the point nearest to Wisdom: it is better not to reach it at all, than to over-run it.—*Chinese Proverb.*

Let Reason guide you at all times, even in the most unimportant things.
Pythagoras.

UNE FOIS N'EST PAS COUTUME.

PRESTO E BENE NON SI CONVIENE.

HASTY SPEED DON'T OFTEN SUCCEED.

HASTINESS IS THE BEGINNING OF WRATH,

AND ITS END, REPENTANCE.

Avoid doing that which may draw down upon you the reproaches and the envy of your neighbours.—Pythagoras.

Know your opportunity, and do not speak before-hand of that which you will do. Should your project fail, you will furnish subject for ridicule to those who are jealous of you.—Thales.

Esto Cultu modicus.

We are told by Jewellers that there is no Diamond of so fine a water, but it requires some aid to improve its lustre. This observation has been also applied to young women.

No objection can be made thereto, provided it be understood in a fitting and healthy sense. For it is indisputable that Virtue and Modesty are the greatest ornaments or auxiliaries to the Beauty of Woman.

La chasteté est la première beauté.

External Show and costliness of Dress are pernicious in their effects upon the female mind, and tend to sap the principles of Virtue and Modesty. As regards her attire, the motto of a virtuous young Woman should be:—

Nitidè, non delicatè.

Reyn gekleet,
En niet te breet.

Clean in Dress,
Without Excess.

Ne sois Paon à toy parer,
Ny Perroquet en ton parler,
Ny Cicogne en ton manger,
Ny Oye aussi en ton marcher.

Suspecta semper ornamenta ementibus.

Veel vlaggen, luttel boters.

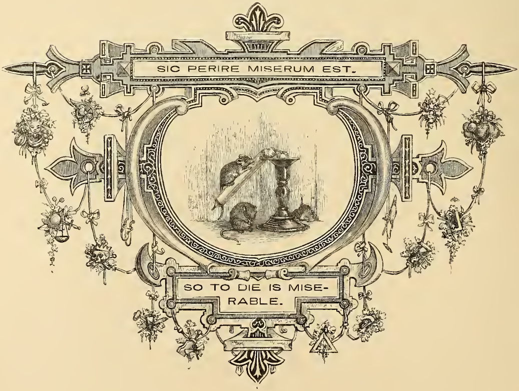
Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel.—1 *Peter* iii. 3.

QUI TROP SE HATE EN CHEMINANT,

THE Crafts-man did me of pure tallow frame,
And made me fit to nouriſh heav'ns flame;
One thing remain'd, that I ſhould take with fire,
When ſeaſon due, and fit houre doth require:
Loe how the rats catching me all alone,
With envious teeth my body ceaſe upon;
I dye before my day, they life prevent;
Before I live, my liveleſſe body's ſpent:
I dying could with teares my death bemoane,
But this untimely death doth yeeld me none.
The infant ſo oft doth it ſelfe entombe,
Before it ſee the day, in mothers wombe.
So by untimely death youths hope decayes,
Which might have well deſerved many daies.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

EN BEAU CHEMIN SE FOURVOYE SOUVENT.


SIC PERIRE MISERUM EST.
SO TO DIE IS MISERABLE.

QUI PERD, PECHE.

HEAVEN doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves; For if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence;
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.—SHAKESPEARE.

So far the little candle throws its beams,
So far shines a good deed in a naughty world!

QUI in occulto benè vivit, sed alieno profectui minimè proficit, carbo est. Qui verò in imitatione sanctitatis positus, lumen rectitudinis ex sese multis demonstrat lampas est: quia sibi ardet, et aliis lucet.—GREG. *Super Ezech.* homil. 5.

NUMQUAM est mutila opera civis bonis.—SENECA.

UTILE etiam exemplum quiescentis.

MELIUS homines exemplis docentur, quæ in primis hoc in se boni habent, quod approbant, quæ præcipiunt, fieri posse.—PLINIUS, *Paneg.*

DOCTUS sine opere est ut nubes sine pluvia.—*Adag. Arab.*

SIC luceat lux vestra coram hominibus; id verò ex hoc fit, cùm apparet misericordia in affectu, benignitas in vultu, humilitas in habitu, modestia in cohabitatione, patientia in tribulatione.—HUGO, *De Claustro Animæ,* lib. 3.

SIC agitur censura, et sic exempla parantur,
Cum judex, alios quod manet, ipse facit.—OVID.

O LORD; who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity nor Death: the Light, without which there is darkness; the Way, without which there is wandering; the Truth, without which there is error; the Life, without which there is Death: say, Lord, let there be Light, and I shall see Light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the Way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the Truth, and shun error; I shall see Life, and escape Death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind Soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of Death; and direct my feet in the way of Peace.—S. AUGUST. *Soliloq.* cap. 4.

HE THAT DOETH GOOD, IS BETTER THAN THE GOOD HE DOETH.

PUT THE TRAVELLER WHO HATH LOST HIS WAY, UPON THE RIGHT ROAD.

WHEN ſtormie Boreas puts the ſeas in rage,
And ſwelling waves inteſting warre do wage;
When ſun is darkn'd, when night doth heav'n confound,
And foaming billowes give a diſcord ſound:
My light then leads the way through reeling ſtrands,
Guiding by Scyllas rocks, Charybdis ſands.
Here we are toſſed in a maine of feares;
But Chriſt our admirall the lanterne beares;
Leaſt we ſhould ſuffer ſhipwracke in the night,
He leads us through all dangers by his light.
Who then wouldſt come to Heav'ns long wiſht-for bay,
Follow thy Saviour, who's Truth, Light, and Way.

Farlie's *Emblems.*

DUX LATERNA VIÆ.
THE LANTERNE LEADES THE WAY

SNATCH FROM THE WAVES THE UNFORTUNATE WHO IS ABOUT TO PERISH.

THE PRACTICE OF DOING GOOD ENGENDERS GOOD WORKS.

LOVERS LIVE BY LOVE, AS LARKS BY LEEKS.

Fumo pascuntur amantes.

VAN ROOCK WERD' ICK GEVOEDT.

I AM FED BY SMOKE.

SMOKE IS THE FOOD OF LOVERS.

WHEN Cupid open'd Shop, the Trade he choſe
Was juſt the very one you might ſuppoſe.
Love keep a ſhop?—his trade, Oh! quickly name!
A Dealer in tobacco—Fie for ſhame!
No leſs than true, and ſet aſide all joke,
From oldeſt time he ever dealt in Smoke;

AMANT, TON BONHEUR N'EST QUE VAPEUR.

Than Smoke, no other thing he ſold, or made;
Smoke all the ſubſtance of his ſtock in trade;
His Capital all Smoke, Smoke all his ſtore,
'Twas nothing elſe; but Lovers aſk no more—
And thouſands enter daily at his door!
Hence it was ever, and it e'er will be
The trade moſt ſuited to his faculty:—
Fed by the vapours of their heart's deſire,
No other food his Votaries require;
For, that they ſeek—the Favour of the Fair,
Is unſubſtantial as the Smoke and air.

AMORES et deliciæ maturè, et celeriter deflorescunt.—Cicero *pro M. Cæl.*

Omnia speramus, promissaque vana fovemus
Molliter: et faciles ad nova vota sumus.
Intereà totum paupertas possidet ævum,
Cæcaque volvendo somnia, vita perit.—Daniel Heyns.

Love.

——The cherish'd Fire,
Which blindly creeps through every vein and dries
The fluent blood, whence grosser vapours rise,
Sadding the soul with fearful phantasies.

It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of Passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all obedience.—Shakespeare.

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guards
Of furious wishes, fears and nice suspicions.—Otway.

O mighty Love! from thy unbounded power,
How shall the human bosom rest secure?
How shall our thoughts avoid the various snares?
Or Wisdom to our cautioned soul declare
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy!—Solomon.

There's nothing half so sweet in Life as Love's young Dream.—Moore.

Love and Hope.

I HAVE heard many say:
Love lives on Hope; they knew not what they said.
Hope is Love's Happiness, but not its Life.
How many hearts have nourished a vain flame—
In silence and in secret, though they knew
They fed the scorching fire that would consume them.—L. E. L.

LIGHTER than air, Hope's summer visions die:
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky,
If but a beam of sober reason play;
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.—ROGERS.

SIR KENELM DIGBY, in his *Private Memoirs*, makes a lover say, "I will go to the other world to preach to damned souls that their pains are but imaginary ones, in respect of them that live in the hell of love."—P. 38.

LOVE is a species of Melancholy.—BURTON.

Cure for Love.

MRS. CARTER was for half an hour one evening entirely in love with a Dutchman; and the next morning she took a dose of algebra fasting, which she says entirely cured her.—*Memoirs*, vol. 1. pp. 36-7.

Love and Legislation.

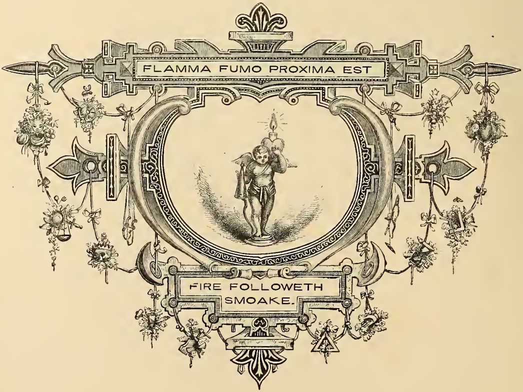
STRANGE, and passing strange, that the relation between the two Sexes, the Passion of Love, in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our Teachers and our Legislators.

People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the World: but ask the Priest, ask the Physician—let them reveal the amount of Moral and Physical results from this one cause.

Must Love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in Tragedies or sung in Songs—a subject for pretty Poems and wicked Novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every day existence, our Moral Welfare and Eternal Salvation? Must Love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great Mystery, and a great Necessity, lying at the foundation of Human Existence, Morality, and Happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as Death. Why, then, should Love be treated less seriously than Death? It is as serious a thing.—MRS. JAMESON.

WHO fearſt outragious Vulcans damned ire,
    And wouldſt be ſafe from night-ſurpriſing fire;
Put out the flame, the ſmoaking ſnuffe ſuppreſſe,
Leaſt from the ſmoake the fire it ſelfe redreſſe;
For fire is next to ſmoake, and oft its ſeene,
That reaking ſnuffe a blazing fire hath beene.
  Who feares the damned fire of inward luſt,
  And Cupids flames, obſerve this rule he muſt.
  Hearts concupiſcence, 'fore it's vehement,
  Looke that in words he ſuffer't not to vent;
  For words are ſmoake of burning hearts deſire;
  Smother his words, he needs not feare the fire:
  But otherwayes a wanton complement,
  Doth blow his fire, and makes him give conſent.

Farlie's *Emblems.*



CONTENT IS HAPPINESS.

Suæ quemque Fortunæ pœnitet.

CONTENTMENT IS TO THE MIND WHAT LIGHT IS TO THE BODY.

CONTENTMENT IS THE SUNSHINE OF THE MIND.

EACH DEPLORES HIS OWN LOT.

THE Fiſh that in the Weel are taken,
  When they find no iſſue more,
Feel the ſtronger wiſh awaken
  To be where they were before:
But the Fiſh that ſee them in it,
  Think it far more pleaſant there;
And they ſtrive their beſt to win it,
  Swimming round it ev'rywhere.

THOU SHALT NOT COVET.

COVETOUSNESS BRINGS NOTHING HOME.

GOLDEN DREAMS MAKE MEN AWAKE HUNGRY.

CONTENTMENT IS THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Thus it is that men, like Fiſhes,
  Ne'er contented with their lot,
Ever reſtleſs in their wiſhes,
  Craving more than what they've got;—
In their greed of wealth and ſtation,
  Coveting yet more and more,
Often change of ſituation,
  Find it worſe than 'twas before.

PISCIS cùm modo ingrediendi nassam videat, egrediendi non videat, et nihilominùs ingrediatur, piscatoribus fit præda: non est ergò suscipiendum negotium, nisi priùs perspectâ ratione quâ te possis inde rursus explicare: nec enim labyrinthi ingrediendi sunt sine filo, quo securus possis redire.

NEMO est, quin ubivis, quàm ibi, ubi est, esse malit: nam suam quisque conditionem miserrimam putat; cùm tamen contentum suis rebus esse, maximæ sunt certissimæque divitiæ.—CICERO.

Non esse cupidum, pecunia est.

SI vis gaudere per unum diem, radas barbam, si per septimanam, vade ad nuptias; si per mensem, eme pulchrum equum; si per semestre, eme pulchram domum; si per annum, ducas pulchram uxorem; si per biennium, fias sacerdos; si semper vis esse lætus et gaudens, vives tua sorte contentus.—*Thesaurus ridendi.*

AMONG good things I prove and find
  The quiet lyfe doth most abounde,
And sure to the contented mynde
  There is no riches may be founde.—*Songs and Sonnetes.*

LET not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy.—COLLEY CIBBER.

ALL men have their trials and afflictions, but a contented mind accommodates itself to every vicissitude of life; neither poverty nor distress, neither losses nor disappointments, neither sickness nor sorrow, can affect its equanimity.—DR. BREWER.

A CONTENTED mind is free from the distressing passions of ambition, covetousness, jealousy, envy and the like, which prey like Vultures upon the peace of the discontented.—*Ibid.*

AVARICE BURSTS THE BAG.

Men always desire more than they possess, yet scarcity has been the ruin of fewer People than abundance and repletion.—Theognis.

I am richer than you, if I do not want things, which you cannot do without.
Socrates.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle, to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—Content.
Wilbye's *Madrigals.*

If there be any happiness to be found upon earth, it is in that which we call Contentation: this is a flower that grows not in every garden: the great Doctor of the Gentiles tells us that he had it; I have learned (saith he) in what estate soever I am, therewith to be content.—Bp. Hall. *Of Contentation.*

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear place our home.
Cotton.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,
And vain what we possess,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The Passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd;
And, deaf to folly's call, attends
The music of the mind.
Carter.

BE CONTENT WITH

THE GOLDEN AGE NEVER WAS THE PRESENT ONE.

A CONTENTED MIND IS A CONTINUAL FEAST.

ALL living things with others loſſe maintaine
Their life, not ſo my harmeleſſe light I gaine.
The plant doth feede upon the fertile ſoile;
And bruitiſh beaſts the pleaſant plants doe ſpoile;
So harmeleſſe beaſt, and bird, and fiſh muſt dy,
To pamper mans too licoriſh gluttony.
But of condition though I mortall be;
Yet this my Light is onely nurſt by me.
The moſt of men doe live by others loſſe,
Whilſt others goods they to themſelves engroſſe:
So man proves wolfe to man, and robbery gives
Moſt gaine to him, who moſt unjuſtly lives.
Thrice happy's he, who's of his ſtate content,
As if it were Craſſus or Crœſus rent.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

MEMET NUTRIO.
I NOURISH MYSELFE.

SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE.

BEAUTY IS NO INHERITANCE.

Ogni Fiore al fin perde l'odore.

EVERY FLOWER LOSES ITS PERFUME AT LAST.

MAIDEN! will you never learn
All the leſſons Flowers teach,
And that each of them in turn
Hath its potent power of ſpeech?
In the early violet's bloom,
Modeſt mien, and ſweet perfume,

BEAUTY WITHOUT VIRTUE IS LIKE A ROSE WITHOUT SCENT.

ROSES AND MAIDENS SOON LOSE THEIR BLOOM.

BEAUTY IS THE SUBJECT OF A BLEMISH.

In the daiſy of the mead,
If you have the mind to read,
Simple though to you they ſeem,
Each affords its moral theme!

Ev'ry Roſe that here you ſee,
Ev'ry Flower that blooms a-field,
Whatſoe'er their Beauty be,
Muſt alike that Beauty yield!
Aye! believe me, maiden fair,
Whatſoe'er the Gard'ner's care,
Whatſoe'er his ſkill may be,
It but little needs, to ſee
That which is ſo fair to-day
Vaniſh like a dream away!

Let there come a chilling rain,
Nipping wind, or ſlighteſt froſt,
Few would lift their heads again—
All their Beauty would be loſt!
Or, e'en let the Sun, whoſe light
Calls to life their colours bright,
But too fiercely on them ſhine,
Straight you'll ſee their bloom decline,
Wither'd by too great exceſs
Of that very Sun's careſs!

Maidens! and Young Women all!
Learn then as you ſhould from this,
All the ills that youth befall,
And how fleeting Beauty is!
Lips that with the coral vie,
Witching Beauty of the eye,
Ev'ry charm of form and face,
Whatſoe'er their winning grace,
Have their Emblem of decay
In the Roſe of yeſterday!

Maiden, there is ſomething too,
Woman's Beauty ne'er defied,
Though as rich in charms as you,
And as full of youthful pride.
You have but to look at me,
And you may that ſomething ſee,
That can ſteal away each grace,
And in little time deface,
Whatſoever be your care,—
All that makes you now ſo fair.

Time! it is, whoſe ſtealthy wing
Throws on all alike its ſhade,—
Fades the bloom of ev'ry thing,
Howſoever fair 'twas made!
Time! though it ſo ſoftly treads,
Silent ruin round us ſpreads;
And as Age has done by me,
If you live, you'll ſurely ſee—
Beauty's but an idle boaſt,
Your's to-day; to-morrow loſt!

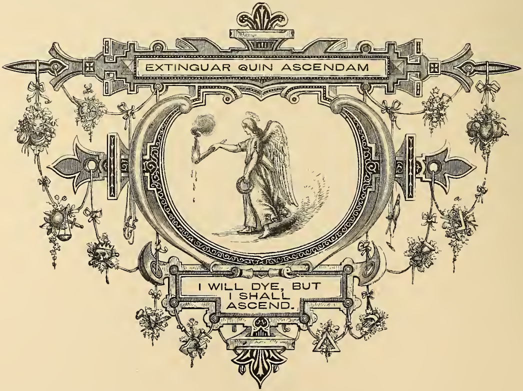
But, there *is* a Beauty yet,
Far more laſting in the wear;
That which Virtue doth beget,
Fadeleſs—bright—beyond compare:
Make that Beauty your's, fair maid;
Time o'er that can caſt no ſhade;
And when wrinkled that fair brow,
'Twill be fairer far than now,—
With a Beauty that ſhall gain
Laſting Love in God's domain.

As for Man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more.—*Psalm* ciii. 15, 16.

VANITY HAS NO GREATER FOE THAN ITSELF.

SUCH is lights love to Heaven, that ſtill above
It mounts, and cannot to the center move;
Hold you it under, it will upward reach,
And through its ruinous body make a breach.
Our ſoule doth bend our bodies ſtraight and even,
As with it ſelfe, it would them raiſe to Heaven;
But all in vaine it undergoes ſuch toyle,
The body will not leave its native ſoyle:
Age puls it downe, and makes it ſtoope full low,
Till death doth give his fatall overthrow.
Then through the bodies breach the Soule doth riſe,
And like a conquerour, mount to the ſkyes.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


EXTINGUAR QUIN ASCENDAM
I WILL DYE, BUT I SHALL ASCEND.

ALL IS FINE THAT IS FIT.

A WOMAN THAT PUTS UP A BILL TO LET.

VANITY WILL PROVE VEXATION.

EN AMOUR, EN COUR, ET A LA CHASSE,

Inter manum et mentum.

YDELE HOOP, WAKENDE DROOM.

IDLE HOPE IS A WAKING DREAM.

MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.

SWIFT, through the flood, cheer'd by his maſter's praiſe,
With vig'rous ſtroke the Spaniel cleaves his way,
And lo! already with his ardent gaze,
He marks the wounded wild-fowl as his prey.
Near and more near upon the bird he gains,
And as the ſpace that parts them ſmaller grows,
With ſpeed increaſed, he plies the foot and strains
Towards the game, now cloſe before his noſe.

CHACUN NE PREND CE QU'IL POURCHASSE.

Then bounding high at once from out the wave
With ſudden ruſh to ſeize the certain prize:
That which he thought no means of flight could ſave,
Dives 'neath the flood, before his wond'ring eyes.

In Love affairs, as in intrigues at court,
It oft occurs as in the field of ſport;
Almoſt before the chaſe we have begun,
We deem the Fair, the place, and game are won;
And when moſt ſure we've graſp'd the prize aright,
We ſee it quickly vaniſh from our ſight.
'Tis not alone in ſleep that dreams ariſe;
Our hopes are oft but dreams with waking eyes;—
As viſionleſs and vain by day as night,
We think them real, and they fade from ſight,
Leaving the heart to grieve and to complain,
To find itſelf ſo cheated by the brain.

GUERRA, caça e amores
Per um prazer cem dores.

—POTIUNDI tempore in ipso,
Fluctuat incertis erroribus ardor amantum.—LUCRET. lib. 4.

FALLITUR augurio spes bona sæpè suo.—OVID.

MULTA cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.
Inter os atque escam multa interveniunt.
Inter os atque offam multa intercident.

NON esse sapientis præfidere constanter iis, quæ aliter evenire nata sunt.—POLYB.

FERE libenter homines id quod volunt, credunt.—CÆSAR.

O FALLACEM hominum spem, fragilemque Fortunam! et inanes nostras contentiones! quæ in medio spatio sæpè franguntur et corruunt; et antè in ipso portu obruuntur, quàm portum contingere potuerunt.—CICERO. 3. *de Orat.*

Plerumque hominum proprium est quod ratione difficilè cognoscunt, id sibi cupiditate et spe facilè fingere.—Fransc. Giucciard. *Hist.* lib. 4.

We readily believe what we wish. Our wishes are fathers to our thoughts. We believe unwillingly that which we do not wish.

Fortune is fond of change; she allows herself to be possessed, and she escapes from us. Dost thou suffer from her fickleness? Learn to bear it with patience.—Pythagoras.

God's Providence, alike in the Smiles and Frowns of Fortune.

Ferendum et Sperandum.

THAT Fortune is so changeful in her moods,
Is scarcely to be blam'd in such degree
As we are wont to hear.
Did we but put the question to ourselves;
We, who do change each moment of our lives!—
In her so fickle nature we should see
That which our changeful nature best befits.
The only diff'rence lies therein; that we
Find Fortune's changes more abrupt and loud
Than those which daily in ourselves take place:
Which like the Shadow of the Dial, mark
Their silent progress—but a progress still,
Not the less certain that it seem to us
Less evident, because insensible!
Yet, mutative in body as in mind,
With faculties that change with ev'ry day
Their pow'r t' enjoy, or estimate aright
The lights and shades which fall across our path;
We still repine ungrateful for the Light,
And deem the Shadows more than we can bear:
And this withal, forgetful of that Power
Who in His Wisdom, wiser far than we,
Knew best what our frail nature would befit,
To make us that He will'd that we should be.

With humble joy bear Fortune's transient smile,
Nor let her frown to discontent beguile:
With stedfast Hope, Columbus-like, at last
Thou'lt find the New World when the storm is pass'd.

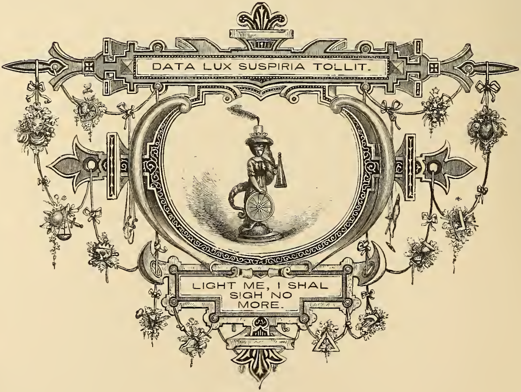
THOUGH THE BIRD'S IN THE NET,

WHEN as my Light with beames did brightly ſhine,
And ſtarre-light was but equall unto mine;
I was in great requeſt and ſet above,
Was deare to all, who ſaw me, did me love:
Now breathing ſighes, and languiſhing I grone:
I'm hatefull to my ſelfe, belov'd of none.
If once againe my light beginne to burne,
With it my light and honour ſhall returne.
When Fortune ſtanding on her ſlippery ball,
Doth favour, then are we admir'd of all;
But if ſhe frowne, then flatterers flye away,
No friends abide, it once your meanes decay:
O but if Fortune change, and ſmile againe,
Then fawne theſe flatterers, and beare up your traine.
Much like the Sea theſe Clients flote and flow;
And Fortune turnes her coat, at every ſhow.

FARLIE'S *Emblems*.

ENTRE LA BOUCHE ET LA CUILLIERE

VIENT SOUVENT GRAND DESTOURBIER.


DATA LUX SUSPIRIA TOLLIT.
LIGHT ME, I SHAL SIGH NO MORE.

IT MAY GET AWAY YET.

LOVE IS THE LOADSTONE OF LOVE.

Amor, ut Pila, vices exigit.

LOVE CAN NEITHER BE BOUGHT NOR SOLD;

ITS ONLY PRICE IS LOVE.

LOVE, LIKE A BALL, REQUIRES TO BE THROWN BACK.

MAIDEN fair! if you would learn
Well to play this pleaſant game;
You muſt ſtrike in quick return,
So that I may do the ſame.
Should you fail to ſtrike at all,
And that I make play alone,
Then the ſhuttle's ſure to fall,
And the game at once is done.

SWEET IS THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN.

Mark, ſweet maiden, when I ſtrike,
And attend to what I ſay:
Tennis and Love's game alike
Need a quick return of play:
Who their pleaſure moſt would know,
And in equal ſhare partake,
In both games alike muſt ſhew
Equal zeſt to give and take.
Love and Tennis both, play'd ill,
Soon upon the players pall,
When *one* ſhews a want of will
To hit back the flying ball.
Love, to Love is demonſtrative;
Love, gives life and ſtrength to Love,
And in being thus creative,
Love doth moſt its power prove.
Love of Love's at once the Price,
And Reward that Love loves beſt;
Nothing can to Love ſuffice,
But the Love that gives it reſt.
If from me to Love you'd learn,
Love; and be my Sweetheart true;
But if you give no return,
Then I'll ſay—good-bye to you.

JAMAIS l'Amour ne se paye que par Amour réciproque.
Et Pretium, et Merces solus Amoris Amor.

Beneficium non est aurum, sed Amor per quem datur.
Amor enim Beneficii anima.—*Vid.* Seneca *de Benef.*

Divinissimus est, quem redamare piget priùs amantem.
August. *de Amore divino.*

LOVE IS THE TOUCHSTONE OF VIRTUE.

LOVE ME LITTLE, AND LOVE ME LONG.

LOVERS EVER RUN BEFORE THE CLOCK.

Ama à chi t'ama,
Rispond à chi ti chiama.

Antwoord dieje vraegt,
Min dieje Liefde draegt.

Answer him who calls unto you,
And love him who brings Love to you.

Una mano lava l'altra, e le due lavano il viso.

L'une main lave l'autre, et les deux le visage.

Als d'eene hant d'ander wast, soo wordense beyde reyn.

D'eene Min brengt d'ander in.

Manus manum fricat, gratia gratiam parit.

Ferro ferrum acuitur.
Fructus Amoris Amor.

Amour au cœur me poind,
Quand bien aimé je suis;
Mais aimer je ne puis,
Quand on ne m'aime point.
Chacun soit adverti
De faire comme moi;
Car d'aimer sans party,
C'est un trop grand esmoy.—Marot.

Excute mihi ignem, et allucebo tibi.—*Proverbium Arabicum ex Erpenio.*

Id est, ut Jos$^{s.}$ Scaliger interpretatur,
Esto mihi, ero tibi. Be mine, I will be thine.

Ut ameris, amabilis esto.—Ovid.

Aimer sans Amour est amer.
Vriendtschap van eener zijde en duert niet lang.
Friendship all on one side lasts not long.

Χεὶρ χεῖρα νίπτει
Χάρις χάριν φέρει.

———Amare recuso.
Illum quem fieri vix puto posse meum.—Ovid. *Ep. Helen.*

Amour est d'Amour récompense,
Et celui est trop à blâmer,
Qui pour le moins (s'il ne commence)
Ne veut pas, quand on l'aime, aimer.

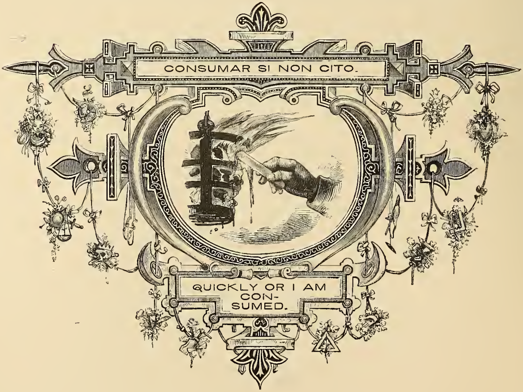
LOVE AND HARDSHIP LIKE NO FELLOWSHIP.

LOVE LEVELS ALL INEQUALITIES.

LOVE GROWS WITH OBSTACLES.

WHEN I this wiſht-for light to tinne deſire,
I proſtrate crave it from this flaming fire;
From whence if light come not in fitting time,
I am conſum'd before the light be mine.
Whoſe meanes are ſmall, whom Fortune favours not,
They take their patrons mercy for their lot;
To them their ſupplications they direct,
Attending ſtill with homage and reſpect;
Delay undo'th them, makes them ſpend their oyle,
Their hopes grow leſſe, and greater is their toyle;
Unleſſe their Patrons timely ſhew their love:
For gifts, by timely giving, double prove.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


CONSUMAR SI NON CITO.
QUICKLY OR I AM CON-SUMED.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Qui Captat, Capitur.

PIU PRONTO AD ACQUISTARE, QUE PRUDENTE AD CONSIDERARE.

CHASSE PENIBLE OU LE VENEUR EST PRIS.

THE BITER BITTEN.

HIGH up in air, the ſea-mew ſpies
An oyſter lying on the ſtrand,
Gaping with open ſhell t' inhale
The ſummer breeze from off the land.
To ſeize the luſcious morſel quick—
With ſudden ſwoop and deadly pick,
The ſea-bird darts his horny beak
Between the oyſter's ſhell:

HOLD-FAST IS A GOOD DOG.

FORCE WITHOUT FORE-CAST IS OF LITTLE AVAIL.

HE THAT BITES ON EVERY WEED, MUST NEEDS LIGHT ON POISON.

RAAD VOOR DAAD.—COUNSEL BEFORE ACTION.

But cloſing on it quick as thought,
The bird is by the oyſter caught!
And nipped ſo tight and well;
That ſtrive and ſtruggle as he may,
To free his beak, and get away;
He keeps him captive, firmly bound,
Till with return of tide he's drowned.
Who to themſelves would all appropriate
Of that they ſee, deſerve the ſea-mew's fate;
Nor doth he fail to meet it, ſoon or late,
Whoſe noſe is thruſt in everybody's plate.

The Event is often different from the Intent.

DEFEATING our intent and expectation,
In strange reverse of that we think to see;
When certain most,—we find ourselves mistaken,
And he is caught, who would the catcher be.

To curb the pride and malice of man's nature,
'Twas wise ordained, that he should sometimes see,—
In his own toils the hunter captive taken;
And he despoiled, who would the spoiler be;—

The evil doer, 'gainst his calculation,
By his own mischief foiled and hurt, alone,
The slander of a neighbour's reputation,
Recoil with deeper wound upon his own.

The ſame in another ſenſe.

Konst van bewaren, gaet voor't vergaren.
How to retain, is more than how to gain.

THE mew is in a fix, as we have seen;
With beak well jamm'd the oyster's shells between:
But what avails the shell-fish his success?
Strange case it is—yet nothing less than true,
His very fortune causes him distress,
Nor knows he with his capture what to do!
A very load to him, a trouble quite,
The catcher would be well rid of the caught,
'Tis almost 'gainst his grain to hold him tight—
Yet, to let go—were perhaps with peril fraught!
Just so in life, whom management doth fail,
Success nor riches to their good avail.

A HASTY MAN NEVER WANTS WOE.

FORTUNAM CITIUS REPERIAS QUAM RETINEAS.

UN FOL OU BETE, FAIT BIEN CONQUETE, MAIS BON MENAGE C'EST FAIT DU SAGE.

HARM seek, harm find.
As you sow, so you must reap.
As you make your bed, so you must lie on it.

Qui mal cherche, mal trouve.
Ut sementem feceris, ita metes.—CICERO.
Comme on fait son lit on se couche.

Tute hoc introisti, tibi omne est exedendum.—TERENCE.

THE Power and the Riches acquired by a life of anxious toil, slip not unfrequently from their possessor's hands, from defective government, or mismanagement: because it is easier to acquire power and to gain wealth than to keep and use them prudently when gotten. An especial virtue is needful to this, more than is required for the gradual heaping up of riches.

Non labore, ſed munificentiâ Domini.

Not by labour, but by the bleſſing of the Lord.

THE oyster without change of place, or toil,
Prospers in peace, and easy takes his spoil:
The sea-mew, restless, sweeps the shore and main
In quest of food, and, little oft to gain:
The oyster toils but little, yet he thrives;
The sea-mew, less from his great toil derives;
And so all labour is in vain, unless
God of His blessing doth our labour bless.

Eccleſiaſtes ix. 11.

I SAW under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.

THE Righteousness of the upright shall deliver them: but transgressors shall be taken in their own naughtiness.—*Proverbs* xi. 6.

Go not forth hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do in the end thereof, when thy neighbour hath put thee to shame.—*Proverbs* xxv. 8.

WITHOUT counsel, purposes are disappointed.—*Proverbs* xv. 22.

HE that is greedy of gain, troubleth his own house.—*Proverbs* xv. 27.

A FOOL MAY MEET WITH GOOD FORTUNE, BUT THE WISE ONLY PROFITS BY IT.

FORTUNE IS EASIER TO FIND THAN TO RETAIN.

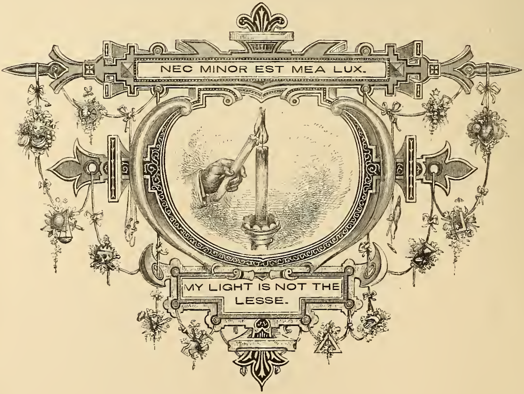
ENQUIRE NOT, WHAT IS IN ANOTHER'S POT.

EVERY ONE IS GLAD TO SEE A KNAVE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

UNWARRANTABLE INDULGENCES HAVE AN ILL FAREWELL.

THE glaſſie gulfe joyn'd with Earth's globe in one
Gives waters to the rivers, looſeth none;
The Sunne that makes ſo many glorious dayes,
Doth looſe no light, and ſtill he waſt's his rayes:
The Loadſtone to the iron gives vertue rare,
And yet no wayes his owne he doth impaire;
So this my torch can give to others light,
And ſtill, as is his wont, ſhine perfect bright.
Thus Divine Wiſdome doth communicate
Herſelfe, that others may participate.
The good more common, better is, and grace
Wiſheth, all were partakers of her caſe.

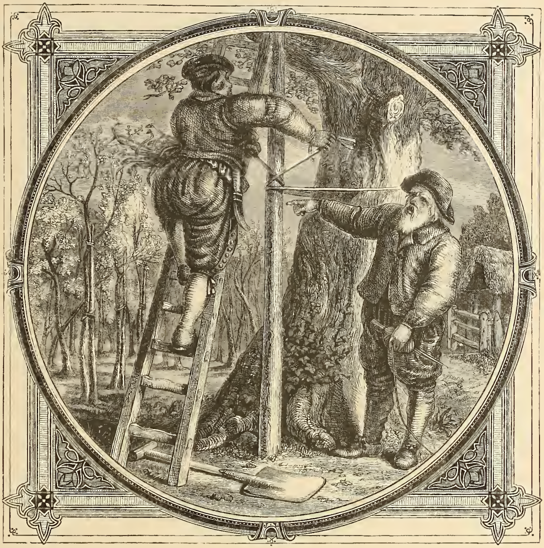
Farlie's *Emblems.*


NEC MINOR EST MEA LUX.
MY LIGHT IS NOT THE LESSE.

EVERY MAY-BE HATH A MAY-BE-NOT.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT, SO THE TREE'S INCLINED.

Rami correcti rectificantur ; trabs minimè.



CE QUE POULAIN PREND EN JEUNESSE,

IL LE CONTINUE EN VIEILLESSE.

THE BRANCHES MAY BE TRAINED, BUT NOT THE TRUNK.

AS I want wood to build a houſe,
I would cut down this tree:
'Tis a fine ſtem, although in truth
It ſomewhat crooked be.
I've ſunk this pole, in hopes to bend
It ſomewhat ſtraighter by;

YOUTH AND WHITE PAPER TAKE ANY IMPRESSION.

Yet fear, though I the trunk e'en with
A hundred withies tie—
(It is ſo ſtiff in heart and growth,)
That it will never take
A better ſhape, whatever be
The efforts I may make.
But while here on the ladder, I
Some perſon hear below!—
Some voice unknown that calls to me,
Holloa! up there! holloa!
And ſomehow (why I know not) I
Leave off to hear what he
Has got to ſay, and this is the
Diſcourſe he holds to me:
Eh! man, what art about? wouldſt bend
A full grown tree like this!
Doſt take it for a ſapling, eh?—
Why what's with thee amiſs!
There is no ſenſe in what thou do'ſt,
So ſpare thy labour, friend;
'Tis only when the tree is young
That thou the ſtem canſt bend!
Go, get thee home, and rather let
Thy children have thy care:
The labour that thou here beſtow'ſt,
Were better given there.
Thoſe are the trees whoſe growth once ſet
Will give thee moſt concern;
And from th' experience of my years,
This leſſon thou may'ſt learn:
In tender youth alone, the mind
To Virtue can be trained;
But that once paſs'd, its growth and bend
Are not to be reclaim'd.

THE above adage is taken from the collection of Arabic sayings collected and translated by the learned Polyglot D. Erpenius, who was Professor in the high school of Leyden. This saying admonishes all parents and guardians that the years of childhood only are fitted for instruction, and that therefore a special regard should be had to them for that purpose. "Bend the neck of thy child whilst he is yet young, so that he become not stiff-necked," saith the Lord. Many sayings of our time, either in word or spirit, and frequently in both, correspond with that divine admonition. In allusion hereto, Scaliger in his day, cited in his Collection of Proverbs as coincident in meaning the French adage:

VIEIL arbre mal aisé à redresser.
Alte Bäume sind böse zu biegen.
Alte Hunden böss bändig zu machen.
Old dogs are hard to train.

'T moet vroeg krommen dat een goede reep worden sal.
To make a good rope it must be bent early.

MEN mag sijn oude schoenen verwerpen; maer niet sijn oude seden.
A man can throw away his old shoes, but not his old habits.

GEWOONTE maeckt eelt.
Custom makes things hard.

WAT heeft geleert de jonger man,
Dat hangt hem al sijn leven an.
What the young has learnt sticks to him through life.

NUTRITURA passa natura.

DALLA matina si cognosce il buon giornò.

L'HAVER cura de putti
Non è mestiere de tutti.

TAGYRI adeth gaiet mischkhiuldur.—*Turkish Proverb.*

Id est,
It is difficult to change customs.

Γέροντα δ' ὀρθοῦν, φλαῦρον, ὃς νέος πέσοι.
ARISTOPH. *apud Suidam.*

Id est,
Erigere durum est, qui cadit juvenis, senem.
Annosam arborem transplantare. *Eodem sensu adagium refertur ab Erasmo.*

Castigar vieja, y espulgar pellon, dos rivancos, son.

'TIS Education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

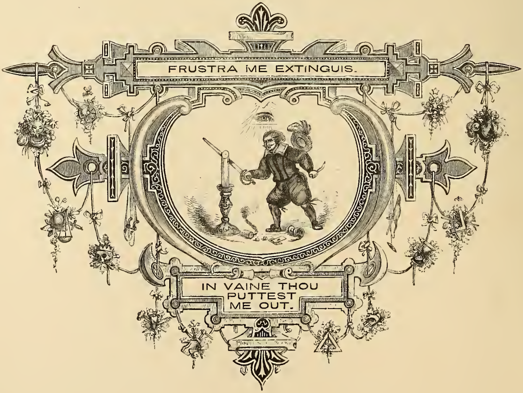
TRAIN up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.—*Prov.* xxii. 6.

WELL-DONE OUTLIVES DEATH.

WHAT IS WRONG TO-DAY, WON'T BE RIGHT TO-MORROW.

THOU goeſt about miſchiefe and ſtill doſt feare,
Leaſt this my light 'gainſt thee ſhould witneſſe beare;
So having put me out thou think'ſt to worke
Thy will, and yet in ſecret ſtill to lurke.
Thou art deceiv'd, the darkneſſe of this cell
Containes a light, that ſees the loweſt hell.
But thou a Want, canſt not perceive this light,
Neither diſcerne Sun-ſhine from cloudy night.
Then ſhalt thou ſee it, when the Deity
Shall kindle that ſparke which in thy breaſt doth ly.
What e're thou doſt, looke to that Light which made
All Lights, and ſhines as day in midnight ſhade.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


FRUSTRA ME EXTINGUIS.
IN VAINE THOU PUTTEST ME OUT.

Als morsige lieden Kuys worden, soo schuerense de Panne van achteren.

NEITHER HANDSOME ENOUGH TO KILL,

NOR UGLY ENOUGH TO FRIGHTEN.

WHEN SLOVENLY SERVANTS GET TIDY, THEY POLISH THE BOTTOMS OF THE SAUCEPANS.

LOOK at theſe Girls!—When they firſt came to me,
They were ſo fluttiſh and untidy both,
I never had a ſaucepan fit to ſee,
And ſcarcely ever a clean kitchen cloth.
But now it is a pleaſure to behold;
They are become ſo wondrous clean and neat;

TOO MUCH IS STARK NAUGHT.

TOO MUCH SPOILETH,

TOO LITTLE IS NOTHING.

I never have to rate them, nor to ſcold,
Nor ever now an order to repeat.
They're ſcouring, ſcrubbing things continually,
'Tis rare indeed ſuch girls as them to meet;
Their kitchen's quite a palace, as you ſee,
And look, their dreſſer! iſn't it a treat?
They never now require to be told
A ſingle thing: and, what is even more,
I'm often now almoſt obliged to ſcold,
They've got ſo over nice, 'tis quite a bore!
They're now what I call cleanly to exceſs,
And make themſelves more work than need be made;
So much, that oft I'd rather ſee a meſs,
That I might have ſome reaſon to upbraid.
There, look! 'tis quite ridiculous to ſee
Thoſe pans and kettles which they're ſcrubbing ſo;
Although I've ſaid it don't require to be,
They clean the very bottoms of them too!
'Tis juſt the way with fooliſh people all,
When once their old bad habits they forſake,
In th' oppoſite extreme too oft they fall,
And of a virtue then a folly make.

The Spendthrift, when he takes to ſave, a Miſer oft becomes,
And, where he ſquander'd thouſands once, will make his meal of crumbs.
The niggardly, when he the part of liberal would play,
Is generous beyond his means, to give, to lend, or pay.
But both are in exceſs, and act in oppoſition quite
To Senſe and Reaſon's rules for doing e'en the thing that's right.
So be adviſed by me, my friends, and keep within the mean;
The path of Light, the line of Right, lies all extremes between.

POR Medio y no caereys.

Allez par le Milieu, et vous ne tomberez.

———Medio tutissimus ibis.

Il n'y a banquet que de chiches.

TOO MUCH BREAKS THE BAG.

TOO TOO WILL IN TWO.

TOO MUCH CARE MAY BE AS BAD

AS DOWNRIGHT NEGLIGENCE.

Zu wenig und zu viel
Verderbet alle Spiel.
Zu viel ist ungesund.

Al zu scharff macht schärtig.

Il molto e'l poco.
Rompe le giuoco.

Ni tan hermosa que mate,
Ni tan fea que espante.
Ni tant belle, qu'elle tue:
Ni tant laide, qu'elle espouvente

Noch y! noch fy.

Ogno bel givoco vuol durar poco.
Tien la Strada di mezzo.

Perge viâ mediâ: medium tenuêre beati.

Qui commence à être libéral, devient prodigue.

Baullu curium etion vetra mensaran carnadu.—*Turkish Adage.*

Omnis intemperantia est a tota mente ac a recta ratione defectio.—Cicero.

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim.—*Latin Proverb.*

Id arbitror adprime in vita esse utile "*ne quid nimis.*"—Terence.

Avoid Extremes.

'Tis all in vain to keep a constant pother
About one Vice, and fall into another;
Betwixt excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.—Pope.

Never exaggerate.

The Wise never speak in the superlative, for that mode of speech always offends either Truth or Prudence. Exaggerations are so many prostitutions of reputation, inasmuch as they expose the shallowness of the understanding and the bad taste of the speaker. Exaggeration is a species of lying; he who exaggerates shews himself to be a man of bad taste, and, what is worse, a man of mean intellect.—Gracian.

TOO MUCH CORDIAL WILL DESTROY.

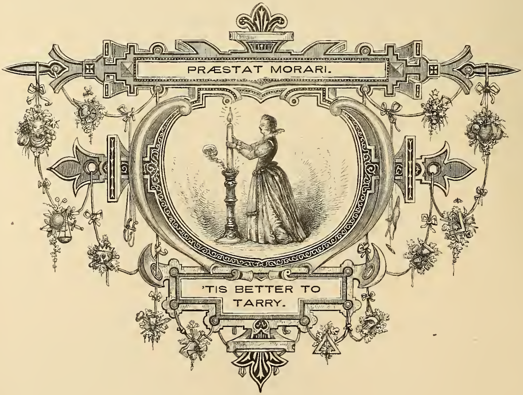
TOO MUCH COURTESY, TOO MUCH CRAFT.

MY Light into a ſnuffe is almoſt turn'd,
And now the candle to ſmoaking aſhes burn'd,
Behold another Light ſtands ready by,
Which to enjoy my place will make me dye.
Yet not unpuniſh'd it puts out my breath,
My very aſhes doe revenge my death.
So doth the ſonne his Father make away,
If not with ſword, with griefe, before his day,
That he his Fathers goods and meanes may joy,
Which Nemeſis revenging doth convoy.
For oft the ſpendthrifts goods ſo evill gotten
Are ſpent before his Fathers bones are rotten.

Farlie's *Emblems.*

TOO MUCH OF ONE THING

IS GOOD FOR NOTHING.


PRÆSTAT MORARI.
'TIS BETTER TO TARRY.

DO BUSINESS, BUT BE NOT A SLAVE TO IT.

PROSPERITY GAINS FRIENDS,

When the Wind ſerves, all aid.

IN TIMES OF PROSPERITY FRIENDS WILL BE PLENTY:

IN TIMES OF ADVERSITY NOT ONE IN TWENTY.

GREASE THE FAT SOW!

"WHO claimeth kindred with the Poor?"
  So few! that 'twas the reaſon why
The queſtion was firſt put, no doubt,—
  And truly! it doth much imply.
Replete with meaning are thoſe words,
  Though few—to picture and expreſs
In time of yore, as even now,
  Man's all-abſorbing ſelfiſhneſs.

ADVERSITY TRIES THEM.

The ſage* who ſaid in antient days:
"When the ſtrong-box contains no more,
And that the kitchen fire is out,
Both friends and flatt'rers ſhun the door,"
Atteſted then, what even now
Is daily ſeen on every hand:
The proſperous in life, alone
Have proffer'd ſervice at command.
Let Fortune with propitious winds
Waft but the laden bark to ſhore,
He finds a hoſt of helping friends,
Who never had a friend before.
Beyond his need on ev'ry ſide,
He ſees unaſk'd-for ſympathy;
Officious zeal to help and aid
The tide of his proſperity.
"Greaſe the fat ſow! all help! all aid!"
On ev'ry hand the harpies cry;
'Tis eaſy rowing in the wake
Of others' toil and induſtry!

Thus 'tis in life, we conſtant ſee
The Drones and Idlers of our kind,
Prey on the labours of the Bee,
And fatten on what others find:
The Foxes of the human race,
The Beavers of their own deſpoil;
Craft, lord it in poor Merit's place,
And take the credit of his toil.

DONEC eris felix, multos numerabis amicos:
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.
Aspicis ut veniant ad candida tecta columbæ,
Accipiat nullas sordida turris aves?

---

* Plutarch.

Horrea formicæ tendunt ad inania nunquàm :
 Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.
Utque comes radios per solis euntibus umbra est :
 Cùm latet hic pressus nubibus, illa fugit :
Mobile sic sequitur fortunæ lumina vulgus :
 Quæ simul inductâ nube teguntur, abit.—OVID, i. *Trist.* 8.

GRANARO vuoto formica non frequenta.—*Italian Proverb.*

OP ledige solders en komen geen Kalanders.—*Dutch Proverb.*

WER da liegt, über dem läuft alle Welt hin.—*German Proverb.*

PARENTE con parente
Guai à chi non ha niente.

VRIENDEN sijn vrienden, maer wee diese van doen heeft.

A BON vent chaque sainct aide.

IN borsa serrata, amico non si trova.

VRIENDEN in der noot
Vier-en-twintigh in een loot.

FELICIUM omnes consanguinei.

MEN kent geen vrient als in der noot ;
Den rijcken na den doot.

DIEWEIL die Henn' Eier legt, legt man ihr auch.—*Old German Proverb.*

While the Pot boils, Friendship blooms.

In Prosperity Friends are numerous and cheap.

INFELICIUM nulli sunt affines.

L'HOMME pauvre est toujours en pais étranger.—JUAN RUFO, *Apoph.* 541.

THE Vulgar find Friends neither in Prosperity nor Adversity : because in the former they know nobody, and that in Adversity nobody will know them.—GRACIAN.

INTEREST makes all seem Reason that leads to it.—DRYDEN, *Sec. Love.*

THE noblest Friendship ever shown,
The Saviour's history makes known,
 Though some have turned and turned it :
And whether being crazed or blind,
Or seeking with a biassed mind,
 Have not, it seems, discerned it.—COWPER.

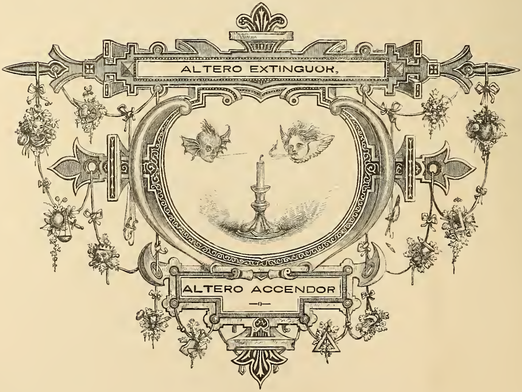
THE MORE SERVANTS, THE WORSE SERVICE.

WHILST I did ſhine fierce Boreas put me out,
Againe he kindles me at the ſecond bout:
As ſometimes did the clowne, now Boreas doth,
Both heat and cold he breatheth from his mouth,
The billow whom it caſt into the maine,
Returning threw him in the Shippe againe;
Fortune throwes downe, then raiſeth from the ground;
Achilles ſpeare doth cure whom it did wound.
Loſſes prove good to ſome; whom Greece condemnd,
The Perſian for his vallour could commend.
Be not caſt downe, diſpaire not at miſchance,
God who hath croſſed thee, will thee advance.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

WHEN A MAN'S COAT IS THREADBARE,

IT IS AN EASY THING TO PICK A HOLE IN IT.



TIME PAST NEVER RETURNS.

TOO MUCH FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

Faites feste au chien, il te gastera ton habit.

STREEKYE DEN HONDT, HY BEDERFT UW KLEEDT.

LA FAMIGLIARITA FA DISPREGIAMENTO.

PLAY WITH THE DOG, AND HE'LL SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

AS in the garden yeſterday,
In full Court ſuit, I coax'd our Tray,
And with each friendly pat and ſtroke,
The uſual words of kindneſs ſpoke;
He in return for my careſs,
Sprang up, unmindful of my dreſs,

LA FAMILIARITE ENGENDRE LE MEPRIS.

PLAY WITH AN ASS, AND HE

MAKE NOT THY FRIEND TOO CHEAP TO THEE,

NOR THYSELF TO THY FRIEND.

And with his dirty feet and noſe
Beſmear'd my handſome cloak and hoſe.
In ſpite of all that I could ſay,
To keep in bounds his ruthleſs play;—
Grown bolder ſtill, the vexing brute,
As though intent to ſpoil my ſuit,
Jump'd up again—my ſhoe-ties ſoil'd,
My ſatin knee-bows fray'd and ſpoil'd;
Till finding all my chiding vain,
His wanton fondneſs to reſtrain;
In wrath I kick'd th' unmanner'd hound,
And laid him ſprawling on the ground.
As with the brute, with man no leſs,
The friendſhip of th' uncultur'd mind
Is irkſome oft, from ſheer exceſs
Of zeal to do the thing that's kind.
However friendly you may be
Diſpos'd your ſerving-man to treat,
Let not your partiality
Be ſhewn beyond the bound that's meet:
With equal care your fondneſs ſhew,
When you your child or dog careſs;
For both alike as little know,
How far the friendſhip may tranſgreſs,
That ruffles ſelf-love through the Dreſs.

Burlaos con el asno, daros ha en la barba con el rado.
Cria corvo, y sacar te hal el ojo.—*Old Spanish Proverb.*

Les enfans et serviteurs il ne les faut mignarder, si tu veux en jouir.

Faites feste au chat, il vous sautera au visage.

Nimia familiaritas parit contemptum.

Il troppo conversar partorisce dispregio.

Nulli te facias nimis sodalem.
Gaudebis minùs? Et minùs dolebis.—Martial.

Jamais trop compagnon à nul ne te feras:
Car bien que moins de joye, moins d'ennuy tu auras.

WILL WHISK HIS TAIL IN YOUR FACE.

DO NOT SPUR A FREE HORSE.

Chose accoustumée
N'est pas fort prisée.

A casa de tu tia,
Mas no cada dia:
A caso de tu hermano,
Non iras cada ferano.

A la maison de ta tante,
Mais pas tous les jours:
A la maison de ton frère;
Mais non tous les soirs.

Ale luporum catulos.

In eos qui læduntur ab iis, de quibus bene meriti sint, aut in ingratos. Nam plerunque solet id usu venire illis, qui catulos luporum enutriunt.—Erasm. *in Adagio.*

Qui se fait brebis, le loup le mange:
Qui se fait porceau, se met dans la fange:

Amignotte ton enfant, et il te donnera maint effroy:
Joue-toi avec lui, et il te contristera.

Ne te joue point avec un homme mal appris.

In reverse sense of what has been said above, the Hebrew proverb saith, "If your friend be sugar you must not eat him all up," *i. e.* that we must not require too much of those who are willing to serve us; that we should never misuse any one's courtesy; nor over-ride a willing horse:

Should any ask the reason why
I use nor whip nor spurs to ply
The mare I ride?—It is that she
Requires nor whip nor spur from me:
Because her mettle is so good,
And she's so willing in her mood,
That since I've her bestrode, I ne'er
Found her dispos'd her legs to spare.
For whip or spur no use I see
Whene'er a horse goes willingly:
And this I hold:—From horse nor man
That willing gives, take all you can:
Nor is he wise who tries his friend
Beyond his will to give or lend.
Who overloads his ass, no less
T' obtain his wish the worst way chooses:
His ass stands still from sheer distress,
And greed of gain the market loses!

OVERDOING IS DOING NOTHING TO THE PURPOSE.

FRIENDS ARE LIKE FIDDLE STRINGS, THEY MUST NOT BE SCREWED TOO TIGHT.

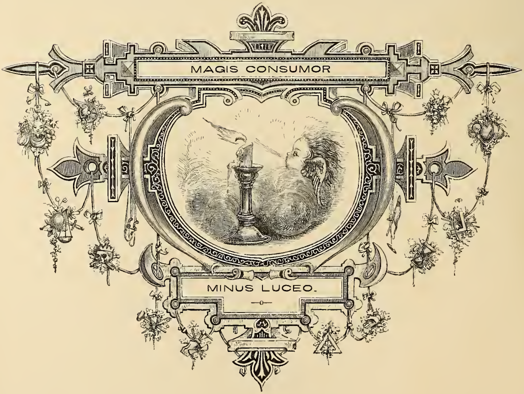
IL NE FAUT PRENDRE DE SON AMI TOUT CE QU'ON PEUT.

MEN KAN'T KINT WEL TE VEEL WIEGEN.

FRIENDSHIP INCREASES IN VISITING FRIENDS,

NOW Boreas puffing in his boiſtrous ire,
Blows as he were to kindle Vulcans fire:
He doth undoe me by his churliſhneſſe,
I am conſumed more, and ſhine the leſſe:
He ſpends his labour, ſo I loſe mine oyle,
As no wayes fit to undergoe ſuch toyle.
You beat the Aſſe ling'ring under his load,
The generous Horſe deſerveth not a goad:
The Muſes ſonnes cannot away with laſhes,
Which are more fitting for Arcadian aſſes.
Each ſtrength within his limits, Nature bounds,
Which who ſo paſſeth, Nature he confounds.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



BUT MORE IN VISITING THEM SELDOM.

THE CHILD MAY BE ROCKED TOO HARD.

DE ROSE FLETRIE NUL NE SOUCIE.

Turpe Senilis Amor.

UBI MEL, IBI APES.

WHERE THERE IS HONEY, THERE WILL BE BEES.

BEES TOUCH NO FADING FLOWERS.

THE Roſe round which of late in ſuch diſport,
So many came t' admire and to court;
With drooping head now mourns that ſhe ſhould be
By all forſaken ſhe was wont to ſee.
No gentle Zephyr now as yeſter-noon,
Comes near to revel in her ſweet perfume;

THE FADED ROSE NO SUITOR KNOWS.

No Butterfly with wings of varied hue,
Now hovers near, and ſtays his flight to view
Her full-blown beauties—nor as hitherto,
To kiſs from off her breaſt the pearly dew:
No tuneful Bee* now hies on eager wing,
His admiration of her charms to ſing,
Nor longer ſeeks to rifle and to ſip
The honied treaſures of her fragrant lip.
And why is this?—the reaſon ſoon is told:
Nor Butterflies nor Bees are grown more cold—
But thou, poor Roſe!—'tis thou art growing old!
Thy beauties in their prime but yeſterday;—
To-day, alas! are fading faſt away!
Yield thee to Love, ſweet youth, while youth is thine;
Seek thee a mate e'er yet thy youth decline,
Nor make delay to love, to woo and wed,
Till Age has ſtrewn its ſnows upon thine head.
Of Life's beſt years waſte not the richeſt bloom
In fruitleſs uſe, for Time is Beauty's tomb;—
Youth, Strength, and Beauty have not long to ſtay,
To-day they're thine—to-morrow paſs'd away!

AMARE juveni fructus, crimen seni.—SENEC. *in Proverb.*

DESINE, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circà lustra decem flectere mollibus
Tam durum imperiis. Abi
Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.—HORACE.

In Caducum Parietem non inclinandum

WHEN the fresh rose first opens to the day,
'Tis wooed by all that love round flowers to play:
But when it droops and all its bloom is o'er,
No Bee then seeks it for its honey more.

---

* Apes à marcidis floribus abstinere solent: mortuis, ait Plinius, floribus ne quidem corporibus insidunt.

So fares it ever with the rich and great
To poverty reduc'd by adverse Fate :
Few know them then, or their acquaintance boast;
Not even those who fawn'd on them the most,
Smil'd when they smil'd, and made without a cause
Each look and word their subject for applause;
In sordid worship of that wealth and state
Which grov'lling minds then pay towards the great.
Then like the Rose deserted by the Bee,
When all its wealth of sweets has pass'd away,
Each shuns the fall'n, nor merit more can see
In him whose call they truckl'd to obey.

MY lovers and my friends stand aloof from my sore; and my kinsmen stand afar off.—*Psalm* xxxviii. 11.

MANY will entreat the favour of the prince, and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts; [But] all the brethren of the poor do hate him: how much more do his friends go far from him?—*Prov.* xix. 6, 7.

SOME friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction. In thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants: [But] if thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and will hide himself from thy face.—*Ecclesiasticus* vi. 10—12.

A FRIEND cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity. In the prosperity of a man enemies will be grieved, but in his adversity even a friend will depart.—*Ibid.* xii. 8, 9.

WEALTH maketh many friends; but the poor is separated from his neighbour.
Prov. xix. 4.

THERE is a companion which rejoiceth in the prosperity of a friend, but in the time of trouble will be against him. There is a companion which helpeth his friend for the belly, and taketh up the buckler against the enemy.—*Ecclesiasticus* xxxvii. 4, 5.

WHERE the carcase is, there the eagles will be gathered together.—*Matt.* xxiv. 28.

CUM Fortuna manet vultum servatis amici,
Cum cedit, turpi vertitis ora fugâ.—OVID.

PYLADES AND ORESTES DIED LONG AGO,

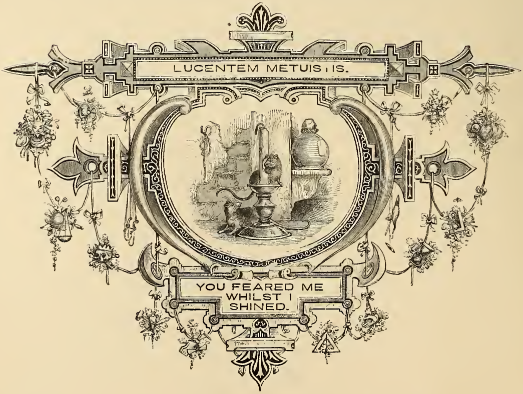
AND LEFT NO SUCCESSORS.

RICH MEN HAVE NO FAULTS.

FLATTERERS HAUNT NOT COTTAGES.

WHEN as my Light much like an ev'ning ſtarre,
Did caſt his glittering beames both neare and farre;
Then light me glorious, flame me dreadfull made,
And none injuriouſly durſt me upbraide;
But when my Light into a ſnuffe did turne,
And cloth'd with darkeneſſe, I did ceaſe to burne,
Loe how without defence I naked ſtand,
Thus torne and rent by this devouring band.
Glory, as envy, ſo it terrour lends
To Mortals: Majeſty it ſelfe defends;
But after treacherous Fortune flies away,
To an unarmed dwarfe its made a prey.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


LUCENTEM METUIS, IS.
YOU FEARED ME WHILST I SHINED.

WHEN THE TREE IS FALLEN, EVERY ONE GOETH TO IT WITH HIS HATCHET.

THE DOG WAGS HIS TAIL NOT FOR YOU, BUT FOR THE BREAD.

MEN USE TO WORSHIP THE RISING SUN.

ONE ILL EXAMPLE SPOILS MANY GOOD.

Pomme pourrie gâte sa compagnie.

ONE ROTTEN EGG SPOILS THE WHOLE PUDDING.

ONE ILL WEED MARS A WHOLE POT OF POTTAGE.

ONE ROTTEN APPLE INFECTS ALL IN THE BASKET.

FAIR Maid! who comes ſo oft this way,
  Your fruit of me to buy!
In guerdon of your kindneſs, pray!
  Before my fruit you try,—
Give ear to what I have to ſay,
  For I would ſervice do
To ſuch as buy of me to-day,
  Good cuſtomers like you!

ONE MANGY SHEEP SPOILS A WHOLE FLOCK.

Full many years have I ſold fruit,
And well its nature know;
As that of ev'ry herb and root,
That in the garden grow;—
And this I've found, and heard it too
From all who fruit have grown,—
"However fine and freſh to view,
The good, keep beſt alone."
No rotten pear, however ſlight
The token of decay,
But ſoon as e'er it meets the ſight,
It ſhould be thrown away:
For be the damage e'er ſo ſmall,
In little time, I've known
The taint will often ſpread to all,
From that one pear alone.
I've had of Jargonels a lot,
As ſound as fruit could be,
All from one apple take the rot,
And prove ſad loſs to me.
Nor is there fruit that ever grew,
When ſpoil'd in any part,
But ſoon ſpoils all that's near it too,
So take theſe truths to heart:
A tainted grape the bunch may ſpoil;
A mildew'd ear, the corn in ſhock;
A ſcabby ſheep, with rot and boil,
Infect and kill the fineſt flock.
Hence, maiden, I would have you know
The ill that evil contact brings
To all the fineſt fruits that grow,
And faireſt maids, like other things.
Seek only all that's good to learn;
Thine ears from evil counſel turn;—
For all the more the fruit is fair,
The greater is its need of care.

QUI SE COUCHE AVEC LES CHIENS SE LEVE AVEC LES PUCES.

GIUCCIARDINI, in his Book entitled "Hours of Recreation," says that it is a singular and sure way to acquire a knowledge of the inner nature and character of a person, if one diligently observes the kind of society he most frequently keeps :

For two of a kind, whate'er they be,
Are forthwith certain to agree :

as Cicero said formerly when speaking of Cato : because Nature always inclines to its like ; and hence, specially applicable to the foregoing subject is the Spanish proverb :

Di me con quien iras
Dizir te he lo que haras.

Tell me, with whom thou goest,
And I'll tell thee what thou doest.

To shun evil company is therefore one of the most important things to be impressed on the mind of the youth of both sexes ; and the extent of mischief which it leads to, may be well inferred from the writings of David, a man after God's heart, and of Solomon, the wisest of kings ; both of whom gave this subject the first place in their writings. David in his first Psalm, and Solomon in the first chapter of his Proverbs, coincide with the sense expressed in the Proverbs of all nations, as may herein be seen :

He that handles pitch shall foul his fingers.

Handelt gy't peck,
Gy krygt een vleck.

Brebis rogneuse
Fait l'autre tigneuse.

One rotten sheepe wille marre a whole flocke.

La mancana podrida
Pierde a su compannia.

Unica prava pecus inficit omne pecus.
Dum spectant læsos oculi, læduntur et ipsi.—Ovid.

——— Grex totus in agris
Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci :
Uvaque conspectâ livorem ducit ab uvâ.—Juvenal, *Sat.* 2.

Wer unter den Wölfen ist, muss mit ihnen heulen.
Ein reudig Schaf macht die ganze Heerde reudig.

Ein schurft schaep maeckt'er veel.
Die by de kreupelen woont, leert hincken.
Vuyle gronden bederven de Kabels.

Die met den goeden omme gaet,
En acht ick noyt myn leven quaet.

HE WHO GOES TO THE MILL GETS BEFLOURED.

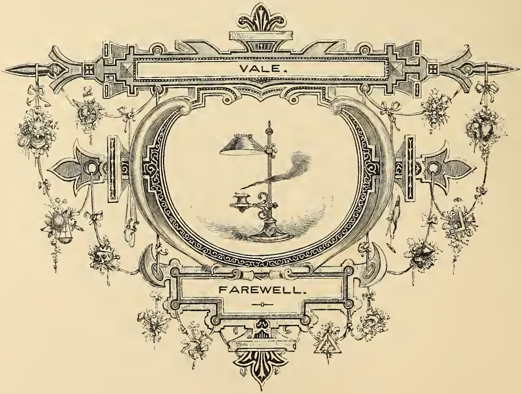
HE WHO TOUCHES PITCH DEFILES HIMSELF.

HE WHO KENNELS WITH WOLVES MUST HOWL.

KEEP YOURSELF FROM OPPORTUNITIES,

FLAME goes to heav'n, from whence it once did come,
Bids earth adue, and what it hath therefrom.
The ſnuffe to aſhes, ſmoake turnes into ayre;
Light's beauty's gone, which ſometime was ſo faire;
When Death had giv'n his laſt and fatall blow,
Our ſoule to Heaven, our Earth to earth doth goe;
Riches and honours, which it once did love,
The Soule now lothes; and ſeekes to dwell above.
Learne, Mortals, all falſe pleaſures to contemne,
And treaſures, which the ſoule muſt once condemne:
Seeke rather for the graces of the minde,
Which you your convoy to the Heaven will finde.

Farlie's *Emblems.*



KEEP GOOD COMPANY,

AND YOU SHALL BE OF THE NUMBER.

AND GOD WILL KEEP YOU FROM SINS.

EVERY SUITOR IS NOT A HEART-BREAKER.

Tangor, non Frangor, ab undis.

LIP WORSHIP DON'T REACH THE HEART.

PARLER DE BOUCHE, AU CŒUR NE TOUCHE.

I AM TOUCHED, NOT BROKEN BY THE WAVES.

AT ev'ry feſtive board th' admir'd gueſt,
At ev'ry Ball the partner in requeſt;
'Mid Faſhion's throng wherever thou art ſeen,
Th' acknowledg'd faireſt type of Beauty's Queen:
And yet—with all this tribute to thy grace,
This fervent homage of thy form and face;
Unmov'd, unchang'd, thou art in all the ſame
As heretofore;—nor Love, nor praiſe, nor blame,

ALLE AANSPRECKERS, GEEN HERTE-BREKERS.

To thee or pleaſure or annoy impart—
Such is the icy coldneſs of thine heart!
That thou art thus, explains full well to me,
What I once deem'd mere fabulous to be:
That even 'midſt the Ocean's rolling wave,
Where all earth's waters find a common grave;
There flow ſome Rivers which no leſs maintain
Their courſe unbroken, and unmix'd retain
Their Water's ſweetneſs 'mid the briny main!—*
So thou, who kindleſt in all hearts, deſire,
Mov'ſt cold and ſtill unſcath'd amidſt the fire!

QUIS fornacem Regis Babylonii sine adustione ingressus est, inquit, cujus adolescentis Ægyptica Domina pallium non terruit? Inter illecebras voluptatum etiam ferreas mentes libido domat. Difficilè inter opulas servatur pudicitia.—Hieron. lib. iii. *Epist.* 5.

Periclitatur castitas in diliciis, humilitas in divitiis, pietas in negotiis, veritas in multiloquio, charitas in hoc mundo.—Bernard. *in quod. Serm.*

THE rolling wheel that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear
And long entreaty, soften her hard heart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart.
But, when I plead, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she says; Tears are but water;
And, when I sigh, she says; I know the art;
And, when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.
So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain,
While she as steel and flint doth still remain.—Edmund Spenser.

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* This was antiently affirmed and believed of the River Alpheus, in its course through the Sicilian Sea.

I PR'YTHEE send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine;
For if from yours you will not part—
Why then shouldst thou have mine?
Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.—SIR J. SUCKLING.

OH! who would love? I woo'd a Woman once,
But she was sharper than an eastern wind,
And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn
Turns from the sea.—TENNYSON.

THE fair Lauretta's eyes, so blue and bright,
Look blank and cold when *I* am in her sight.
Paint her not thus, kind limner! give her that
Sweet smile she wears when talking to her cat.
So shall I fondly think, whene'er I see
The beaming Portrait, that it smiles on me.—*Anon.*

Mediis immixtus in undis.

READER! from this our Emblem learn to be
Th' unmingling River flowing through the sea
Of this World's brackish waters. Thou too, keep
Thy course unbroken, 'mid the briny deep
Of all its lures, its lusts and vanity.
Though living in men's 'midst, yield not thine heart
To those who would their taint to it impart;
Lest soon commingling with the 'whelming tide
Of Passion's waves, which press on ev'ry side,
Thy Soul's sweet waters lose their purity.

DISCITE in hoc mundo, suprà mundum esse; et si corpus geritis, volitet in vobis ales interior.—AMBROS. *de Virg.*

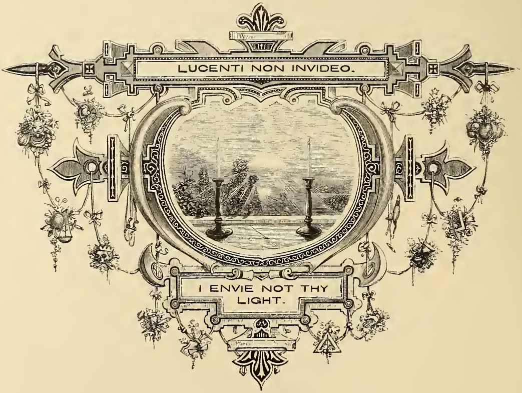
THAT ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world.—*Philip.* ii. 15.

AND they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away.—1 *Corinth.* vii. 31.

HE WHO DEMANDS DOES NOT COMMAND.

WHEN thou in darkeneſſe of the night didſt blaze,
I could not without envy on thee gaze;
But when the Cyclop Titan comes in ſight,
There is no ods twixt darkeneſſe and thy light:
I doe not envy thee, although thou ſhine;
No glor' I have, nor is the glory thine.
As lightſome bodyes doe a ſhaddow give;
So glory without envy cannot live:
When greater glory doth the meane ſuppreſſe,
It likewiſe takes the envy from the leſſe.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


LUCENTI NON INVIDEO.
I ENVIE NOT THY LIGHT.

SAYING AND DOING ARE TWO THINGS.

NONE SO DEAF AS HE THAT WILL NOT HEAR.

CHI DIMANDA NON COMMANDA.

LIKE TO LIKE, AND NAN TO NICHOLAS.

Vogelen van eener veeren vliegen geern t'ſamen.

LIKE PLAYS BEST WITH LIKE.

LIKE WELL, LIKE BUCKET.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.

WHAT! are you then in earneſt, friend?
  Oh, no!—it cannot be:
It's quite impoſſible that you
  Should think of courting me!
Indeed you'd better take your love
  Elſewhere; for ſure am I,
We are by no means ſuited for
  The Matrimonial tie.

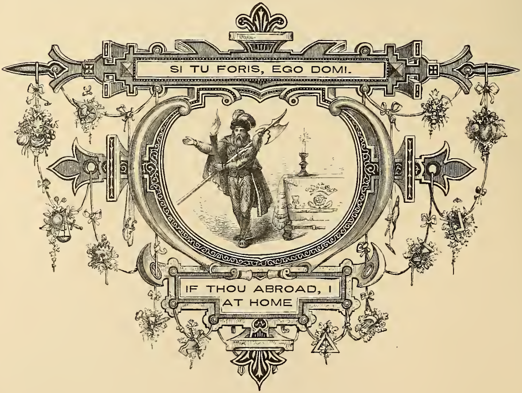
LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

You! who by all are ſaid to be
A roving, ruffling blade—
And I, as ev'ry body knows,
A quiet, gentle maid.
From early youth accuſtom'd to
The peaceful joys of home,
Amid the rude and buſtling world
I have no wiſh to roam:
In Houſewif'ry and its beheſts,
The greateſt charm I find,
And when from theſe I ſeek relief,
Why then with humble mind,
I read ſome holy book, or ſpin,
And often take delight,
To imitate in 'broidery
Some poſie's colours bright:
'Tis ſeldom I go out to walk,
And in the Street but rare,
Excepting to and fro from Church,
Or when I go to bear
Some comfort to the ſick and poor;
For we are taught to give
Some ſhare of what we have, to thoſe
Who labour hard to live.
But you without reſtraint give looſe
To paſſion's wilder ſway;
Love feaſting, wine and riot,
And are giv'n much to play:
You know no reſt, and to your mind
No moment hath ſuch charms,
As when the drum or trumpet ſhrill
Calls all the Camp to arms.
Methinks ſome Trooper's daughter were
For you a fitter bride,
Who in the Soldier's ruder life
And habits takes a pride:
Whoſe eye unmov'd could look upon
The blood-ſtain'd battle-field,

Can ſwing a ſword and trail a pike,
  Nor to the beſt one yield.
Who when ſhe hears the cannon roar,
  Would ſtand unmov'd by fear,
And ſay, what others terrifies
  Is muſic to her ear.
Such is the Bride would ſuit you beſt,
  The Wife whom you would find
Moſt ſuited to your habits,
  And your rougher tone of mind.
Who without dread would paſs her hand
  Upon your Rapier's blade,
And bid you fight until you fell,
  And 'neath the turf were laid:
But I who am a timid thing,
  Who even fear the ſmoke
Of Petronel and Arquebus,
  Much leſs the cannon's ſtroke;
Who ſee in you alone what would
  Make me much miſery,
I am no ways a match for you,
  Nor are you fit for me.
Look but around and you will ſee
  Where'er you turn your eye,
The Birds which on the water ſwim,
  And thoſe which ſoar on high—
All chooſe their mates as moſt beſeems,
  And concord every where;
Each woos his like, as it ſhould be,
  And like with like doth pair.
Nought can induce the Dove to take
  The Eagle for her mate,
The Partridge to the Buzzard-hawk
  Will never link her fate;
The Raven black weds not the Swan,
  'Twas not by Nature meant,
For "Like with like" alone, my friend,
  Can give the heart content.

THIS waxen torch is able to endure
The winds, when Æolus puts them in ure;
It leads the way in darkneſſe of the night,
And, though the ſerene fall, it ſhewes his Light:
The candle ſtill lurks at home, and there doth ſhow
Its light, not caring how the winds doe blow,
This as the houſes joy at home doth ſtay,
The other ſtill abroad doth make his way.
The hardy huſband from his houſe goes forth,
Seeking to compaſſe buſineſs of worth;
He ſailes by rockes and ſands, earely and late
He toiles, and ſeekes to purchaſe an eſtate:
The wife at home much like a ſnaile ſhe ſits
On hous-wifry employing all her wits:
Ulyſſes in his travels hard did ſhift,
Penelope at home did uſe her thrift.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


SI TU FORIS, EGO DOMI.
IF THOU ABROAD, I AT HOME

EVERYTHING IS GOOD IN ITS SEASON.

Mite Pyrum vel Sponte Fluit.

FRUIT RIPENS NOT WELL IN THE SHADE.

THERE IS NO WORSE FRUIT THAN THAT WHICH NEVER RIPENS.

THE RIPE PEAR FALLS READY TO THE HAND.

WOULD'ST early be ſuccefsful in thy ſuit,
Nor languiſh long in Love's conſuming flame?—
In Beauty's garden, ſhun the unripe fruit,
And breathe thy paſſion to the riper dame.
The fruit that's green clings longeſt to the tree,

WOO THE WIDOW WHILST SHE IS IN WEEDS.

Nor willing yields to leave the parent ſpray ;
While that which has attain'd maturity,
Warm'd to the core beneath the ſunny ray,
Yields to the touch—and quickly comes away.

——Tolle cupidinem
Immitis uvæ :
Jam te sequetur, jam protervâ
Fronte petet Lalage maritum.—Horace, lib. 2, *Car. Od.* 5.

—— Primis et adhuc crescentibus annis.
Non mentem Venus ipsa dedit.

Homo pomo ſimilis.

LIKE unto Man whose course is nearly run,
The Apple, ripen'd by the autumn sun,
Yields to the touch, or to the slightest breath,
And falling—is the image of his Death.
But not alone in this the semblance lies
Between the Man's and Apple's destinies :
The ripe, in Age, part ready from the spray—
The green, in Youth, are torn by force away.

Un homme, une pomme.

Nos corps, comme les fruits aux arbres attachés,
Ou meurent, tombent en terre, ou verds sont arrachés.—Du Vair's *Epictetus.*

Il me semble, que la dite comparaison est propre et vive, pour exprimer la façon de mourir, et d'un robuste jouvenceau, qui est encore en la fleur de son age, et d'un bon vieil homme, qui jà va penchant vèrs la terre.—Du Vair.

It is said, by the Philosopher, " Omnia quæ secundùm naturam sunt, sunt habenda in bonis." But all that happens to us contrary to the usual course of nature, is generally considered lamentable. Cicero, who seems to share the sentiment of Epictetus, and who borrowed from him in his book " De Senectute," expresses himself in yet more elevated and impressive terms :

Adolescentes mihi mori sic videntur, ut aquæ multitudine flammæ vis opprimitur. Senex autem, sicut suâ sponte nullâ vi adhibitâ consumtus ignis extinguitur: et quasi poma ex arboribus, cruda si sint, si velluntur; si matura et cocta, decidunt. Sicut vitam adolescentibus vis aufert, sic senibus maturitas.

Quod crudum, idem et pertinax.

THE fruit that's ripe, parts willing from the tree;
Unripe, 'tis not so willing to comply:
Who call'd by Death resists his destiny,
Proves most that he is unprepar'd to die.

It is sad to die before the time: idle speech! Before what time? Before that prescribed by Nature? But Nature lent life to us only, without fixing the term of its withdrawal.—Cicero.

Offeramus Deo pro munere, quod pro debito teneamur reddere.

Chrysos. *Super Matth.* 10.

IN the hope of a better award,
Forgetful that Life is a loan;
We but offer to God, as reward,
The Life which is His—not our own.

Our Life is taken from us but to give
A better life wherewith in Heav'n to live;
Unquench'd our Spirit, by our body's death,
Rises refresh'd to breathe with purer breath.

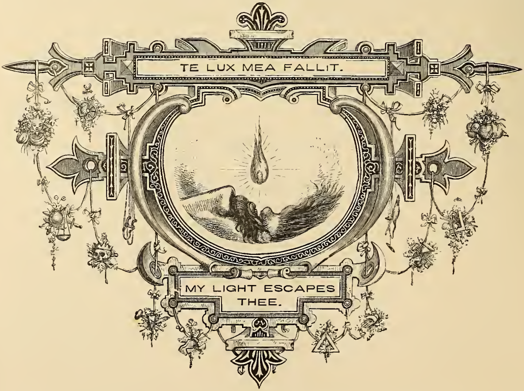
The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.—Shirley.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.—*Psalm* xc. 9.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.—*Ibid.* 10.

THERE IS NO APPEAL FROM TIME PAST.

WHEN firſt my light did ſhine, you lik'd me well.
Now that is gone; you hate my loathſome ſmell;
You with prolongers made me live, and art
Preſerv'd my life; but now Time acts his part:
Triumphant Time, ſhewes now my glaſſe is runne,
(What way God knowes) I finde my threed is ſpunne;
Envy hath playd its part, and I doe goe
To Coffin: as I doe, all muſt doe ſo.
Time breaths a ſhrewd and life-bereaving blaſt,
Yet upward flyes my light, where it ſhall laſt.
I'me glad to part from body, which I lov'd
So deere, that many wayes and arts I prov'd
The mudwall to maintaine, and body ſave,
But yet in ſpight of me 'twill go to grave.
This is my comfort, Body, that thy tombe
Which is thy grave, ſhall be thy mothers wombe,
To bring thee once againe unto the light,
And life, which death ſhall never know, or night:
Then be content, though you and I depart:
Yet Soule and Body ſtill ſhall have one heart.—FARLIE's *Emblems.*


TE LUX MEA FALLIT.
MY LIGHT ESCAPES THEE.

THERE IS NO TRUE HOLINESS WITHOUT HUMILITY.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PRECIOUS AS TIME, AND NOTHING SO PRODIGALLY WASTED.

THERE IS NO MEDICINE AGAINST DEATH.

LOVE IS THE LOADSTONE OF LOVE.

Quid non ſenſit amor?

LIEB' WACHST DURCH LIEB'.

CEUX QUI S'ENTRE AIMENT S'ENTRE ENTENDENT.

WHO IS INSENSIBLE TO LOVE?

BEHOLD the wond'rous ſympathy between
The ſtrings of yonder lute, and this I play!
Is it not juſt as though ſome hand unſeen
Swept the ſame chords, and tun'd the ſelf-ſame lay?*

---

* The cause of this phenomenon is assigned by Cardanum in his 8th book *De Subtilit*
Du Pleix, in his *Corps de Philosophie*, 1626, accounts for it also in nearly similar terms.—NOTE OF TRANSLATOR.

AMOR REGGE SENZA LEGGE.

So lov'd one—though untouch'd by thee, I feel,
Senſe of thy touch through all my being ſteal;
Hear thy lov'd voice though ſilent thou may'ſt be,
See thy lov'd form though far away from me,
And all the radiance of thy Beauty's light,
Undimm'd to me by diſtance, ſhines no leſs
To me effulgent in my dream of night,
As doth by day its light of loveliness.

VETUS verbum est, similitudinem amoris auctorem esse.—PLATO, lib. 6, *De Leg.*

Experientiâ notum est arcanam quandam et occultam inter homines esse naturarum affinitatem aut odium, vel naturæ quâdam occultâ vi, vel astrorum influentiâ, vel, &c. Undè fit ut aliquis ab altero toto pectore abhorreat, in alterum verò propensus sit, nec rogatus causam dicere posset cur hunc amet, illum oderit, juxtà illud Catulli,

NON amo te, Volusi, nec possum dicere quare,
Hoc tantùm possum dicere, non amo te.—
CYPR. *Tract. de Spons.* cap. 7.

QUID non cernit Amor! quid non vestigat Amator!—BEROALD.

LOVE looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste,
Wings and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he often is beguil'd.—SHAKESPEARE.

THINGS base and vile, holding no quality,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.—*Ibid.*

AH! I remember,—and how can I
But ever more remember well,—when first
Our flame began; when scarce we knew what 'twas,
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd,
And looked upon each other and conceived
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail;
And yet were well, and yet we were not well:
And what was our disease we could not tell.—*Old Poet.*

——Love refines
The thoughts and heart enlarges: hath its seat
In reason, and is judicious: is the scale
By which to Heavenly love thou mayest ascend,—
Not sunk in carnal pleasure: for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for Love was found.—Milton.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,—
Sparkled and spoke before us then.—Moore.

Why should I blush to own I love?
'Tis love that rules the realms above!
Why should I blush to say to all,
That virtue holds my heart in thrall?
Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove—
'Tis painful, but 'tis sweet to love.—Kirke White.

Gaudendum cum Gaudentibus.

Joying with the Joyful.

As lute to lute in harmony attun'd,
Vibrates in glad response, as though it shar'd
The joy that thrills the other's waken'd strings;
So let thine heart responsive share the joy
Thy neighbour feels; nor look with sullen eye
On eyes where gladness beams. Learn thou from this
To share in the delight which others feel,
And banish rankling envy from thy breast
When fortune smiles upon thy fellow man.—
Learn thou from this no less his grief to soothe
With brotherly response; for just as joy
Gains increase more from that which it bestows,
So grief grows less, lull'd by the soothing tones
Of Pity's kind compassion for her woes.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—*Psalm* xvi. 11.

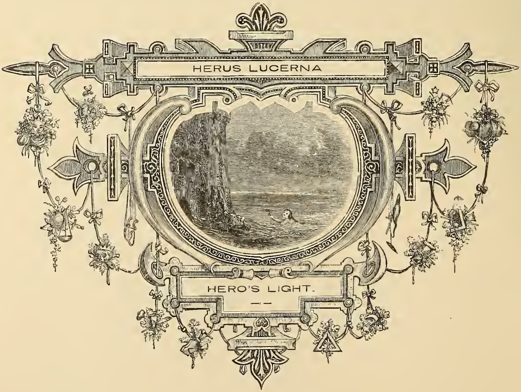
LIEBESZORN IST NEUER LIEBESZUNDER.

AMOR VERO NON DIVENTA MAI CANUTO.

TRUE LOVE NEVER GROWS OLD.

HERO who dwelt by Helleſponticke ſtrand,
Hang'd forth a Light, Leanders marke for land,
Whither his helmeleſſe courſe he ſteerd and mov'd,
Whilſt he made haſte to ſee his welbelov'd;
Which when fierce Boreas with his bluſtring blaſt
Put out, he in the floods away was caſt:
So that his wedding light became a torch,
To convoy him to Proſerpines blacke porch.
Almighty God who made all by his power,
Holds forth his Light from the Celeſtiall Tower:
That when the ſtormes our toſſed ſoules annoy,
It may direct us to our heav'nly joy.
No ſtorme againſt this Light can ſo prevaile
But Saints unto their wiſht-for Haven may ſaile.
Where for their Wedding torch this Light they have,
Which never ſhall convoy them to their grave.

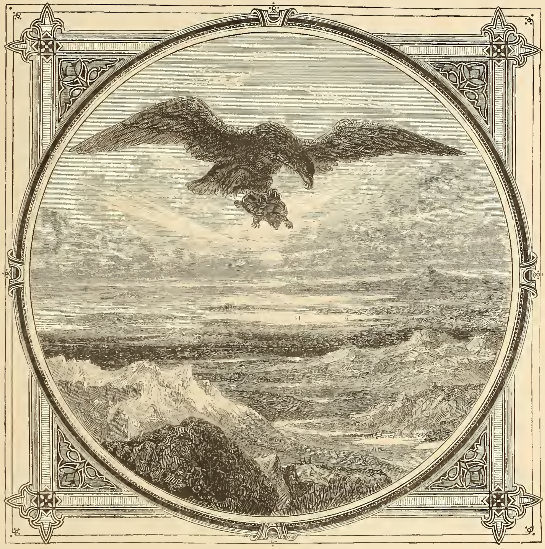
Farlie's *Emblems.*



LOVE'S ANGER IS FRESH FUEL TO LOVE.

RUIN FOLLOWS PRIDE.

Ut lapſu graviore ruant.



A GRANDE MONTEE GRANDE DESCENTE.

A GRAN SUBIDA GRAN CAYDA.

THE HIGHER THE RISE THE GREATER THE FALL.

A TORTOISE of ambitious mind,
Such as in Men we ſometimes find,
Puff'd up with an egregious ſenſe
Of his ſuperior excellence,
Much wiſh'd to change his lot on earth
For one more fitted to his worth;

PRIDE IS THE BEGINNING OF ALL DESTRUCTION.

PRIDE AND POVERTY ARE ILL MET,

L'ORGUEIL VA DEVANT L'ECRASEMENT.

Which in his ſelf-conceit he deem'd
Too little by his friends eſteem'd—
Who neither would allow nor ſee
That he poſſeſs'd a quality
Of form or of intelligence,
Beyond their Tortoiſe common-ſenſe.
Reſolv'd ne'erleſs that they ſhould be
Convinc'd of his ability,
To ſhine where they could never hope
With his ſuperior mind to cope;
Seeing one day the bird of Jove
Alighting from the clouds above,
He urged him with addreſs polite
To bear him upward in his flight;
That he might prove to all his race
How qualified he was to grace
A ſtation more exalted than
Their weak intelligence could ſcan:
Whence he at once might graſp and ſee
The glories of the land and ſea,
And like the eagle gaze upon
The full effulgence of the ſun,
High up above the puny ken
Of grov'lling Tortoiſes and men.
The Eagle, quick as thought to ſee
The ſilly reptile's vanity,
Expreſs'd himſelf but too content
To do what from the firſt he meant:
And ſeizing him right quickly too,
He upward with the Tortoiſe flew,
So high into the realms of light,
That almoſt loſing ſenſe and ſight,
The Tortoiſe wiſhed himſelf again
Below upon the humble plain.
But upward ſtill the Eagle roſe,
As though pretending to diſcloſe

A MAN'S PRIDE SHALL BRING HIM LOW.

YET OFTEN TOGETHER.

A range of view as high and wide
As moſt would ſatisfy his pride.
Like ſilver threads the rivers flow,
And wind ſome thouſand feet below:—
Like mole-hills are the mountains high—
In vaſt expanſe, Earth, ſea and ſky
Lit up and flooded with a light
Too glorious for the reptile's ſight.
Anon, the Eagle aſks him how
He liked the change from things below?
If higher yet he'd like to riſe?
And felt at home? and how the ſkies
Agreed with his abilities?
When lo! the Tortoiſe, all diſmay,
Had not a ſingle word to ſay!
With ſcornful and deriſive ſhriek,
Unlooſing then both claws and beak,
The Eagle lets the Tortoiſe go;
Which, daſh'd upon the rocks below,
Became his prey, and learnt—too late—
The ills that on ambition wait.

E'en ſo at Courts, when men of low degree,
And menial minds, are raiſed to rank and place;
How oft are they uplifted but to be
Caſt down with greater force and more diſgrace!

FORTUNA vitrea est; tum, cùm splendet, frangitur.—P. SYRUS.

MAGNA ruunt, inflata crepant, tumefacta premuntur.—LUCAN. i. ver. 17.

————Summisque negatum
Stare diu, nimioque graves sub pondere lapsus.—SYRACH. iii. 12.

SEEKEST thou great things for thyself? seek them not: for, behold, I will bring evil upon all flesh, saith the Lord.—*Jer.* xlv. 5.

GOD hath a special indignation at Pride, above all sins.—BISHOP HALL.

IT'S HARD FOR AN EMPTY BAG

ONE chinke there was and not another way
For Boreas, his fury to eſſay;
So Hectors fatall gift Ajax confounded,
And ſtob'd him where he onely could be wounded;
Apollo ſo directed Paris dart
To wound Achilles foote, and kill his heart.
Death lies in ambuſh like an enemy,
And braſheth where our ſconces weakeſt be.
Whether an icecle or drop of water,
Or gnat, or Londons Scholler-killing letter.
A thouſand trickes we ſee of cunning death,
He makes or finds a way to ſtop our breath.

Farlie's *Emblems.*

FATA VIAM INVENIUNT.
DEATH FINDS THE WAY.

UNMERITED HONOURS NEVER WEAR WELL.

PRIDE AND SWEERNESS TAK MEIKLE UPHAUDING.

TO STAND UPRIGHT.

REPROVE OTHERS, BUT CORRECT THYSELF.

El corcobado ne vee su corcoba, y vee la de su compañon.

REBUKES OUGHT NOT TO HAVE

A GRAIN MORE SALT THAN SUGAR.

THE HUNCHBACK SEES NOT HIS OWN HUMP, BUT HE SEES HIS NEIGHBOUR'S.

WITH rare exception, almoſt ev'ry one
Is wondrous apt his Neighbour's faults to ſee;
And yet, however evident his own,
To them he's blind—or thinks that only he
From imperfection and from fault is free.

EVERY MAN HATH A FOOL IN HIS SLEEVE.

A Hunchback here, brimfull of ſelf-conceit,
Derides a fellow-Hunchback paſſing by;
And points to him, that ev'ry one they meet
May ridicule the man's deformity.
Yet he himſelf; the Jeerer, what is he?—
A crooked Dwarf, mis-ſhap'd from head to toe,
With boſs behind of ſuch enormity,
As though a mountain on his back did grow!
And what is Man, that he would cenſor be
Of that which Nature gave his fellow-man!
In what deriving from ourſelves, are we
In aught entitled other men to ſcan?
Shall we aſſume in figures of our own
To reckon up another man's account!
And carp at him for flaws and faults alone,
When our own ledger ſhews no ſmall amount!
To ev'ry man, we know to indicate
Wherein he fails—and—ſtrange ſagacity!
To make the moſt unerring eſtimate
Of what he is—and what he ought to be!
But on himſelf, who turns his eye? not one!
And though ſo keen our neighbour's humps to ſee,
We're blind to that upon our back alone,
E'en though that hump by far the greater be!
It was not thus, my friends, that we were taught
That practice ſweet of Love and Charity,
By which the Man-God our Redemption bought,
In pity for our mortal frailty!
Look not in ſcorn upon thy brother's ſhape,
If nature choſe to vary it from thine;
For though it may reſemble more the Ape,
It may have Light within far more divine!
Turn thine eyes inward on thine heart, and ſee
What flaws are there, what ſeething germs of ill
That need thy care, leſt their malignity
Shall render thee one day more hideous ſtill.

WHERE VAIN-GLORY REIGNS,

Who ridicules his neighbour's frailty,
Scoffs at his own in more or leſs degree:
Much wiſer he who others' lets alone,
And tries his talent to correct his own.

AND why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

Thou Hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.—*Matt.* vii. 3, 5.

Qui d' autruy parler voudra,
Regarde soy; et il taira.

No ay quien sus faltas entienda,
Como las de su vecino.

Il n'y a personne qui reconnoit ses fautes,
Comme celles de son voisin.

Dal biasima altrui, che se stesso condanna.

Ziehe Dich selber bei der Nase.

Een ander heeft altyt de schult,
Geen mensch en siet syn eygen bult.

Crimina qui cernunt aliorum, nec sua cernunt,
Hi sapiunt aliis, desipiuntque sibi.—Owenus.

There are those who can see the faults of others, but who cannot discern their own.—These people are wise for others, and fools to themselves.

Est proprium stultitiæ, aliorum vitia cernere; oblivisci suorum.—Cicero.

Nihil turpius est convitio quod in auctorem recidit.—Plutarch.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguided mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is Pride, the never-failing Vice of Fools.
Pope.

PRESUMPTION FIRST BLINDS A MAN,

AND THEN SETS HIM RUNNING.

FOLLY IS PRIME COUNSELLOR.

WHERE YOU ARE JACK, THERE I AM JILL.

LES TONNEAUX VIDES SONT CEUX

IN vaine thou mantles up this light of mine,
Thinking that no man ſhall perceive it ſhine.
But all in vaine, flame will it ſelfe bewray,
And through thy coat, by burning, make his way.
Who in his lower heart doth hurt conceale,
Hoping that nothing ſhall the ſame reveale,
He hides the torches of the helliſh rout,
Which will at length with violence burſt out:
Who doth conceive Oreſtes' impious thought,
It will ere long to furious fact be brought.
Diſſemble what thou can'ſt, that inward ſparke
Will burſt forth into Light, though now its darke.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

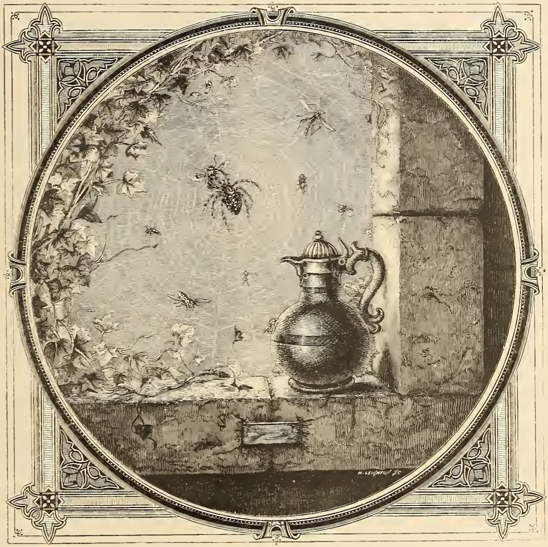
FRUSTRA ME TEGIS.
IN VAINE THOU COVEREST ME.

QUI FONT LE PLUS DE BRUIT.

SELF-CONCEIT PRECLUDES IMPROVEMENT.

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE TO A WILLING MIND.

Non intrandum, aut penetrandum.



DIE'T SPEL NIET KAN, DIE BLYFT'ER VAN.

WHO KNOWS NOT THE GAME, LET HIM NOT PLAY.

ENTER NOT, OR PASS THROUGH.

AS with the Web ſpun by the Spider's care,
T' entrap the flies and gnats which fill the air,
So with th' entangling nets by Venus laid
T' enſnare the hearts of heedleſs youth and maid:—
For in the Love net, as the Spider's too,
The gnat is taken, but the Bee breaks through.

VOLONTE REND TOUT POSSIBLE.

Hence, young folks, learn thro' Venus' nets to break,
Nor let their flimſy meſhes captive take
Both heart and mind: Take pattern by the Bee:—
Like him reſiſt the loſs of liberty;
Break boldly through; but if the ſtrength you lack,
Take my advice, and cleverly turn back.

Qui trop embrasse, peu estreint.

THE Spider which too widely spreads his net
Before a door, or window's open space;
Incurs more risk his livelihood to get
Than one which chooses a more humble place.
A Horse-fly now, and now a bird breaks through,
Making vast rents, through which the flies make way;
And he, poor fool, has little else to do
Than mend his net, and fast throughout the day.
He who from failure would secure disgrace,
Must never all at once too much embrace:
Who seek to compass least, and least aspire,
Achieve most oft the things which they desire.

Hoc unum moneo, si quid modò creditur arti,
Aut nunquàm tentes, aut perfice.—OVID. *de Art.* I.

LE vice est de n'en pas sortir; non pas d'y entrer.
MICH. MONTAIGNE, *Essais*, lib. iii. cap. 5.

IN vulnus majora patent.
Forti et fideli nihil difficile.
Possunt, quia posse videntur.—VIRGIL.

AUDACES fortuna juvat.
Camelus desiderans cornua etiam aures perdidit.
Qui totum vult, totum perdit.—PUBL. SYRUS.

INTRA fortunam quisque debet manere suam.—OVID.

MIEUX reculer que mal assaillir.

Pervia virtuti, sed vilibus invia.

AND that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the Devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.—2 *Timothy* ii. 26.

As in the mesh spread by the Spider's skill,
The weaker flies and gnats alone are caught,
While insects more robust of wing and will,
Break boldly through, nor heed his toils in aught:
What to the virtuous heart shall bar the way,
Or hold it from the chosen path of good?—
Since this World's snares are but as frail a stay,
And as the Spider's easily withstood,
When heart and mind with one accord unite
To force through ev'ry stop the road to Right.

Hold on thy course to Virtue, nor refrain;
The wind the chaff disperses, not the grain.

HIS own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.—*Proverbs* v. 22.

DIABOLUS non invalesceret contrà nos, nisi viros ex vitiis nostris præberemus, et locum ei dominandi nobis peccato faceremus: undè nolite locum dare diabolo.
AUGUST. *Hom.* 3.

CUORE forte
Rompe cattiva sorte.

Vaine peur certaine misère.

Een moedig hert
Vermint de smert.

Beter is't te rug gegaen
Als een quaden sprong gedaen.

HE that begins without reason, hath reason enough to leave off, by perceiving he had no reason to begin.—J. TAYLOR, vol. xii. p. 28.

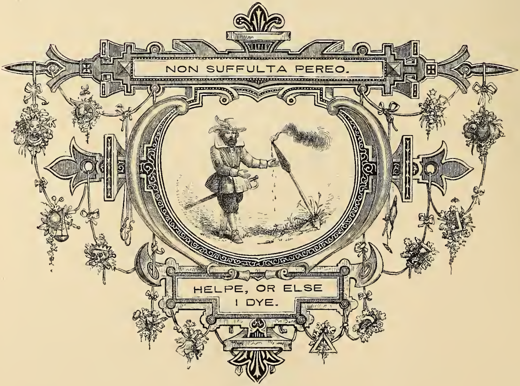
THE MORE YOU HAVE THE MORE YOU DESIRE.

PRUDENCE WILL THRIVE WHERE GENIUS WILL STARVE.

WE READILY BELIEVE WHAT WE WISH.

I SHINED brightly whilſt I ſtood upright,
And firmely ſeated gave a perfect light;
But after that miſchance did me ſurpriſe,
I am caſt downe and know not how to riſe.
Helpe, helpe, who ſees my caſe, now ſuccour me,
So, as before, my Light ſhall glorious be.
A man may fall, this brittle life of ours
Is ſubject to more chances than to houres:
Or fortune falſe, or errours ſlippery fall,
Suffers us not, conſtant to proove at all:
Happy is he who falling findes a man,
Much like a God, ſupporting what he can.
By hurt he learning gaines, he wiſer growes,
And with the weary Oxe more warily goes.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


NON SUFFULTA PEREO.
HELPE, OR ELSE I DYE.

BE ANXIOUS FOR NOTHING.

LIGHT GAYNES MAKE HEAVYE PURSES.

Ein klein henn leget alle tag, da ein Strauss im jahr nur eins.

LITTLE WINNING MAKS A HEAVY PURSE.

LITTLE AND OFTEN FILLS THE PURSE.

A HEN LAYS EVERY DAY,
BUT AN OSTRICH ONLY ONCE A YEAR.

HEAR now what has befallen me; I'm nicely taken in!
All through my Wife! who thought at once a mine of wealth to win:
A Dealer ſhew'd this Oſtrich and its egg to her one day,
And making her believe 'twas ſuch a wondrous bird to lay;
I bought it at her bidding—brought it home, and, like her, thought
A Bird that lay ſuch eggs as that, could not be dearly bought.

A PASSO A PASSO SE VA LONTANA.

Hens' eggs (thought I), however good, were at the beſt but ſmall,
And, as compar'd to Oſtrich eggs, were of no ſize at all.
Off ſuch an egg as that, why, two could make a dinner quite,
'Twas big enough to ſatisfy a ploughman's appetite.
Such was my mind: but very ſoon I'd reaſon to regret
I'd parted with my money, or an Oſtrich ever met.
It eat! Oh! ſuch a bird to eat as that I never ſaw!
No end of food and things could ſatisfy its hungry maw;
But Eggs! not one it laid! though all the while I did my beſt
With hay and ſtraw and feathers ſoft to make the bird a neſt.
When, after waiting long,—'twas juſt about the month of May—
I found one egg! Eh! now, thought I, it has begun to lay!
But all my joy was very ſhort, for from that time till now,
It haſn't laid another egg, nor will it any how.
Yet all this while our Hens, as is with Hens the uſual way,
They've always laid at intervals, and often ev'ry day.
At length, all patience loſing, and my temper put about,
I went up to the Oſtrich, and I call'd to him; Turn out!
Away with you, you rav'nous brute, you ſhall no longer ſtay!
You're big enough, and eat enough, and yet no eggs you lay.
I ſee how 'tis with you, you're all appearance, nothing more;
In buying you I've learnt what I ought well t' have known before:
The biggeſt things are not the beſt, the brighteſt often droſs;
And when we graſp at profit moſt, we oft get greater loſs.

A PIUMA à piuma ſe pela l'oca.
A gotta à gotta il mar si secherebbe.

VON kleinen fischlin werden die hecht gross.

PEU à peu file la vieille sa quenouille.

QUI s'agite, s'enrichit.

LITTLE pot, soon hot.

IL bue s'è fatto grande, e la stalla piccola.
The ox fattens in a little stall.

EN petite maison Dieu a grand part.

Fortunam qui avidè vorare pergit,
Hanc tandem male concoquat necesse est.

Celui qui méprise les petites choses, tombera petit à petit.—*Syrach.* xxix. 1.

Le peu est suffisant à l'homme bien appris.—*Ib.* xxx. 21.

Kleyn visje, soet visje.

Majora perdes, parva ni servaveris.
Who neglects the little, loses the greater.

Adde parum parvo, tandem fit magnus acervus.
Gutta cavat lapidem.—Ovid.

Wer keinen Pfennig achtet,
Der auch nimmer eines Gulden Herre.

Albaxanse los adarves,
Y alcanse los muladeres.

Met veel slagen wort de Stockvisch murw.

Grano á grano hinche la gallina el papo.
Grain à grain
Amasse la fourmy son pain.

Doet by een kleyntje dikmaels wat,
Soo wort'et noch een groote schat.

Diis proximus est, quicunque eget paucissimus.

Tandem fit Surculus Arbor.

How small soe'er your Profit be,
Despise it not, but learn to know,
That almost ev'ry thing you see
From small at first to large did grow:
Do but a little oft, and you
Will find that little grow apace;
The Penny to the Pound accrue,
And "slow and sure oft win the race."

A LITTLE STREAM DRIVES A LIGHT MILL.

ASSIDUITY OVERCOMES ALL DIFFICULTY.

THE Smith, the ſteele ſo tempers in the fire,
As that it may indure flints ſtroke and ire;
The flint and ſteel, 'gainſt other while they ſtrive,
Give ſparkles, which the tinder keeps alive,
Untill the ſulphure to the match gives flame,
Which keeps, and to the candle doth give the ſame;
The candle thus lighted proper uſe hath none:
Thus all ordained is for man alone.
Dame Nature ſo commandeth ev'ry thing
In his owne kind to ſerve his Lord and King;
Things of meere being, and which doe not live,
As Elements, food to the living give;
The living herbs doe beaſts with ſenſe mainetaine
And theſe, to feede us, ev'ry houre are ſlaine:
So every thing is for the uſe of man,
To God ſhould he not doe then, what he can?

Farlie's *Emblems.*

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.
SO YOU ARE BORNE FOR OTHERS.

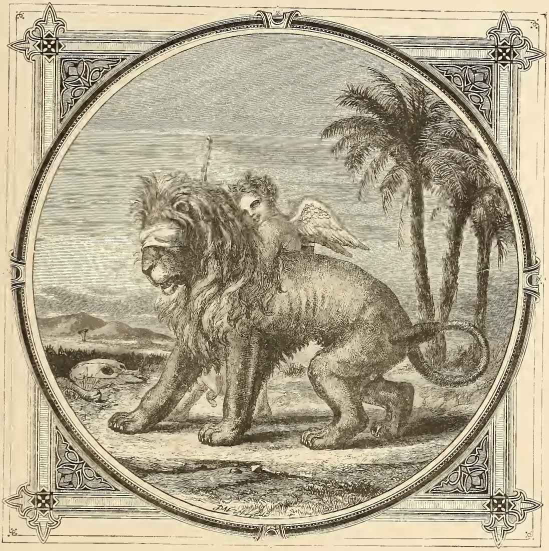
PATIENCE AND APPLICATION WILL CARRY US THROUGH.

CHICKENS FEED CAPONS.

WHO WINS THE EYES WINS ALL.

Verwonnen Oog, begonnen Min.

THE EYE IS BLIND IF THE MIND IS ABSENT.



WHEN THE EYES ARE WON, LOVE IS BEGUN.

TWAS ſaid of Old,—and, like moſt ſayings too,
It hath been proven by experience true,
That e'en deſpite his fierce majeſtic might,
"Who wins the Lion's eyes, ſubdues him" quite.
Herein is well explain'd and typified
Another truth that cannot be denied:
The eye of Man once taken by the grace
And 'witching beauty of a Maiden's face,

CIECO E L'OCCHIO. SE L'ANIMO E DISTRATTO.

ŒIL GAGNE, CORPS PERDU.

However ſtern his nature hitherto,
Aſſumes a ſoftneſs it before ne'er knew.
Ah! then how chang'd the cold imperious look
That ſcarce the gaze of other eyes could brook!
How pliant then the ſternly moulded mind
Of Sage and Soldier, as of rugged hind!
Each then alike, as though himſelf deſpite,
Submits his ruder to the gentler might;
And, Strength to Softneſs through the eyes betray'd,
The Lion, gentle as the Lamb is made.

NON benè conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur
Majestas et Amor.—Ovid, *Metam.* 3.

Quisquis amat, servit; sequitur captivus amatam,
Fert domitâ cervice jugum, fert dulcia tergo
Verbera, fert stimulos, trahit et bovis instar aratrum.—Mantuan.

Par des yeux les deux fenestres,
Dards d'Amour deviennent maistres.

Primi, in omnibus prœliis, oculi vincuntur.—Tacit. *de Morib. Germ.*

Clamor repentinus aliquis, aut imago, aut aspectus fugâ sæpè exercitum implevit: et hæc talia magis, quàm gladius, consternant hostem, videbisque militem vanis et inanibus magis, quàm justis formidinis causis moveri.—Lips. *Doct. Civil.* lib. v. cap. 16.

Nihil tam leve est, quod non magnæ interdùm rei momentum faciat.

Les Femmes peuvent tout, parce qu'elles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent tous.

————I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.—Shakespeare.

Beauty with a bloodless conquest finds
A welcome sov'raignty in rudest minds.—Waller.

——Whose radiant look strikes every gazing eye
Stark blind, and keeps th' amaz'd beholder under
The stupid tyranny of Love and wonder.—*Old Poet.*

Then only hear her Eyes;
Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay, more, command:
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary power.—Dryden.

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,
Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love.—Roch.

The Bloom of op'ning Flowers, unsully'd Beauty,
Softest and sweetest Innocence she wears;
And looks like Nature in the World's first spring.—Rowe.

Nequitiæ Duces, Oculi.

The light of the Body is the Eye: therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness. Take heed therefore that the Light which is in thee be not darkness.—*Luke* xi. 34, 35.

But if thine Eye be evil, thy whole Body shall be full of Darkness. If therefore the Light that is in thee be Darkness, how great is that Darkness!—*Matt.* vi. 23.

Love in the Godhead.

For Love it was, that first created Light,
Mov'd on the Waters, chac'd away the Night
From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new Grace
On Things dispos'd of to their proper Place;
Some to rest here, and some to shine Above:
Earth, Sea, and Heav'n were all th' Effects of Love.—Wall.

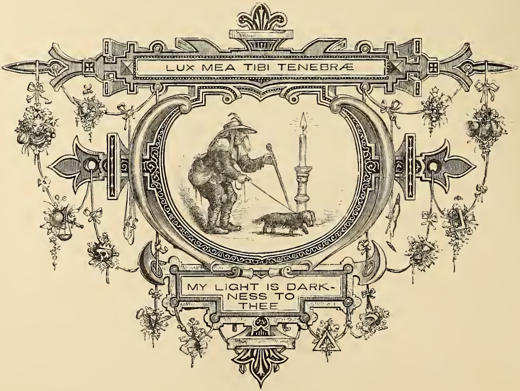
Love is that Passion, which refines the Soul;
First made Men Heroes, and those Heroes Gods:
Its genial fires inform the sluggish Mass;
The rugged soften, and the tim'rous warm.
Give Wit to Fools, and Manners to the Clown:
The rest of Life is an ignoble Calm;
The Soul, unmov'd by Love's inspiring breath,
Like lazy Waters, stagnates and corrupts.—Hig. *Gen. Con.*

WHAT THE EYE SEES NOT,

MY ſplendor with his bright and Sun-like ray,
Doth cheere the houſe, and darkeneſſe chaſe away:
To thee wh' art blind, I'm darke as ſable night,
It's thy default, not mine, thou lak'ſt thy ſight.
The Moule cannot Hyperions glory ſee;
Who want their eyes, no comfort have by me.
Chriſt is the glory of that light from hie,
Which can the darkeſt Chaos full deſcry;
And yet we ſee him not untill our eyes
He open, which thickeſt darkeneſſe doth ſurpriſe;
Then doth his light unto himſelfe reflect
From us as mirrours, with a new aſpect.

Farlie's *Emblems.*

OJOS QUE NO VEEN,


LUX MEA TIBI TENEBRÆ
MY LIGHT IS DARKNESS TO THEE

CORACON NO QUEBRANTAN.

THE HEART RUES NOT.

IT IS NOT LAWFUL TO DO EVIL

Snijt men ſijn Neus af, men ſcheut ſijn Aenſicht.

GOOD INTENTIONS CAN NEVER JUSTIFY EVIL ACTIONS.

CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD, AND HE SHALL SUSTAIN THEE.

WHO CUTS OFF HIS NOSE SPITES HIS OWN FACE.

COME here, all Friends, who know, and would
  Adviſe me for the beſt;—
I've got a Noſe, the ſight and thought
  Of which deſtroys my reſt.
A Noſe, alas! with wens and wheals
  Surcharged and cover'd o'er;
A huge unſightly Noſe, ſuch as
  No man e'er had before.

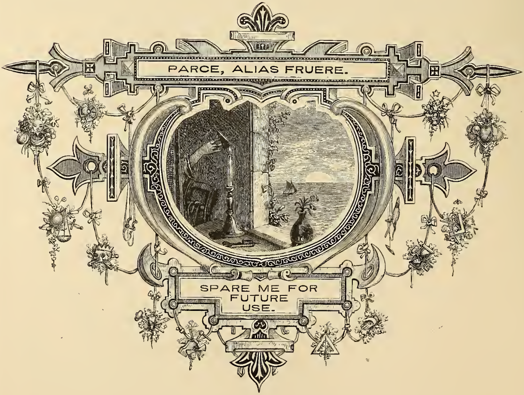
THAT GOOD MAY COME.

It looks juſt like a bald-coot's noſe,
It's ſcarlet-red and blue,
And juſt as if a younger lot
Of Noſes on it grew.
Oh, ſuch a Noſe! a ſnout ſo ſtrange!
That when I'm in the ſtreet,
Each looks at it ſurpris'd, and all
The children that I meet
Point after me and ſay, "Oh! what
A Noſe that man has got!
Who ever ſaw the like of that?
'Tis like a Porter's knot!"
And in forſooth, my Noſe is like
An Oſtrich-egg in ſize,
'Tis like a huge black-pudding that
Stands out between my eyes.
At ſight of it, myſelf, ſometimes
I'm terrified, nor know
What with it I'm to do, or if
Yet larger it may grow.
A Noſe!—but there, I've ſaid enough;
I cannot longer bear
So hideous a thing as this
Upon my face to wear.
I often think I'll cut it off!—
And why not?—why delay
To do what one hears ſpeak of in
The Proverb ev'ry day?
But hold! are Noſes after all
No uſe upon the face?
Although their ſhape and ſize be not
Conſiſtent quite with grace?
If cut it off I do—Why what
An awful gap there'll be!
Without a Noſe, my face will then
Be horrible to ſee!
Eh! friend, put by thy knife, nor lift
A ſuicidal hand
Againſt thyſelf! for as thou art,
'Tis meet to underſtand,
Lies neither in thy will nor right

To mar, nor to upbraid;
Bow meekly rather to His Will
Who thine affliction laid!
Seek not with violence to do
What patience may effect;
By gentle means 'tis eaſier oft
To heal and to correct.
Try theſe, my friend, they may avail,
But ſhould they not ſucceed,
Spare thine own fleſh, nor mar thy face
By ſuch ungodly deed.
Wouldſt further know, my friends, ſome rule
Of conduct to deduce
From this my theme? Read on—my aim
Is but to be of uſe.
Herefrom learn alſo to reſpect
The failings of thy friend,—
To him who to thy blood belongs,
Thine helping hand extend:
When huſband or the wife have left
Their duty's path awhile—
A mother, brother, ſiſter err'd,
Strive thou to reconcile.
Forſake thy kindred not that they
Have fall'n their croſs beneath;
The ſtrength has not been giv'n to all
To gain the Victor's wreath:
Though thou their errors mayeſt hate,
Let judgment be deferr'd;
Hate thou not them, but pity more
That they ſhould ſo have err'd.
Drag not their faults into the light,
But kindly draw the veil,
As teaches Love, that other eyes
May ſee not where they fail.
Be the Phyſician thou, and ſtrive
All that thou canſt to cure;
Canſt thou not heal, then learn, and teach
How others may endure.
The ſuff'ring limb by force is not made whole,
Nor heals Reproof the gangrene of the ſoul.

MY Light is pleaſant, when the night doth gloome,
And pitchy darkeneſſe lines the mourning roome;
Whither thou liſts Cleanthes ſmoake to blow,
Or if the Matron like to twiſt her tow.
When Phœbus ſetteth, I watch centenall
Untill he from my ſtation doth me call.
Spare me, lend not my light to Titans ray;
So ſhalt th' enjoy me when there is no day.
If thy eſtate be meane, huſband it well,
And it Attalick wealth ſhall parallell.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


PARCE, ALIAS FRUERE.
SPARE ME FOR FUTURE USE.

DRINK LITTLE THAT YE MAY DRINK LANG.

Noch vinnigh Slaen, noch harden Dwanck,
En brengt den Esel tot den Drank.

DRINK WASHES OFF THE DAUB AND DISCOVERS THE MAN.

DRINKING KINDNESS IS DRUNKEN FRIENDSHIP.

THOUGH TAKEN TO THE WATER'S BRINK, NO BLOWS CAN FORCE THE HORSE TO DRINK.

IN vain with cheering words I've tried,
And ev'ry means that I can think
Of oaths, and blows, and kicks beſide
To get this plaguey beaſt to drink!
I've led him by the bridle thrice,
And coax'd and pull'd, and coax'd again,

WHEN THE WINE IS IN, THE WIT IS OUT.

But he wont drink at any price,
  And blows and words alike are vain.
Yet when I turn the matter o'er,
  I really think, myſelf deſpite,
That I in ſenſe am wanting more,
  And of the two the Horſe is right!
Why, after all, ſhould I feel ſore
  And loſe my temper in this way?
The beaſt p'rhaps drank enough before,
  And ſeldom drinks three times a day;
That's why he had no will thereto,
  Nor would approach the water's brink:
But how could I expect him to?
  If he'd nor thirſt nor need of drink!
And if the brute himſelf but had
  The pow'r of ſpeech, aſſuredly,
Brute as he is, he'd call me mad,
  And much the greater fool than he!
Hence it is plain that even Man,
  So bent each beaſt with ſcorn to treat,
May learn from them more wiſdom than
  In his own fellow oft he'll meet!
For lo! no force can bring the beaſt
  To drink, if not his thirſt to ſlake,
While Man, creation's lord at leaſt,
  Will drink all day for drinking's sake!
The ſaying is well known and true,
  That when a beaſt has drank his need,
E'en though a King himſelf might ſue,
  He'll drink no more, not he, indeed!
Fie! Man!—fie! you, the lord of Mind!
  Who, ſway'd by ſenſeleſs appetite,
In needleſs drink enjoyment find,
  'Gainſt nature, reaſon, and 'gainſt right!
Your thirſt once quench'd, deſiſt, nor let
  The taunts of fools, nor warmth of friends
Prevail to make you once forget
  The bound where Reaſon's empire ends.

DIE WIJN DRINKEN SONDER SMAECK,

Are you your Senſes', Paſſions' ſlave,
More than the humble brute a-field?
Or in the pow'r of Mind you have,
Muſt it before his Inſtinct yield!
What would the people ſay to ſee
Good wine into the Kennel caſt?
And yet, the Drunkard, is not he
A human Kennel to the laſt?
Why good drink down the Sewers throw?
Worſe than the brute art thou, Man-fool!
Wouldſt thou a nobler duty know,
Betake thee to the Horſe to ſchool.
If 't's more than Horſes' work to think;
In one thing yet the Horſe ſtands firſt,
It's more than Horſes' work to drink
Without the need or ſenſe of thirſt.

IL n'est manger, qu'à bonne faim.

A COULONS souls cerises amères.

JAMAIS homme sage on vit
Buveur de vin sans appétit.

VIN dentro, sermo fuori.
Wen Wein eingehet, da gehet wiss auss.

NE monstre pas ta vaillance à bien boire: car le vin a faict périr plusieurs.
SYRACH. xxxi. 29.

WINE measurably drunk, and in reason, bringeth gladness of heart and cheerfulness of the mind; but wine drunken with excess maketh bitterness of the mind—diminishes strength, and maketh wounds.—*Ecclesiasticus* xxxi. 28, 30.

THE first glass for thirst, the second for nourishment, the third for pleasure, and the fourth for madness.—ANACHARSIS.

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue
(Like rats that raven down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.
SHAKESP. *Measure for Measure.*

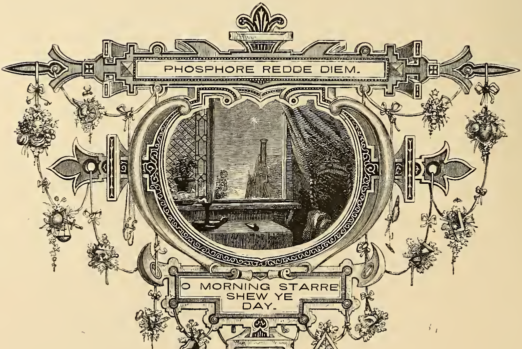
DRUNKENNESS IS BOTH SIN, INJURY AND SHAME.

A DRUNKEN NIGHT MAKES A CLOUDY MORNING.

DOEN EEN ONBESUYSDE SAECK.

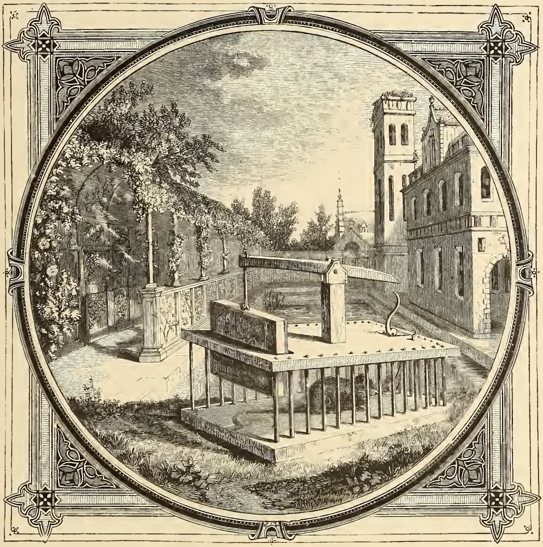
WHEN Phœbus ſets in the Heſperian ſtreames,
And Weſterne ſhores bluſh with his drowned beames;
Then I as Phœbus ſecond muſt give Light,
And act my part in darkeneſſe of the night:
But now my Light complaines that I decay,
And into greaſie teares doe melt away;
So I am forſt to yeeld. O turne thy teame
Phœbus, and Phoſpher ſhew thy morning beame.
When Chriſt the Sonne of righteouſneſſe did goe
Vnto his Heavenly manſions from below,
Then he his holy ſervants did command,
Conſpicuous to the world, like lights, to ſtand;
But when they faile with watching, toile, and age,
And now are ready to goe off the ſtage,
Then up they yeeld the light of life and cry;
O come thou Sonne of righteouſneſſe, we die.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


PHOSPHORE REDDE DIEM.
O MORNING STARRE SHEW YE DAY.

WHO RUNS FAST CANNOT RUN LONG.

Nimia libertas ſit ſervitus.



NE QUID NIMIS.

NOTHING IN EXCESS.

EXCESS OF LIBERTY LEADS TO SERVITUDE.

UNTIL this hapleſs moment I was free,
And went where'er my will or fancy led;
But now oh! where—where is that liberty
So long my boaſt? alas! for ever fled.
Ah! woe is me that ever I was lur'd
By aught ſo poor and taſteleſs as this rind,
To enter here, before I was aſſur'd
Some means of exit and eſcape to find.

EXTREMES ARE EVIL.

Till now without reſtraint I ran about,
Each place alike, a houſe ſecure for me;
I'd holes in plenty to go in and out,
Nor fear'd our race's direſt enemy.
Now here, now there, the barn, the granary,
The kitchen, larder, parlour, and the ſtore
Were mine to roam in full ſecurity,
And feaſt my fill;—what could I wiſh for more?
Fool that I was, thus to be captive made!
I tremble at the doom that waits me now;
Yet whom have I to blame or to upbraid?
Myſelf alone; and to my fate I bow,
Convinc'd too late, that he is caught at laſt,
Who runs about too much and lives too faſt.

IMBERBIS juvenis, tandem custode remoto;
Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi,
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.

Minimum debet libere, cui nimium licet.—Plutarch. *de Educat.* lib. in fin.

Who most would act according to his will,
Requires most to be restrain'd from ill.

Fit ſpolians ſpolium.

The Spoiler is made Spoil.

ONE summer eve, beneath the greenwood shade,
I found young Phillis sitting fast asleep.
With noiseless step before th' unconscious maid,
Joying to catch her in that slumber deep,
I stood and gazed; as though to feast my sight
On ev'ry feature of her charming face:
And though her eye-lids veil'd from me their light,
Her rosy mouth, with such bewitching grace,
Seem'd as it were to proffer me the kiss
So oft denied me with a smart rebuke;

That turning Thief at once, I stole the bliss;
But in that theft, lost more than what I took.
So, gentle reader, in the Love-chase too,
As with the mouse entrapp'd for love of bacon;
We're often made our very luck to rue,
Just when the thing most wished for has been taken.
I stole from her a kiss, but Phillis, she
At once stole heart and peace of mind from me;
The mouse, poor thing, lost life with liberty;
But without Phillis, what were life to me?
Oh! Love, thy pow'r surpasses all belief—
That Phillis sleeping, thus should steal the Thief!

Who poaching goes on Love's domain,
Oft loses where he thought to gain:
And when least thinking such may be,
To his surprise doth oft-times see,
Just like the mouse above pourtray'd,
Himself ensnar'd, and captive made.

—— Carpitque et carpitur unà,
Suppliciumque sui est.—Ovid.

Pœna comes Sceleris.

Puniſhment is the companion of Crime.

JUST as the greedy rat has seiz'd the bacon,
Down falls the trap, and lo! the thief is taken.
The prey though seized, of what avail to him?
That blow struck terror into every limb!
'Tis not enough to say: the evil deed
Brings its requital as the doer's meed:
The culprit from the moment of his crime,
Stung by his conscience through each hour of time,
Though none pursue, in each a captor sees,
Starts at each sound that's borne upon the breeze,
And where none other aught of terror deems,
Quails 'fore the hangman of his nightly dreams.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth.—*Prov.* xxviii. 1.

Oh coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh—
What do I fear?—Myself?—Shakespeare.

Which way I move is Hell; myself am hell.—Milton.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

CUPIDITY IS THE SOURCE OF ALL EVILS.

WHEN as the conqu'ring fleete return'd from Troy,
And Pallas ſtormy wrath did them annoy;
Then Nauplius ſought revenge upon the Greekes,
And hang'd out Lanterns on the rocky creekes;
The Greekes deceived did the rockes miſtake,
And daſhing gainſt them did nights ſhipwracke make.
Whilſt we unto our wiſht-for Country goe,
This lifes fierce billowes toſſe us to and fro;
Honour and glory hang out lights ſo faire,
And Siren-like doe ſeeke us to enſnare:
A joyfull, quiet haven they doe pretend;
But oft they drave us to a dolefull end:
If thou be wiſe ſhunne honours lights ſo hy,
And from ſhipwracking Siren pleaſure fly.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

NAUPLII FACES.
NAUPLIUS HIS LIGHTS.

SLAVES SERVE THEIR MASTERS, AND THE WICKED THEIR PASSIONS.

LEARN TO RESTRAIN THINE HAND, AND TO CURB THINE ANGER.

HE WHO IS BORN A FOOL IS NEVER CURED.

A Barbe de Fol apprent à raire.

WILT GY SCHEREN NA DEN AERT?

SOO SCHEER VOOREERST EEN GECK SIUN BAERT.

WHO WOULD LEARN TO SHAVE WELL, SHOULD FIRST PRACTISE ON A FOOL'S BEARD.

THE Proverb is of antient date,
That he who well would learn to ſhave,
His fulleſt wiſh to conſummate,
Should on a Fool's beard practice have.
As with each phraſe of antient lore,
The ſenſe implied hath ta'en its riſe

A WISE LOOK MAY SECURE A FOOL IF HE TALK NOT.

WITH A FOOL AND A KNAVE

HE IS NA THE FOOL THAT THE FOOL IS,

From long experience gone before,
That Fools to deal with maketh wiſe.
For Fools, of all men moſt preciſe
In things of import leaſt, e'er gave
The wideſt ſcope for practice nice
Of Patience and of Virtues grave.
In ſhaving Fools the barber'll find
Thoſe Virtues to the utmoſt tried,
And howſoe'er to pleaſe inclined,
Both ſkill and patience miſapplied.
Of head and beard each ſep'rate hair
Muſt have the ſame attention paid,
Muſt be arranged with niceſt care,
And juſt as Fool will have it laid:
At ev'ry clip he ſays, "Take heed!"
And in the looking-glaſs muſt view
If all is done as he decreed,
And what the Barber next muſt do:
This lock is now ſomewhat too long,
And this too ſhort—now here, now there,
There ſomething ails, a curl lies wrong
In beard or whiſker, or ſomewhere.
On this ſide now there needs anew
Juſt—juſt a leetle ſnipp'd away,—
"So! let me look! yes! that will do—
But here! this turn!—looks well? nay! nay!
No mouſtache ever look'd well ſo,
Like that indeed it cannot ſtay!"
And all the Barber ſtrives to do
Is vain as all he tries to ſay:
Yet! juſt this place behind the ear?
Aye! Fool! that's juſt the place that ail'd thee!
From what we've ſeen 'tis very clear
It was the brains from firſt that fail'd thee!
Who wants now this, now that, nor knows
What 'tis he needs, doth clearly ſhow it:
For lacking brains, he feels and ſhows
He wants within the means to know it.

BUT HE THAT WI' THE FOOL DEALS.

THERE IS NO CONCLUSION.

BY moeyelicke heeren
Is veel te leeren.

'T moet een wijse hant sijn, die een sotten Kop wel scheren sal.
It must be a wise hand to cut the hair of a Fool's head.

WAT let, dat leert.
Quæ nocent, docent.

Παθήματα, μαθήματα.

VEXATIO dat intellectum.

HOMINE imperito nil quidquàm est injustius, qui, nisi quod ipse facit nihil rectum putat.—TERENT. *Adelph.*

MEN heeft groote kunst van doen
Om de narren te voldoen.

All those who appear Fools, are so, and no less, half of those who do not appear to be so.

FOLLY has a wide dominion in the World; and if there be some little Wisdom, it is pure Folly compared with the Wisdom of the Most High. But the greatest Fool is he, who does not believe that he is so, and who imputes Foolishness to every body else. To be Wise, it is not sufficient to appear so to one's self. He is Wisest who does not think that he is Wise; and he who does not perceive that others see, does not see himself. How full soever the World be of Fools, there is no person who thinks himself one, nor even, who suspects himself of folly.—GRACIAN.

THERE are People (in every class of Society) who entertain a high opinion of themselves, but those more particularly, who are the least worthy. Each considers himself the centre of the Universe, and destined for an exalted position. Hope undertakes rashly, and Experience renders it no assistance. Vain imagination finds an executioner in Reality, who undeceives it. Every one should know his proper sphere of action, and his fittest condition. Reality would then be the regulator of Self-Opinion.—*Idem.*

FORTUNE takes care that Fools should still be seen:
She places 'em aloft, o' th' topmost spoke
Of all her wheel. Fools are the daily work
Of nature, her Vocation: If she form
A Man, she loses by 't: 'tis too expensive;
'Twould make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.
DRYDEN, *Œdip.*

UN Sot n'a pas assez d'étoffe pour être bon.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

HE THAT TEACHES HIMSELF

MUCH like as wine the nurſe of Poets veine,
When priſon-like the caſke doth it conteine;
Farre from the bottome while you draw the wine,
You will it find more plenteous and more fine;
But when you come to dreg, no wine abounds,
Both leaſt and worſt remaineth in the grounds:
Such like the ſhining of a candle we ſee,
Which kindled once burnes not ſtill equally;
At firſt it giv's greater and clearer light,
And is more pleaſant both to ſmell and ſight;
But when it comes to ſnuffe and even ſpent,
It ſhineth leſſe, and gives a filthy ſent.
The candle and wine's our life, which, in its prime,
Doth flouriſh more, and hath more hope of time;
But when with muſtie age our life decayes,
Then many ſorrowes have we, and few dayes.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

IN IMO MINIMUM ET PESSIMUM.
AT BOTTOM LEAST AND WORST.

HE THAT WILL MEDDLE WITH ALL THINGS

MAY GO SHOE THE GOSLINGS.

HAS A FOOL FOR HIS MASTER.

ONE DOTH THE SCATH, ANOTHER HATH THE HARM.

Wat de seuge doet, moeten de biggen ontgelden.

MANY A ONE MUST PAY

FOR WHAT HE HAS NEVER ENJOYED.

WHAT THE SOW DOES, THE LITTLE PIGS MUST PAY FOR.

WHEN the old Sow has play'd her pranks,
And upſet tubs and pails around her,
Out comes the Maſter in a rage,
With broom in hand, reſolv'd to pound her:

INNOCENCE IS NO PROTECTION.

But ſhe, well vers'd in all his oaths,
  And in their meaning full confiding,
Runs off and leaves her pigs behind
  To bear the blame and get the hiding.
And they, poor pigs, though innocent
  Of all the harm, deſpite their ſqueaking,
Get beat all round and made to ſmart
  For all the big Sow has been breaking.

'Tis thus we often ſee in life,
  The great miſdoers ſave their bacon,
While blame and puniſhment alike
  Fall on the ſmaller folks when taken:
How Kings and Stateſmen for their faults
  Get ſcatheleſs off, nor fear vexation,
While all the ills which they have wrought
  Are felt and paid for by the nation.

CE que la truye forfait, les porceaux souffrent.

Quidquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.—Horace i. *Epist.* 2.

Dat veniam Corvis, vexat censura Columbas.—Juven. *Sat.* 2.

Πολλάκι καὶ ξύμπασα πόλις κακοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐπαύρει.

Id est,

Sæpe universa civitas viri mali scelera luit.

Il peccato del Signore souvente fa piangere il vassallo.
Un fa il peccato, l'altro la penitenza.

Der Herrn sünd, der bauren büss.

Wanneer een Prins springt uyt den bant,
Daerom lijdt dickmael al het lant.

Mancher muss entgelten des er nie genossen hat.

Quid agimus hoc casu? feramus. Nam quemadmodùm sterilitatem, aut nimios imbres, aut cætera naturæ mala; ita luxum, ambitionem et avaritiam dominantium habeamus.

EEN PLOEG DIE WERCKT, BLINCKT.

SICHEM rapuit, et agricola plectitur.—*Arabian Adage. Vid.* RICHT. *Axiom. Œcon.* 24, 25.

[*The same in another sense.*]

IT'S GOOD FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.

The Reader will imagine a picture, representing a Fisher disturbing the water with a long pole, and driving the fish towards the net.

YOU wish to know what I'm about?
  My bus'ness is soon told:
I'm going to fish upon a plan
  Advis'd from time of old.
In waters that are most disturb'd,
  Most fish are caught, they say;
But when the water's calm and clear
  The fish all swim away:
For then too cautiously they scan
  The meshes of the net,
Or be your bait however good,
  No bite from them you get.
But quite another sport it is
  If you disturb the stream;
The troubled water then gets thick,
  And roach, perch, eels and bream
Are taken then alike at once,
  Large fish as well as small,
All caught together in the net;—
  That's what I fishing call!

Need I say more? He who knows not
To make a stir in this World's stream,
Will but a sorry Fisher prove,
Nor minnows catch, much less a bream.
Stir, Fisher, stir! Stillness does harm;
It little profits when the water's calm.

———Et multis utile bellum.—LUCAN. i. v. 182.

OPPORTUNI magnis conatibus transitus rerum.—TACITUS.

MULTI honores quos quietâ republicâ desperant, perturbatâ se consequi posse arbitrantur.—LIVY.

EAU trouble gain de pêcheur.

THE CAMEL DRINKS BEST

WHEN THE WATER'S TROUBLED.

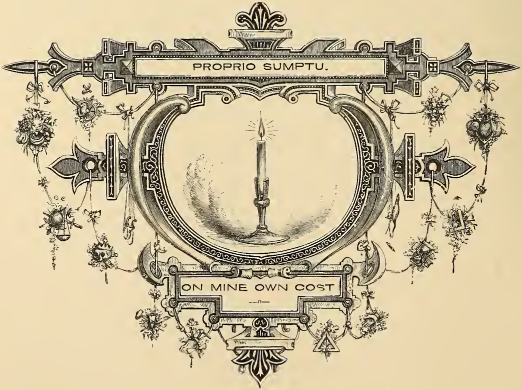
NAER STILLE WATER STINCKT.

DE SCAVOIR, VIENT AVOIR.

IL N'Y A RUISSEAU QUI ENRICHISSE

I CARRY about with me, my frugall ſtore,
With which I am content, and ſeeke no more;
If it be meane, I can with it agree,
What ſtate ſoever, welcome comes to me:
I never begge, alive, what is diſtreſſe,
I know not; but once dead, I care for 't leſſe.
Some live on others trenchers, and doe eate
The bread of ſloth, for which they never ſweat:
They're greedy ravens of mankind, kitching drones,
Rich tables harpyes, rats, Chamelions.
The wiſeman howſoever he doth finde
Fortune, to it he fits and frames his mind,
He doth proferre his courſe and country faire,
Unto his Patrons dole and diſhes rare.

Farlie's *Emblems.*



SON COURANT AVEC DE L'EAU CLAIRE.

STIRRING MASTERS MAKE A RICH HOUSEHOLD.

EXAMPLE IS STRONGER THAN PRECEPT.

Een Schip op een Zant, een Baken in Zee.

LET ANOTHER'S SHIPWRECK BE YOUR LANDMARK.

LEARN WISDOM BY THE FOLLY OF OTHERS.

A SHIP AGROUND IS A BEACON AT SEA.

PORT! hard a-port! ſtarboard your helm! look out!
See what our neighbour in the Schuyt's about!
Upon a ſand-ſpit there as ſure as day,
He's hard and faſt; right in the courſe we lay!
Give her a good wide berth, my mate, that we
Clear well the ſand-tail where thoſe breakers be.
They'll never pole her off—to ſtrive is vain;
With ebbing-tide as now, there ſhe'll remain:

WISE MEN LEARN BY OTHERS' HARM.

And ſhould the wind chop round and blow to ſhore,
She'll break her rudder, or get damage more.
Reader ! look well to this, and let it be
A caution in Life's voyage unto thee.
The Skipper who deſcries a ſhip aground,
No beacon needs to guide, nor lead to ſound:
And truly prudent is that man alone,
Who by another's fault can mend his own.

Many who have themſelves but little ſkill
  To ſhape their courſe where peril may accrue,
Avert full oft the greater ſhare of ill,
  Who take example from what others do.
For Youth, than this, there is no better ſchool ;
For Men, no milder diſcipline and rule,
Than well t' obſerve, and weigh with prudent care
The acts of others from the fruit they bear.

Ex vitio alterius Sapiens emendat suum.—P. Syrus.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt.—Seneca.

Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.—*Ibid.*

We do not want precepts, but patterns, for example is the gentlest and least invidious way of commanding.—Pliny.

Example is a living rule that teaches without trouble to the learner, and lets him see his faults without open reproof and upbraiding.—Serj. Palmer's *Aphorisms.*

Example works more than precept ; for words without practice are but counsels without effect.—*Ibid.*

I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.—*John* xiii. 15.

Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps.—1 *Pet.* ii. 21.

BETWEEN NEIGHBOURS' GARDENS,

WHEN THY NEYBOWR'S HOUSE DOTH BURNE, BE CAREFUL OF THINE OWNE.

DIO TE SALVI DA UN CATTIVO VICINO.

Chi ha mal vicin, ha mal matin.

'TIS well that ev'ry one should know
Something of his next door neighbour;
What are his hours of to and fro?—
Habits of life, and trade or labour?

For, whate'er our love of quiet,
And our care to keep aloof,
If he's giv'n to drink and riot,
Mischief soon may reach our roof.

Peaceful neighbours are a treasure
To be wish'd for in this life;
But distressing beyond measure,
Neighbours prone to noise and strife:

All such people much require
Watch and ward on all they do;
Lest if their house should take fire,
It perchance may spread to you.

Tunc tua res agitur paries cùm proximus ardet.—Horace, i. *Epist.* 18.

Ne mala vicini pecoris contagia lædant.—Virgil, *Ecl.* i.

Hinc benè commendavit Philosophus domum à bonis vicinis,
Aliquid mali propter vicinum malum.—Plautus, *Merc.*

Mieux vaut être seul, que mal accompagné.
Beter alleen, als qualick verselt.

Of bad neighbours have a care.
Quade gebueren moet men besueren.

Die ontrent den molen woont,
Bestuyft het meel.

Zwischen Nachbars Garten ist ein Zaun gut.

Quando egli arde in vicinanza,
Porta l'acqua à casa tua.

In the house of the righteous is much treasure: but in the revenues of the wicked is trouble.—*Proverbs* xv. 6.

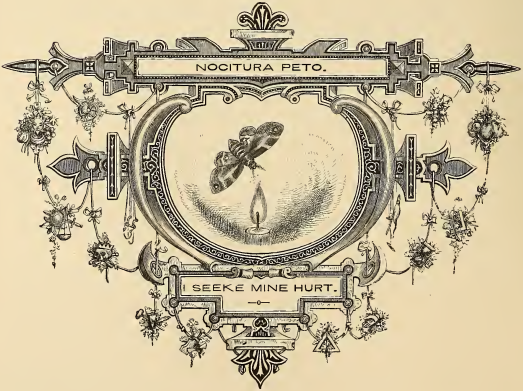
IT IS GOOD TO HAVE A HEDGE.

IT IS BETTER TO LEAVE THAN TO LACK.

CHI DORME CO' CANI SE LIEVA CON PULCI.

LIGHTS ſtarre-like ſplendor doth allure this flye,
Not knowing that ſhe may be burnt thereby:
Thus whilſt ſhe kindled with a great deſire
Of Light, loe now ſhee dies in flaming fire.
Glory in purple robes is ſet on hie,
Envious to many, lovely to the eye:
But many times glory doth fooles undoe,
Whilſt, without wit and reaſon, they it wooe:
It raiſeth them that with the greater fall,
It may them overthrow and cruſh withall.
Whilſt Icarus ſoares to Hyperions beames,
He headlong fals into th' Icarian ſtreames;
And Pha'ton daring for to rule the day,
Was thunder-beate, and burnt with Phœbus ray.
We nearer to the Sunne more glorious are,
If of the ſcorching rayes we be aware.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


NOCITURA PETO.
I SEEKE MINE HURT.

HE THAT LIES DOWN WITH DOGS GETS UP WITH FLEAS.

E MEGLIO LASCIARE CHE MANCARE.

GREAT TALKERS LITTLE DOERS.

De gans blaeſt wel, maer en bijt niet.

GREAT BARKERS ARE NAE BITERS.

GREAT BOAST, SMALL ROAST.

THE GOOSE HISSES WELL, BUT IT DON'T BITE.

WHEN firſt theſe Geeſe I ſaw, and heard
Them hiſs ſo fierce at me;
With fear o'erwhelm'd, I fled the bird,
And thought therein to ſee
Some winged beaſt, or dragon fell,
Whoſe peſtilential breath

WORDS ARE BUT WIND, BUT BLOWS UNKIND.

Alone ſufficed, as I'd heard tell,
To ſpread diſmay and death.
At length their ſnappiſh noiſe deſpite,
I felt within my breaſt
A ſtrange reſolve to ſtay my flight,
And meet them at my beſt.
So looking round as fiercely too,
I was about to draw,
And pierce the hiſſing monſters through;
When all at once I ſaw—
And ſaid, as plain as I could ſpeak:
Why I'm a fool outright!
The beaſt's a flat and toothleſs beak!
With that he cannot bite;
No claws upon his feet hás he
That I had need to fear,
No crooked talons that I ſee
With which my fleſh to tear.
'Tis all mere empty wind, e'en though
So dread to th' ear and ſight;
Fear not, my mates!—who hiſs and blow
Are ſeldom fierce to bite.

WIJT gapen, en bijt niet:
Veel blasen en smijt niet.

SY en bijten niet al, die haer tanden laten sien.

CHAT mioleur ne fut jamais bon chasseur, non plus qu'homme sage caquetteur.

EEN Kat die veel maeuwt, vangt weinigh muisen.

A MUCHA parola, obra poco.
CAN ch' abbaja, non vuol nocer.

HÜHNER die viel schwatzen, legen wenig Eier.
Dov' è manca cor, quivi è piu lingua.

DE grands vanteurs
Petits faiseurs.

WENN die Worte Leute schlugen, so wär er ein tapferer Mann.

BEWARE OF A MAN THAT DOES NOT TALK,

Vasa inania plurimùm tinniunt.

———An tibi Mavors
Ventosâ in linguâ, pedibusque fugacibus istis,
Semper erit?—Virg. *Æn.* II.

Jam senectus mundi est, quæ est garrula.

Magis metuendi taciturni et lenes, quàm feroces et clamatores.

——Vana est sine viribus ira.

Minarum strepitus,
Asinorum crepitus.

Validior vox operis, quàm oris.

Ignavissimus quisque et in periculo minimùm ausurus nimii verbis, linguâ feroces.
Tacitus.

Ut quisque ignavus animo, procax ore.—*Ibid.*

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.—Horace.

Mons parturibat gemitus immanes ciens,
Eratque in terris maxima exspectatio.
At ille murem peperit. Hoc scriptum est tibi,
Qui magna cum minaris, extricas nihil.
Phædrus, *Fabul.* lxxix.

Canis timidus vehementiùs latrat, quàm mordet.—Curtius.

———Quid verbis opus est? spectemur agendo.—Ovid. xiii. *Metam.*

Multa verba, modica fides.—Richter, *Axiom. Œcon.* 221.

Die Kühe die sehr brüllen, geben wenig Milch.
Hunde die sehr bellen, beissen nicht.

'T is een wijse van het lant.
Lange tonge kort van hant.

Tel menace, qui est battu.
Tel menace, qui a grand' peur.
De grand menaceur peu de fait.

———Who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it shall come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well.*

Braggarts must needs be factious, for all bravery stands upon comparisons. They must be violent to make good their vaunts. Neither can they be secret, and therefore not effectual.—Lord Bacon.

AND OF A DOG THAT DOES NOT BARK.

THE EMPTIEST TUB MAKES THE LOUDEST NOISE.

MEN DON'T DIE OF THREATS.

MANY WORDS DON'T FILL THE SACK.

BETTER TRUST AN UNBRIDLED HORSE

THAN AN UNBRIDLED TONGUE.

WHEN as the waxen light and candle did ſhine,
As was the taper, ſo the candle was fine:
When light is gone, this gives an odious ſnuffe,
That ſmels of Hyblas ſweete nectarian ſtuffe.
So when the wicked ſits in honours chaire,
Unto the good man all doe him compare;
But when Death ſparing none, his maſke puls off,
And changing Fortune ſets him for a ſcoffe:
Then to the frittle people he doth ſtinke,
His name ſmels like a common-ſhore or ſinke:
The good againe, even in adverſity,
Cares not for Fortunes falſe inconſtancy;
And when againſt him death hath done her beſt,
His name ſmels like the Phenix ſpicy neſt.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

EXITUS PROBAT.
THE END TRYETH ALL.

BEWARE, FROTH IS NOT BEER.

TOUT PAR AMOUR, RIEN PAR FORCE.

Met onwillige honden is't quaet haſen vangen.

YOU MAY ROW YOUR HEART OUT,

IF THE WIND AND TIDE SET AGAINST YOU.

WITH UNWILLING HOUNDS IT'S HARD TO CATCH HARES.

NOT far from here there lives a Maid,
Who, as I've heard by many ſaid,
Will bring a good dow'r of gold and land
To him on whom ſhe beſtows her hand.
A buxom, cheerful, buſtling laſs,
She leads her father's kine to graſs,

NO STRIVING AGAINST THE STREAM.

HAPPY IS THE WOOING THAT IS NOT LONG IN DOING.

She bakes and she brews, she spins and sews,
And all a good housewife's duty knows.
Nimble and neat of limb is she,
Good temper'd too as a lass can be;
With pouting lips, and a cheek that glows
With all the hues of the opening rose:
No burgher maid in Leyden town
Can match her eyes of lustrous brown;
And were I now in my youthful prime,
To woo and win her I'd lose no time.
I wish our Claes, that son of mine,
Would but to my advice incline,
And court her close like a sens'ble lad,
While she and her dow'r may yet be had:
For oft I've heard her father say:
Whoe'er she choose, he'll not say nay;
But give her a well stock'd farm and land,
And a well fill'd purse besides in hand.
But my son Claes, he is so slow,
To her he will not courting go:
He only fancies the town-bred grace
Of a Courtly dame, and painted face.
Yet what's your Court or burgher dame,
With pride of birth and empty name,
To village lass with a purse well lin'd,
And wholesome both in body and mind?
But, Oh! this boy! 'tis vexing quite
At bait so fair he will not bite;
And all I can do, or think, or say,
Alike on the lad are thrown away.
How oft have I not brought him to
The lass, in hopes that he would woo:
But there he'd stand—like a tongue-tied lout!
Nor open his mouth—but stare about!
In vain to cheer him on I strive,
And wink to make him more alive;
But not e'en once will he take her hand,
Nor speak one word she can understand.
E'en though 'tis Fair-time now, yet he
Buys her no Cakes nor Christmas tree;
No girdle, nor ring, nor handsome coif
To set the young damsel's head-dress off.
He writes no Sonnets in her praise,
As is the custom now-a-days,
But cold as a stone, no word will say,
That hints at all at a Wedding-day.
But, setting all such gifts aside—
Though gifts are proper to a Bride—
Even from her he'll not take a thing,
Neither new neck-ruff, nor handsome ring!

FORCE WITHOUT FORE-CAST

IS OF LITTLE AVAIL.

WHO SO BLIND AS HE THAT WILL NOT SEE?

FAIR IS NOT FAIR, BUT THAT WHICH PLEASETH.

NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE THAT WON'T HEAR.

Yet lovers mostly have the sense
To look on gifts as no offence;
And if a young man will aught receive,
'Tis a sign—at least, so girls believe—
That he next day may come again,
And then p'rhaps speak his mind more plain;
For Love doth ever more hopeful burn,
When the receiver doth make return.
But oh! this Claes! he will not woo
At all as other people do!
E'en when she herself asks him to dance,
He says that he can't, and looks askance!
For her he has no pleasing talk;
He never takes her out to walk,—
And when she kindly asks him to stay,
He takes up his hat to walk away!—
To lose such a chance to me is odd!—
Now isn't my Claes a downright clod?

But now I find my wife was right,
When she said to me t'other night:
Do hold thy tongue, now, Father, do!
'Tis plain our Claes don't care to woo.
Thou'lt never bring the match to pass,
He has no taking to the lass:
He's p'rhaps some other girl in view,
And take my word you may for true;—
The Love that's forc'd will never do!
Is not a lover, after all,
Best judge on whom his choice should fall?
Is courting not an impulse free,
That knows no force nor law's decree?
Do, Father, let the boy alone;—
Compulsion never yet was known
To rule th' affections of the heart,
Nor guide the course of Cupid's dart.
Let him be free to choose his mate
According to his heart's dictate:
"No Well so bad as that, we think,
Whose water we're compelled to drink."
Is not the Love-chase just the same
As hunting any other game?
What though the sportsman even see
The hare, so tame as not to flee,
Squat here and there at distance short,
As though the very dogs to court;—
Yet none the more the hare is won
If that his dogs refuse to run:
For hounds which hunt against their will,
Were seldom known the game to kill.

THERE ARE MAE MARRIED THAN GOOD HOUSE-HAUDERS.

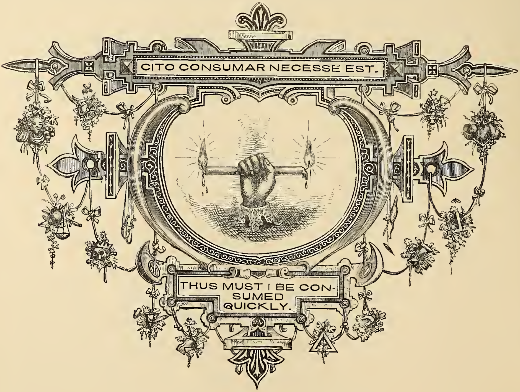
THERE IS NO DISPUTING OF TASTES AND FANCIES.

THE LABOUR WE DELIGHT IN PHYSICS PAIN.

THERE BELONGS MORE THAN WHISTLING TO GOING TO PLOUGH.

I AM conſumed with devouring fire,
  Whilſt Vulcane gainſt me doubles thus his ire:
The hand, much like an Iſthme, doth ſeparate
The flames, and doth it ſelfe præcipitate
Into open danger, ſhewing ſo its love,
The ſcorching flames compels it to remove.
  A thriftleſſe huſband if he ſpend his ſtate,
  And ſo the wife loving to goe too neat;
  Their ſtocke and meanes quickely goes to decay,
  And late repentance comes, when all's away.
  But if a friend their ruine would prevent,
  And ſtay their fall; be ſure he ſhall be ſhent:
  He loſing labour ſcarce ſhall harmeleſſe goe,
  They both againſt him turne their malice ſo.
  Oft times who parteth quarrels and debate,
  Againſt himſelfe doth turne the parties hate.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



GREAT DESIGNS REQUIRE GREAT CONSIDERATION.

Om wëynigh Graens een gansche Moole.

GREAT DOINGS AT GREGORY'S;

HEAT THE OVEN TWICE FOR A CUSTARD

A WHOLE MILL TO GRIND A PECK OF CORN.

EH! Mafter, what is all this work,
  This hamm'ring, ſawing, clatter?
Each morning that I wake of late
  I wonder what's the matter!
What is't that you are building here?
  A Mill, forſooth! but ſurely
So large a Mill as this will be
  A loſs of money purely;

GREAT FOOLS MUST HAVE GREAT BELLS.

For in this ſack of yours I feel
  So little corn for grinding,
That when you've made it into meal
  'Twill ſcarce be worth your minding.
A Hand-mill would be large enough
  To grind this corn, good neighbour!
And if you'd be adviſed by me
  You'd ceaſe your uſeleſs labour.
You may rely, this Mill of yours
  Will yield you little profit,
Twill ſoon ſtand ſtill, or, what is worſe,
  You'll be obliged to let it:
Don't ſpend your money thus, my friend,
  'Tis hard enough to find it;
Who only hath a peck of corn
  Need build no Mill to grind it.

TRUDITUR dies die,
  Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.
Tu secanda marmora
  Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulcri
Immemor struis domos.—Horat. ii. Od. 18.

Senes, inquit Arnisæus, spolia opima marinæ Deæ suspendere debent, cum hac inscriptione,—(*De Jur. Connub.*)

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloriâ,
  Nunc arma defunctumque bello
    Hunc gladium paries habebit.
Horat. iii. Od. 26.

——Desine dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum.—*Idem* iv. Od. 1.

Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

Een oudt man met een jonge vrou,
Wat kan het wesen als berou?

C'est chose aussi follastre de voir le gendarme qui va au baston, que l'amoureux qui ne peut marcher sans aide.

Veel geschreeus en luttel wolle.
Veel vlagen luttel boter.

La più guasta rota del carro
Fa sempre maggior strepito.
Viel geschrey, wenig wollen.
Grosse word und nichts da hinder.

Ne'er put the Plough afore the Owsen.

In every undertaking, that which is Essential should have the first place; and the Accessory, if there is occasion for it, should be considered afterwards. Many men commence with that which is of least moment to them, and defer the consideration of those things which would be useful and profitable, to a period when it is too late to reap the advantages which would accrue from them. We thus frequently see men who have no sooner begun to prosper in life, than they become eclipsed as it were in their very success, and emerge in poverty. Method is as necessary to the art to Live, as to the acquirement of Knowledge.

Selon le pain il faut le couteau.
Selon ta bourse gouverne ta bouche.
Fou est qui plus dépense que sa rente ne vaut.

Stretch out your legs according to the length of your blanket.

One ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit.

Chi tutto abraccia, nulla stringa.

Ce qui vient au son de la flûte s'en va au son du tambour.

Make no more haste than good speed.

Cavendum est, ne in festinationibus suspiciamus nimias celeritates.—Cicero.

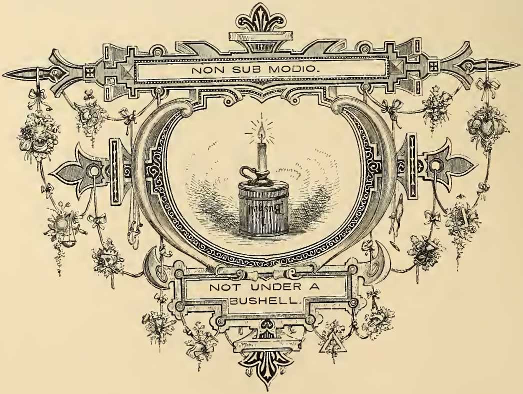
Qui unumquodque mature transegit, is properat; qui multa simul incipit neque perficit, festinat.—Cato.

MORE BELONGS TO RIDING THAN A PAIR OF BOOTS.

MEDDLE NOT WITH WHAT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

TITANS day burning lamp is ſet on high,
The more to light'n the Earth from ſaphir ſky;
His beames more glorious and conſpicuous ſhine
From Eaſt to Weſt, from South to midnight line:
My light you muſt not under buſhell put,
Nor in a chinky corners priſon ſhut;
That lights may cleare the chambers all throughout,
They muſt aloft be hanged round about.
You holy Prieſts, to whom the word of light
Is truſt, advance your torches in the ſight
Of mortals, ſhew them who in darkeneſſe dwell,
The narrow way that leads to Heaven, from Hell.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


NON SUB MODIO.
Bushell
NOT UNDER A BUSHELL.

NO ONE GETS INTO TROUBLE WITHOUT HIS OWN HELP.

DO NOTHING HASTILY, BUT CATCHING OF FLEAS.

TAKE HOLD OF A GOOD MINUTE.

Two Dogges strive for a Bone, and the third taketh it away.

THE DOGS AND THE BONE.

ALL ye who would a Moral learn,
  Your eyes upon this Emblem turn:
  Two dogs in combat fierce you ſee,
For Dogs, like Men, will diſagree.
The cauſe of quarrel was a bone,
With dogs a very frequent one;
But while the two in deadly fight,
Half blind with rage, bark, tear and bite,

WHEN TWO FOOLS MEET, THE BARGAIN GOES OFF.

WHEN THE IRON'S HOT IT'S TIME TO STRIKE.

WHEN FORTUNE SMILES, TAKE THE ADVANTAGE.

More bent each other's fleſh to wound
Than heed the bone upon the ground;
Up comes a third, attracted by
The brawl and, quick the cauſe t' eſpy,
Snaps up the bone without ado,
And with it diſappears from view.
The combatants, whoſe kindled bile
Had ſomewhat ſettled down the while,
Exhauſted almoſt with the fight,
At once both miſs the bone from ſight!
And quick as thought, with one conſent,
They ceaſe the fray, and both intent
To find the prize for which they fought,
With eager haſte the bone is ſought:
But all in vain, no bone is there,—
But foam and bloodſtains everywhere,
Mingled with clotted flakes of hair.
At length away the dogs depart,
In pain and discontent of heart,
That they, who fought the prize to gain,
Should doubly loſers thus remain;
While ſome one, who no riſk had run,
The "bone of their contention" won.
Such things and like reſults are ſeen
T' occur full oft young folks between;
Among the People oft'ner ſtill,
And Princes, where there's want of ſkill.

But while I'm on this ſubject now,
An inſtance I'll relate to you,
Of which I've known before to-day
Full many end the ſelf-ſame way.
Two ſuitors woo'd a Burgher maid,
With dow'ry rich, and each afraid
His rival ſhould with her prevail,
Bethought him all he could t'aſſail
And prejudice the other's name,
That he might beſt ſecure the game.

With feelings ſuch on either ſide,
Throughout the City, far and wide,
Reports were current ſoon of each,
Which did ſo mutually impeach
Their name and fame, that ſwords alone
Could for ſuch calumnies atone.
They met—they fought—the younger fell;
His rival's blade prov'd all too well
The bitter rancour of the thruſt
That ſtretch'd him proſtrate in the duſt.
Though victor, yet compell'd to fly,
T'eſcape the Duel's penalty;
The field at once of both made clear,
Another ſuitor now drew near;
Who, though before but little ſeen,
Had ne'er the leſs, like them too, been
A Fiſher in the ſelf-ſame ſtream,
Though not preſuming ſuch to ſeem;
And boldly now he ſets his ſail,
To profit by the fav'ring gale;
Declares in all its honeſt truth
The love that had o'ercaſt his youth;
Subdues at once the damſel's pride,
And changes Sweetheart into Bride.
The Brawlers, when they both return'd
To health and home, the tidings learn'd,
That one far more diſcreet than they,
Advantage taking of their fray,
Had won the Prize the proper way.

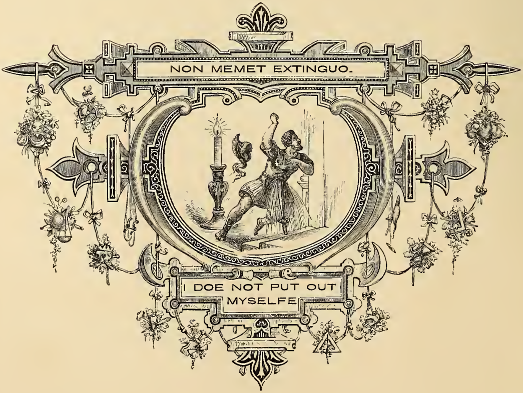
DUMOS concussi, sustulit alter aves.
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves.
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

TEL bat les buissons
Qui n'a pas les oisillons.

WHEN THE FRIAR'S BEATEN, THEN COMES JAMES.

WHAT e're my ſtat's my love proves conſtant ſtill,
To this my Soule, we part againſt our will;
Or when fierce Boreas with his bluſtring gale,
Or ſome miſchance my lovely light doth quale:
Elſe I and Light my life, would never part,
Before to aſhes fates did me convert.
Nature commands us to maintaine our breath
And being, ſhunning life-deſtroying death.
Yet man from Atropus oft takes the knife,
And cuts his fatall thred devouring life:
For why, he fearing death before his day,
Before th'allarum, makes himſelfe away.
Ah wretch! unworthy to behold the ſkye,
Who will not live, and knowes not how to dye.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


NON MEMET EXTINGUO.
I DOE NOT PUT OUT MYSELFE

TWO TO ONE IN ALL THINGS AGAINST THE ANGRY MAN.

WHEN THE MUTTON'S GOING, IT'S GOOD TO TAKE A SLICE.

TWO SIR POSITIVES CAN'T MEET WITHOUT A SKIRMISH.

BETWIXT TWA STOOLS THE DOUP FA'S DOUN.

Nemo potest Thetidem simul et Galatean amare.

ENTRE DEUX SELLES LE CUL EN TERRE.

TENER IL CUL SU DUE SCANNI.

NO ONE CAN LOVE THETIS AND GALATEA AT THE SAME TIME.

LISTEN, Mates! attend to me,
  I would ſomething to you ſay,
That may of ſome ſervice be—
  Rather curious in its way!
I've a fondneſs for the Fair,
  Which, my reaſon all deſpite,
Makes me ev'ry day deſpair
  Where to fix my heart aright.

GRASP ALL, LOSE ALL.

CHI DUE LEPRI CACCIA,

FAHE VIEL, BACHE SUTZEL.

Ev'ry pretty girl I meet,
Sets my heart in ſuch a ſtir,
That, without the leaſt deceit,
I would make ſtrong love to her.
Thus ſo wav'ring in my mind,
Two girls now at once I woo;
But I've long begun to find
'Tis much more than I can do.
One is Galatea nam'd,
And the other, as you know,
Thetis—for her beauty fam'd,
Spoken of where'er you go.
Thetis lives down by the Sea,
Galatea on the Moor;
Thetis talks of ſhips to me,
And of things along the ſhore.
Galatea, lively laſs!
Speaks of dairies, and of cows,
Of the meadows, and the graſs,
And the crops her father grows;
Of the tuneful woods and fields,
Where the ſheep in hundreds ſtray,
What their fleece in profit yields,
And the joys of market-day:
Speaks of ſhady lanes to me,
With their hedgerows green and gay,
And the Linden trees where we
Often chat an hour away.
Thetis too tells pleaſing tales
In the Fiſhers' homely talk;
How in Greenland they catch whales,—
Charming 'tis with her to walk!
Herring nets to make and mend
Then ſhe tells me how, and I
Long a helping hand to lend,
When ſhe ſpreads them out to dry.
Plaice and flounders how they take,—
And how cure them on the ſhore;

QUI TROP EMBRASSE MAL ESTREINT.

UNA NON PIGLIA E L'ALTRA LASCIA.

HE WHO SERVES TWO MASTERS

How one man of fiſh may make
Oft a catch of twenty ſcore:
How they fiſh with hook and net,
All ſo pleaſing like and true,
That by her bright eyes of jet,
I'm both hook'd and netted too.
Galatea ſays that ſhe
Likes no fiſh, nor thoſe who live
Or by fiſhing, or the ſea,
But the reaſon ſhe won't give.
Galatea's conſtant theme
Is her butter and her cheeſe;—
"What's your *fish* compared to cream?
Soles or plaice (ſays ſhe) to theſe!"
If I ſpeak of fields and trees,
Or the leaſt of farm-things ſay,
Thetis' look's enough to freeze,
And ſhe takes her hand away:
If I wear a fiſher's dreſs,
Galatea from me turns,
And, when in farm-clothes, no leſs,
Thetis all my wooing ſpurns.
When my fiſher's cap I've on,
Fluſhings looſe and jacket rough,
Galatea ſays, Begone!
But her look is quite enough!
If in ſhepherd's ſlouch I go,
Thetis, if ſhe chance to ſee,
Calls me Boor! and jeers me ſo,
That all eyes are turn'd on me!
Thus for two long years have I
Chaſed this game, and nothing caught;—
Juſt as one "who hunts two hares,
Loſes both, and catches naught."
So, Mates, when you wooing go,
Fool is he who my way chooſes;
Who at once courts ſweethearts two,
Pleaſes neither, and both loſes!

MUCHOS AJOS EN UN MORTERO,

MAL LOS MAJA UN MAJADERO.

MUST LIE TO ONE OF THEM.

THE FOX IS CUNNING,

BEHOLD the Bridegroome comes, he takes his way,
Nor Man, nor Angell knowes the houre or day;
He ſaies, he'le come, much like a theefe in night,
To judge the world with equity and right;
Angels ſhall charge with trumpets ſounding cleare,
And Chriſt as Judge ſhall in the clouds appeare;
The righteous and the wicked ſhall ariſe,
Bodies and Soules, to paſſe upon that 'ſize.
He who the oyle of preparation hath,
Whom Chriſt ſhall find furniſh'd with ſaving faith;
Shall with the bleſſed Bridegroome mount on hie,
Mongſt Seraphimes triumphing glorioufly;
But he who hath no oyle, nor faith at all,
Heavens dreadfull Judge ſhall that man curſed call,
And baniſh him into the pit of hell,
Where with the fiends for ever he muſt dwell.

Farlie's *Emblems.*

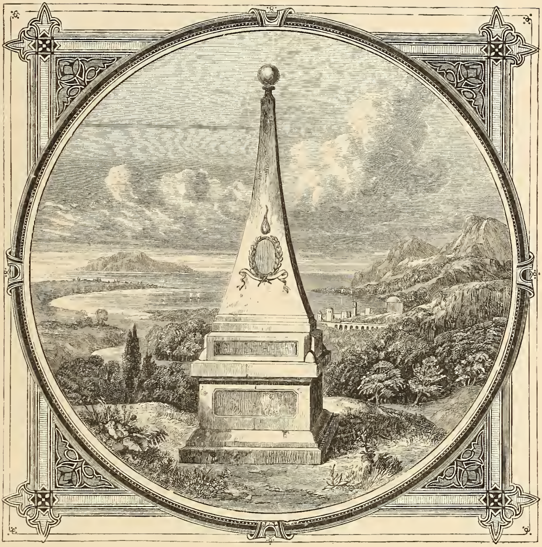
HE HAS MUCH TO DO

WHO WOULD PLEASE EVERYBODY.

BUT MORE CUNNING HE WHO CATCHES HIM.

FAIR TO THE EYE, THAT'S ALL.

In Recessu Nihil.



A FAIR FACE MAY HIDE A FOUL HEART.

A FAIR FACE MAY BE A FOUL BARGAIN.

WITHIN IS EMPTINESS.

YOU ſay that Iſabella is of ſuch ſurpaſſing grace,
So beautiful in form, and ev'ry feature of her face;
That you're ſurpris'd I do not aſk her hand at once, as you
Affirm, if you were in my place, you would without ado.
But, Friend, you are miſtaken, and you eſtimate too high
The beauty of a figure, and the luſtre of an eye:
Theſe I admit ſhe has, but ſomething ſtill I wanting find—
Though beautiful in face,—ſhe wants the beauty of the mind.

BELLE CAGE, SANS OISEAU.

TWO EYES ARE NOT SUFFICIENT

She's like the handſome Monument, to which the ſculptor's art
Has given grace and ſymmetry to every outward part;
Externally adorn'd with all that moſt the eye can win,
All outward ſhew like that is ſhe, but empty all within.
Pay leſs regard to Form and Face, when you ſelect a wife;
The Beauty of the Mind alone is that which laſts for life.

MISTAKEN Nature here has join'd
A beauteous face and ugly mind;
In vain the faultless features strike,
When soul and body are unlike:
Pity that snowy breast should hide
Deceit and avarice and pride.—POPE.

NAM divinitus interdum, Venerisque sagittis,
Deteriore fit ut formâ muliercula ametur;
Nam facit ipsa suis interdum fœmina factis,
Morigerisque modis, et mundo corpore culta,
Ut facilè insuescat vir secum ducere vitam.—LUCRET.

PLUS aliquid formâ est, plus est oculisque genisque;
Plus aliquid toto corpore, quidquid amo.—DAN. HEYNSIUS.

SIT procul omne nefas, ut ameris amabilis esto;
Quod tibi non facies, solaque forma dabit.—OVID.

TEMERARIIS judiciis plena sunt omnia, de quo desperamus subito convertitur, et fit optimus; de quo multum præsumpseramus, deficit et fit pessimus, nec timor noster certus est, nec amor.—AUGUST. *de Past.*

JUDGE not according to the Appearance, but judge righteous judgment.
John vii. 24.

THE Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.—1 *Sam.* xvi. 7.

FAVOUR is deceitful, and Beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—*Proverbs* xxxi. 30.

TEL semble sage en apparence,
Qui fol est en quintessence.

A FAIR WOMAN WITH FOUL CONDITIONS

IS LIKE A SUMPTUOUS SEPULCHRE.

TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

JUDGE NOT OF MEN OR THINGS AT FIRST SIGHT.

THE FAIREST LOOKING SHOE MAY PINCH THE FOOT.

THE FAIRER THE HOSTESS THE HEAVIER THE RECKONING.

Fronti nulla Fides.

WHEN travellers first the Pyramids behold,
Lifting their sun-lit tops in contrast bold
Against the splendour of th' Egyptian sky;
Their grand dimensions to the fancy brings
The semblance of the Palaces of Kings;
So great is their external majesty!
But what are they within?—No Halls are there,
No Royal Courts, nor Princely Chambers fair,
The imaged scenes of Eastern pageantry.
What then? mere dust! the Ashes of the Dead!
Around, within, on every side outspread
In one drear, dread Sepulchral mockery!

'Tis thus we are instructed to beware
Of judging from Appearances alone;
"The Castles that we image in the air"
Are not more empty—when the truth is known.

Plus on a de fonds, et plus on est homme.

THE Inside ought always to be worth as much again as the outward appearance. There are people who have exterior only; resembling houses which have not been finished for want of funds: the entry is palatial, the inside a hovel. This kind of Persons presents nothing to fix the attention, or rather, all within them is fixed; for after the first salutation the conversation is ended. They make their introductory bow, after the fashion of the Sicilian horses, which after one or two caracoles become suddenly metamorphosed into motionless taciturnity. For words are soon exhausted when the mind is barren. It is easy for them to deceive others who like themselves have nothing but appearance, but they are objects of pity to persons of discernment, who soon discover that they are empty within.—GRACIAN'S *Maxims.*

Tinnit; inane est.

IT'S empty: hark, it sounds: 'tis vain and void,
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,
Drawn now, and cross'd to-morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond youth, oh, build thy hopes on surer grounds
Than what dull flesh propounds:
Trust not this hollow world, 'tis empty: hark, it sounds.

QUARLES' *Emblems.*

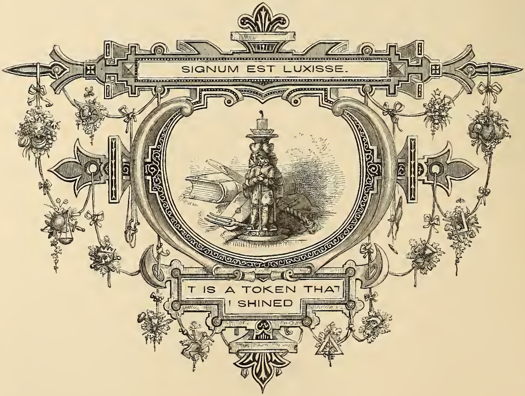
A FOOLISH WOMAN IS KNOWN BY HER FINERY.

ALL FLOWERS ARE NOT IN ONE GARLAND.

BE SLOW IN CHOOSING,

WHO ſo beholds this ſmoaky ſnuffe of mine,
He muſt needs thinke that ſometime I did ſhine;
But now my Light is gone, my glory's darke,
Onely of light I have the brand and marke.
Who for his Country hath with valour ſtood,
His wounds doe ſhew, that he hath ſpent his blood:
In Venus training who hath beene practiſed,
Some token he beares of what he exerciſed.
The Schollars badge, are ſallow lookes and blanch,
The gluttons is the fatneſſe of his panch.
Vertue and vice doth leave ſome token behind,
Which of themſelves doe put us ſtill in minde.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


SIGNUM EST LUXISSE.
IT IS A TOKEN THAT I SHINED

BUT SLOWER IN CHANGING.

OGNI DONNA A QUALCHE TACCA.

UNION GIVES STRENGTH.

Vechtende Koeyen voegen haar te samen, als de Wolf komt.

SINGLY WE SUCCUMB,

UNITED WE CONQUER.

WHEN THE WOLF COMES, THE OXEN LEAVE OFF FIGHTING TO UNITE IN SELF-DEFENCE.

NOT long ago, ſome oxen of our herds upon the moor,
In furious fight among themſelves, as oft I've ſeen before,
Were ſuddenly ſurpris'd to ſee ſome Wolves, which, crouching low,
Were ſtealing on the herd to ſtrike an unexpected blow.
Like magic, all at once, th' inteſtine feuds and bloodſhed ceaſe,
As though the common danger had ſubdued them all to peace:
And quick,—as if impreſs'd with all the folly of their ſtrife;
Made ſenſible that Union alone could ſave the life

L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE.

Of each and all,—to face the foe they haſte a ring to form,
And croup to croup cloſe preſs'd make front to meet th' impending ſtorm.*
'Twas juſt in time! for ſcarcely were they marſhall'd back to back,
When down upon the herd already burſts the rav'ning pack:
But all in vain the Wolves aſſail; for everywhere they meet
A phalanx of oppoſing horns, their onſet fierce to greet;
And high in air uptoſs'd, or diſembowell'd on the plain,—
The few remaining take to flight, nor dare th' aſſault again.

So ſhould confed'rate States and Peoples huſh all inward ſtrife,
When from without a foreign foe aſſails the Nation's life;
All diſcords then out-trodden—'tis by Unity alone
The Free ſhall ſave their Freedom, and the Brave preſerve their own.

CONCORDIA parvæ res crescunt: discordiâ autem maximæ dilabuntur.
Sallust. *Jugurth.*

Twist verquist.

Eendragt geeft magt
Eenigkeyt vermag veel.

Verdeilt vyer brandt qualick.
Scatter'd fire burns badly.

Sacrum est Pacis nomen, et quod vix terram sapiat: nec alio nomine Hebræi Τὸ *εὐζῆν*, ipsam adeò perfectionem, innuebant: nec quid aliud humano generi lubentius vel gratulati sunt Angeli, vel legavit Christus, vel Apostoli præceperunt, &c.
Joseph Hall, *Rom. Irreconciliab.*

Krijg van buiten
Doet vrientschap sluiten.

Commune periculum dissidentes conjungit. Instante communi periculo, conciliari solent dissidentium animi.—Dionys. *Halicarn. lib.* 8.

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*The instinctive resort of horned cattle to this mode of defence against the wolf, is more especially remarkable, and of very frequent occurrence, among the herds of half wild horses in the Bukowina, and on the Pusztas of Hungary, with the difference that these form the "Karika" or Ring, with their heels outwards, in order to give the wolves the full advantage of that characteristic and efficient mode of defence of the horse.—*Note of Translator.*

Ne point montrer le doigt malade.

Shew not where your finger ails.

For every one will strike you there. Beware also to complain of it, for in as much as Malice always attacks the weakest point, the show of resentment and suffering only serves to gratify and to divert it. The malice of mankind always endeavours to unhinge; it gives utterance to cutting words, and resorts to every expedient, until it has discovered the sore, where it can pierce to the quick. The man of sense and tact never exposes his weak point, whether personal or hereditary; because Fortune herself takes delight sometimes in wounding the place where she knows the pain will be felt most acutely. She always mortifies to the quick. Consequently it is requisite to conceal from mankind all knowledge both of that which mortifies, and of that which gives satisfaction; in order to bring the former to the speediest termination, and to make the latter endure the longer.—Gracian.

QUARRELS COULD NOT LAST LONG,

WERE BUT PRUDENCE ON ONE SIDE.

Strength is increased by Concord.

The fast faggot is not easily broken.

L'Union fait la Force.

Auxilia humilia firma consensus facit.

Unius dissensione totus consensionis globus disjectus sit.—Nepos.

Adversity tries friends.

In angustis amici boni apparent.

God helps those who help themselves.

Fortes Fortuna juvat.

Timidi nunquam statuere tropæum.—Suidas *ex Eupolide.*

Il n'y a que les honteux qui perdent.

Audaces Fortuna juvat, timidosque repellit.

Qui ipsi sibi sapiens prodesse nequis, ne quidquam sapit.

Cicero, *Ep.* lib. vii.

In circumstances of difficulty, there is no better company than a resolute heart; and if that should happen to fail, it should be aided by the Mind. Difficulties grow less for them who know how to help themselves. Submit not to the strokes of adversity without an effort to overcome them, lest they become less endurable. Some persons help themselves so little in their troubles, that they increase them, for want of knowing how to meet and bear them with courage. He who knows himself well, finds assistance to his weakness in reflection. The man of judgment comes out of every dilemma with credit and advantage to himself.

WHERE THE KNOT IS LOOSE, THE STRING SLIPPETH.

WHERE NECESSITY PINCHES,

WHILE YOU TRUST TO THE DOG,

THE WOLF SLIPS INTO THE SHEEP-FOLD.

WHILST I give light to others, I decay;
I loſe my ſelfe, whilſt I to others play:
I watch all night with an unſleepy eye,
And oft, before the day doth dawne, I dye:
How oft am I by bluſtering Boreas mockt,
And lighting others, I my ſelfe am chokt;
If tumult, of a night aſſailing be,
I am employ'd, no reſt, no peace for me:
What moſt of men neglect, that I obſerve,
To ſuccour others, though my ſelfe ſhould ſtarve:
A Law but not of nature, which directs
All of themſelves to have the prime reſpects.
Codrus the King, his Country to defend,
Much like a Prodigall his life did ſpend;
The Pelican to feede her plumeleſſe brood,
Doth lance her breaſt, and ſtraine her pureſt blood,
The watchfull ſheepherd ſeldome ſeeing ſleepe,
Directs, and keepes from wolves his ſtraying ſheepe:
Even Chriſt himſelfe, the Sonne of the moſt Hie,
Did ſuffer death, leſt mortall man ſhould die.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

MIHI NOCEO, ALIIS PROSUM.
I SAVE OTHERS, I WASTE MYSELF.

BOLDNESS IS PRUDENCE.

SEMPER OB INSIDIIS CYNTHIA FLERE SOLET.

Dum plorat, vorat.

FEMME RIT QUAND ELLE PEUT,

ET PLEURE QUAND ELLE VEUT.

WHILE SHE WEEPS, SHE DEVOURS.

CALLING a few days ſince to pay
  A viſit to my ſweetheart fair,
Her face quite fill'd me with diſmay,
  She look'd ſo pale and wan with care.
That ſhe, ſo full of life and ſong,
  As was her wont, thus ſad ſhould be,
Made me conclude, that ſomething wrong
  Had her befall'n—or p'rhaps that ſhe
  Had got ſome ſilly doubts of me.

VRIENT, LET'ER OP; MEN VINT'ER NOCH.

Well, dearest love!—but what is this?
  What ails? what has occurr'd to thee?
Why then so cold?—not e'en one kiss!—
  Art ill—or discontent with me?
Nay, nay, thou'rt ill I'm sure—I see,
  I know it by thy drooping eye,
Thou lookst not as thou'rt wont on me,
  Come let me know,—why then that sigh?—
  Speak, speak, did I yet aught deny?

But long she made me no reply,
  Though still she sigh'd, and I could see,
The more I said, the more her eye
  Was fill'd with tears, and turn'd from me;
Until at length quite griev'd, I said,
  Come cease this weeping—speak then, do—
Tell me thy grief, nor be afraid;
  If silent thus, how can I know
  In what to aid or comfort you?

On this upon my arm she laid
  Her pretty hand, and murm'ring low—
Alas! 'tis this—(she sighing said)
  My cause of grief, since you will know:
A sad misfortune I have had!
  That e'er so luckless I could be!
I've lost—I'm sure I shall go mad—
  That handsome ring you gave to me!
  Which all admir'd who us'd to see.

And then—Oh! woe is me!—to-day,
  While walking in the Park, I felt
The Bracelet on my arm give way,—
  I really thought my heart would melt:
I look'd, and lo! the diamond clasp
  Which held the string of pearls I wear,
Had broken somehow at the hasp!—
  You know what splendid pearls they were?
  Well! eight are lost, I do declare!

Oh! how shall I this loss repair?—
  All thy best presents thus to lose;—
I've scarce a jewel now to wear!
  And fifty pounds won't replace those!

When she had ended this lament,
Her sobs and tears came fast anew,
And I, upon her grief intent,
Knew neither what to say or do,
And truth to say, 'twas vexing too.

When just as I was deep in thought,
How best her grief somewhat t' allay,
A Jeweller my notice caught,
Who seem'd by chance t' have come that way:
Greeting us both with much respect,
He op'd his caskets to our view:
And said—Sir, p'rhaps you'll not object
To let me shew some rings to you—
And to my lady, something new!

She, (so it seem'd) her grief appeas'd
At once, at sight of all his ware,
A costly diamond ring first seiz'd,
The finest, largest he had there;
And said:—Ah! this is just the kind
Of ring that I have wish'd for so!
Had I but now a generous friend
To buy me that!—'twould soothe my woe!—
And, as she spoke, she kiss'd me too.

I, mov'd to see her mournful face,
Ask'd him the cost; and being told,
Began to bid for it apace;
I found I'd just the sum in gold:
But nothing in the price would he
Abate—and she, with eyes still red,
Look'd in my face so anxiously!—
That e'er I well knew what I said,
The ring was bought, and money paid.

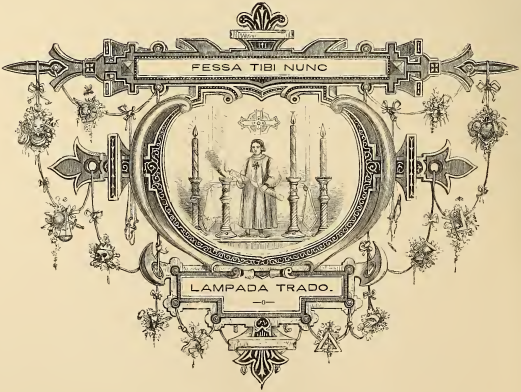
That I'd been cheated to my face,
Since then I found to my surprise!
The thing was plann'd to time and place,
It was her Brother in disguise!
'Twas her own diamond ring that I
Had bought and paid for o'er anew!
So when you see your Sweetheart cry,
Take heed, my Friends, what 'tis you do.
But laugh or weep 'tis much the same,
They're both the sex's Winning Game.

LA FEMME FOLLE EST BRUANTE.

DE VROUWEN HADDEN EERTIJTS DRIEDERLEY TRANEN:

WHEN that my clammy ſubſtance was entire,
I was an earthly nurſe of heav'n-bred fire;
Now envious time doth me in aſhes turne,
And to a tedious ſnuffe my light doth burne:
Loe I have done, take thou this light of mine;
I yeeld, doe what thou canſt, the turne is thine.
So the Comedian having plaid his ſhare,
Gives place to others, who then actors are:
A King his weighty office having done,
Dying transfers his Scepter to his ſonne:
When that the craſie Souldiers ſtrength doth faile,
The younger muſt the enemy aſſaile.
Happy is he the evening of whoſe daies
Doth crowne his death with ever-living bayes.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*



VAN LEET, ONGEDULT, EN BEDROG.

A FOOLISH WOMAN IS CLAMOROUS.

BETTER BEND THAN BREAK.

Cedendo Victor abibis.

YIELDING IS SOMETIMES THE BEST WAY OF SUCCEEDING.

OAKS MAY FALL WHEN REEDS BRAVE THE STORM.

BY YIELDING THOU MAY'ST CONQUER.

THAT the ſlender Reed you ſee,
  Chaf'd and driven by the blaſt,
Should not ſoon uprooted be,
  Or upon the waters caſt;—
That ſo frail a thing in form
  Is not quickly borne away,
Rent to tatters by the ſtorm,
  Is a wondrous thing, you ſay?

FLECTI NON FRANGI.

Since ſo oft the ſtately Oak,
  Tow'ring upward to the ſkies,
Is uprooted by the ſtroke,
  E'en deſpite its ſtrength and ſize!
Strange as this may ſeem to thee,
  'Tis with wiſe inſtruction rife,
And imports how men may be
  Victors in the ſtorms of Life.
Things of lowly growth and height
  Have but little weight to bear;
And, whate'er the tempeſt's might,
  Feel it in diminiſh'd ſhare:
Leſs expos'd to every wind
  Than the lofty foreſt trees,
Humbler plants a quiet find
  That is ſeldom known to theſe.
Fragile though the Reed appear
  To reſiſt ſo fierce a blaſt,
Yet it hath no need to fear;
  For when once the gale is paſt,
Lifting then its head anew,
  Still unharm'd, o'er fen and lake,
Proves the antient maxim true,
  "That which bends, doth ſeldom break."

AUREAM quisquis mediocritatem
  Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
    Sobrius aulâ.

Horace, lib. ii. Od. 10.

Felix, mediæ quisquis turbæ
Parte quietus, aura stringit
Littora tuta, timidusque mari
Credere cymbam, remo terras
Propriore legit.—Seneca, *Agamem.*

Crede mihi, benè qui latuit, benè vixit, et intrà
  Fortunam debet quisque manere suam.—Ovid.

Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam,
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.

In adverse times, 'tis easy of life's burdens to complain;
But nobler far, with fortitude to suffer, and sustain.

The gods take pleasure oft when haughty mortals
On their own Pride erect a mighty fabric,
By slightest means to lay their towering schemes
Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing.
Thomson.

Though plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When press'd by dangers, and beset by foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our Virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.—Philips.

Storms often fell the stately oak,
High mountains feel the thunder's stroke;
And lofty tow'rs, when winds assail,
In their resistance less prevail
Than doth the reed upon the shore,
Which rises when the storm is o'er.

Confido, conquiesco.

Oh! Source of every good, and every joy,
Meek resignation felt without alloy;
Jehovah! from whose ever bounteous store,
Mercy, and joy, untainted blessings pour;
Who bidst us ask, and asking not amiss,
Convey'st an heavenly, in an earthly bliss;
Whose hand protects us, and whose eye pervades,
Whose promise cheers us, and whose grace persuades:
Though thron'd on high, where blessed spirits bow,
And blissful saints sublimest raptures know;
Yet stooping low as earth, our prayers are heard,
Our wants reliev'd, and all our sorrows cheer'd:
Alike thy fondness to thy creatures shew'd
In what's withholden as in what's bestow'd.
Then let me pause—and if presumptuous thought
My humble state bewails, or grieves at aught;
O soothe with calm content, that I may share
Thy gifts with grateful heart, whate'er they are.—*Anon.*

HIGH BIRTH IS A POOR DISH ON THE TABLE.

HIGH HOUSES ARE MOSTLY EMPTY IN THE UPPER STORY.

IF thus my light nights ſable ſilence glads,
Making a cheerefull roome in midnight ſhads;
If Gold'n-like Phœbus and his ſilver ſiſter,
He in the day, ſhee in the night doth gliſter;
What thought-ſurpaſſing light then ſhall that be,
When we in Heaven Empyrean God ſhall ſee?
Sooner thou canſt the world hold in thy hand,
Or in a ſhell containe the glaſſie ſtrand;
Than tell how glorious is the light of Heaven,
That dark'ns the Sunne, Moone, Stars, and Planets ſeven:
This onely tell: it is not Phœbus light,
Nor Phœbes, nor the ſpangles of the night.
That light which tongue cannot, nor mind deſcry,
Once ſhalt thou ſee, a ſupreame Deity.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

PARVIS COMPONERE MAGNA.
COMPARE SMALL WITH GREAT.

HIGH TREES GIVE MORE SHADOW THAN FRUIT.

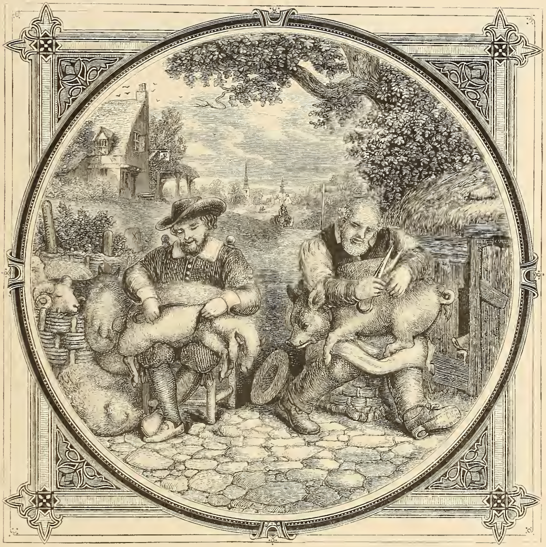
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WHO BEGINS AMISS ENDS AMISS.

Assaì rumori, e poca lana.

WHO UNDERTAKES TOO MUCH SELDOM SUCCEEDS.

WHOSO IS WELL LET HIM KEEP SO.



GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.

HEREIN we ſee a ſomewhat novel Sight,
To which the Reader's notice we invite:
One man doth ſhear a Sheep, and ſtrange to ſee,
Another ſhears a Pig in company.
Let us conſider what this thing may mean;
Perchance therefrom ſome leſſon we may glean.
He, who the Pig doth ſhear, the ſenſeleſs lout,
Believes he knows full well what he's about;

VEEL GESCHREEUWS, EN LUTTEL WOL.

And that when done, to him there will accrue
By far the greater profit of the two.
The Pig's the heavieſt beaſt he thinks, no doubt,
Has thickeſt fat, and much the longeſt ſnout;
But the unruly brute, like all his kind,
Is hard to manage, nor at all inclin'd
To yield ſubmiſſive to his treatment new,
And gives his Shearer roughiſh work to do.
Rending the air with ſhrilleſt, piercing ſhrieks,
He kicks and ſtruggles, twiſts about and ſqueaks
With ſuch untiring ſtrength and energy,
That all the neighbours round look out to ſee,
Or gather near to aſcertain aright
The real meaning of ſo ſtrange a ſight.
Amid much trouble, and the jeers of all,
He ſhortly finds his profit very ſmall,
For in the place of Wool, what is't he gains?
Mere hair and ſcrubby briſtles for his pains.
Now turn we to our friend who ſhears the Sheep:
Unlike the Pig, he lies as though aſleep;
He wreſtles not, he neither kicks nor ſhrieks,
In gentle tones the Shearer to him ſpeaks,
And moves at will the ſhears o'er every part,
Nor fears a motion that his will may thwart.
To all men's eyes who watch the proceſs here,
The labour's eaſy and the gain is clear:
Not ſcrubby briſtles, but of fineſt wool
His lap not only, but his baſket full,
Atteſt which Shearer hath the better gains,
Both as to profit and to gift of brains.
'Tis thus in life we not unfrequent ſee,
How ſome Men labour long and wearily,
T'achieve a purpoſe which they have in view,
Yet loſe their labour and the object too;
The while that others eaſily attain
A kindred purpoſe, with completeſt gain.
In all men do, ſo much on tact depends,
That where that fails, ſucceſs but rare attends;

DO THE LIKELIEST AND HOPE THE BEST.

That which is well confidered beſt ſucceeds;
That which is well conducted ſureſt ſpeeds:
Hence who in Shearing would no profit lack,
Should chooſe a beaſt with wool upon its back;
Conſider well all he would take in hand,
Nor mix with matters he don't underſtand:
What one Man does, another fails to do;
What's fit for me, may not be fit for you.

Al te wijs kan niet beginnen,
Al te geck kan niet versinnen;
Tusschen mal, en tusschen vroet,
Wint men wel het meeste goet.

Hy moet wagen
Die wil bejagen.

Die dit en gint geduerig schroomen,
Hoe konnen die tot rijckdom komen?

Gato guantato non prese mai sorci.

'T Mach wayen, stil zijn, vloeyen, of ebben,
Die niet en waegt en sal niet hebben.

Sumptum faciat oportet is qui lucrum quærit.

Rien ne s'acquiert sans aventure, et rien se conserve sans industrie.

Chi guerda a ogni piuma, non fa mai letto.

Sonder wagen niet vergaren,
Sonder wijsheyt niet bewaren.

Die elcke veer wil sien en raken,
Hoe kan die oyt een bedde maken?

Qui n'a guère,
N'a guerre.

Neringh en is geen erf.

Qui perd le sien, perd le sens.

WISDOM GOES NOT ALWAYS BY YEARS.

LEAVES ENOUGH, BUT FEW GRAPES.

WHO DOES TOO MUCH OFTEN DOES LITTLE.

WHO PROVES TOO MUCH PROVES NOTHING.

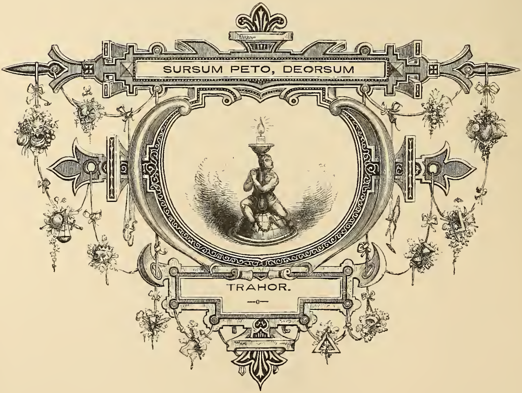
WHO LOOKS NOT BEFORE,

FINDS HIMSELF BEHIND.

MY Light up to Heav'ns Manſions ſtill doth move,
Seeking his native place of reſt above;
But being ty'd in bondage to this frame,
It ſtoopes to ſeeke his food, and feed his flame:
So ſtill it ſinkes downeward, untill it turne
Into a ſnuffe, and aſhes ceaſe to burne.

My mind, I know not how, longeth to flye,
Unto the Heavenly Courts and Saphire ſky,
But ſtill its plung'd, ſo to the body bound,
That its compel'd to grovell on the ground:
Thus cralling for its food my ſoule can fret,
And taſting Lote, his Country doth forget.

Farlie's *Emblems.*



DRIVE THE NAIL THAT WILL GO.

Krepel wil altijdt voor danſen.

CRIPPLE WILL ALWAYS LEAD THE DANCE.

CROSSING o'er a Village green,
Once I ſaw a pleaſant ſcene;
Country lads and laſſes gay,
Dancing on the firſt of May,
Singing, ſhouting, full of glee;
'Twas a pleaſant ſight to ſee
How they danc'd the May-pole round,
To the Bagpipe's merry ſound.

When the Piper ſhrilleſt play'd,
Greater was the noiſe they made;
And not one but ſeem'd to be
Almoſt mad with jollity.
But among them all was one
Who in noiſe the reſt outdone,
He, the leader of the game,
Was both bandy-legg'd and lame,
With a club-foot of ſuch ſize,
As quite fill'd me with ſurpriſe,
That ſo clumſy ſhaped a thing
Should be leader of the ring.
So it was ne'erleſs, and he
Firſt in everything would be:
Whatſoe'er was piped or ſung,
Cripple's voice the loudeſt rung.
Nimble though young Hans might be,
Great though Claes' agility,
And though Jordan knew the way
Smarteſt things to Tryn to ſay,
Whether jump, joke, ſing or bawl,
Cripple will eclipſe them all.

But, as on that Village green,
Juſt the ſame is elſewhere ſeen:
For in Town-life much the ſame,
Cripple oft will lead the game:
Though to limp is all he can,
Cripple is a clever man,
And whatever may befall,
Cripple muſt be firſt of all.
Is it not a curious thing,
When thereto our thoughts we bring,
That a ſhallow-pated fool
Juſt eſcaped from boarding ſchool,
Wanting mereſt common ſenſe,
Full of prate and vain pretence,

MORE FRIENDLY THAN WELCOME.

Is the firſt to have his ſay,
And, unaſk'd, will lead the way
With opinions and conceits,
Where the world-wiſe heſitates?
  Would you know whence this derives?
'Tis that wiſdom ſlower drives:
Wiſe men ever cautious weigh
That which they may have to ſay;
Give opinions ne'er by gueſs,
Nor unaſk'd their thoughts expreſs;
But a Fool, all haſte that he
Something may be thought to be,
Do or ſay, be what it may,
Will in all things lead the way.
Hence the ſaying doth derive,
"Fools are they who faſteſt drive,"
And its well known proverb twin,
"Cripple will the dance begin."

FATALIS imperitiæ pedissequa est Impudentia, et inanis jactatio.
At initium Sapientiæ, imperitiæ suæ agnitio.
Spes est melior de stulto, quàm de sapiente in oculis suis.—*Arab. Adag.*

QUI plus balbutiunt, plus loquuntur.

L'ABBATU veut toujours lutter.

GODT bewaere my voor jemant die maer een boeckxken gelesen heeft.

HOE slimmer timmer-man, hoe meerder spaenders.

VEEL roemen melt een dommen geest:
Een ydel vat bomt aldermeest.
Hoe slimmer wiel, hoe meer het raest.

EEN penning in den spaer-pot maeckt meer geraes dans als hy vol is.

C'EST la plus meschante roüe du chariot, qui mène le plus grand bruit.

In another sense.

QUANDO la cornemusa è piena, commincia à sonare.
When the bag-pipe's full it begins to sound.

STULTUM, quàm semi-stultum ferre, facilius est.—*Ben-Syra.*

NO APE BUT SWEARS HE HAS THE HANDSOMEST CHILDREN.

EVERY MOTHER THINKS HER OWN CHILD THE FAIREST.

A FOOL WHO HOLDS HIS TONGUE PASSES FOR WISE.

A FULL SACK PRICKS UP ITS EARS.

AH wretch unworthy of thy infamous name,
Burne not this ſacred Church, to raiſe thy fame:
For though twas built by Heath'ns impiety,
Yet ought it not be thus deſtroy'd by thee:
Truſt me impiety every where is nought,
And Heath'ns their heathen profaneneſſe dearly bought:
Let Toloſe gold, and Delphus robbery,
And Hammons ſandy ire this teſtifie:
It's thine, not my default, for I was made
For ſacrifice, and to make Creatures glad.
Nothing ſo harmeleſſe and ſo good can be,
Which may not hurt, by mans impiety.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*

HE IS THE WISEST MAN

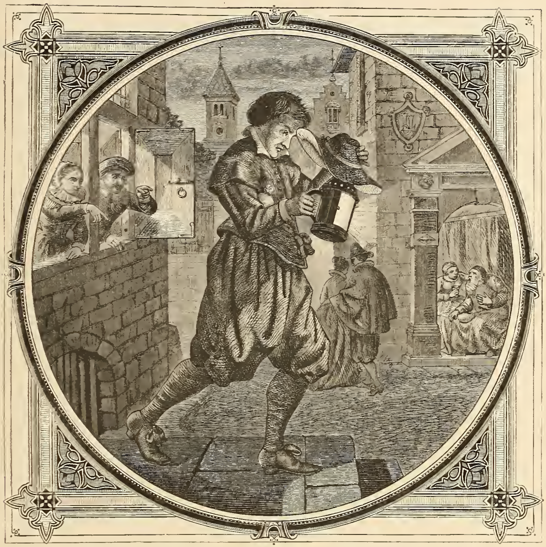
WHO DOES NOT THINK HIMSELF SO

HEROSTRATI FAX.
HEROSTRATUS HIS LIGHT.

A FOOL WILL HAVE HIS FLING.

GLI DENARI SONO SPIRITI FOLLETTI.

Feu, Toux, Amour, et Argent ne se cachent longuement.



AMORES DOLORES Y DINEROS

NON PUEDEN ESTAR SECREDOS.

FIRE, COUGH, LOVE, AND MONEY, ARE NOT LONG CONCEALED.

THIS Candle I would carry ſo
That neighbours cannot ſee
A gleam of Light that may in aught
Reveal a glimpſe of me;
For if I can, no one will watch
Me then, and I may go

QUIS ENIM BENE CELET AMOREM?

Where'er I liſt, without the fear
That any one will know.
But ſtill, in ſpite of all I do,
I fear the light is ſeen;
Its rays ſtill ſtream thro' all the holes
And Lanthorn's chinks between;
Whatever care I take, howe'er
I ſtrive to ſhade it o'er,
Some gleams pierce thro' behind, or at
The ſide, or thro' the door.
My neighbour's very old, and as
Old people often are,
He's very much afflicted with
A cough, and bad catarrhe;
But ne'ertheleſs, ſtrange though it ſeem,
As ev'ry one muſt own,
The good man has a great diſlike
To lie at night alone.
He's courting a young maiden now,
And while he's ſo engaged,
He ſtrives his beſt to ſtop the cough,—
But 'twill not be aſſuag'd:
And while he ſits and looks his beſt,
To make his courtſhip ſure,
The ſprightly laſs, tho' ſtriving all
She can to look demure,
Says, that is not the Muſic a
Young Maiden's heart to gain,
And bids him reſt content to ſleep
Alone, and not complain:
But if a Wife he's bent to have,
The beſt thing he can do,
Is one of his own age to chooſe,
Who has a bad cough too.
A fellow who to gain his bread,
Runs errands here and there,
Found recently, a purſe well fill'd
With ducats, in the Square:

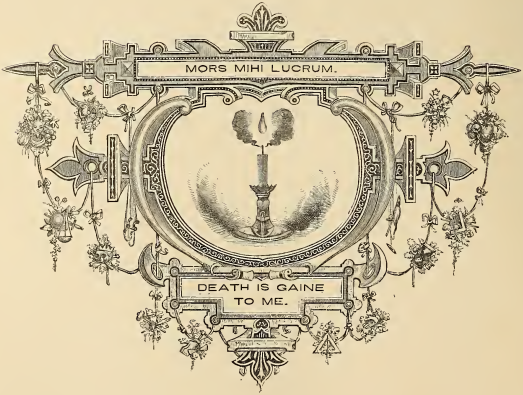
With joy elate he took it home,
  And to his Wife he ſaid:
Look here! dear Trijn! I've found a prize!
  Our fortune now is made!
But you! you muſt not breathe a word;
  So mind you what you do!
No one, Trijn, ſave yourſelf, muſt aught
  Of this good Wind-fall know!
No longer now with meſſages
  Will I run here and there;
But like a Burgher live at eaſe,
  And have the beſt of cheer!
Therefore ſtitch thou this purſe inſide
  Thy ſleeve, or elſe ſomewhere.
Trijn ſwore ſhe would, and with an oath
  To take the beſt of care.
But, mark! e'en from that very time,
  The Wife began to ſpend;
Dreſs fine, prate large, and treat or this
  Or that dear-goſſip-friend;
The Man, too, he will go no more
  With meſſages—not he;
Such paltry jobs he ſays are quite
  Beneath his dignity.
The Daughter, ſhe is dreſs'd as fine—
  The babe put out to nurſe,
'Tis wondrous ſtrange! but money ne'er
  Will ſtop within the purſe!
At length the truth gets wind, and lo!
  The man is priſoner made,
And mourns within a cell, that he
  Had left an honeſt trade.
The ſprightly Trijn in ſorrow blames
  Her fooliſh ſpendthrift-riot;
And all becauſe the money would
  Not reſt in peace and quiet.

THERE IS NOTHING SO SECRET

AMOR, E TOSSE, E ROGNA

MY Light is gone, yet hope doth ſtill remaine,
That Light revived ſhall quick'n me againe.
I gaine by death, for ſo I longer laſt,
Life ſhall returne, after ſome houres are paſt.
All of us dye, when this our threed is ſpunne,
And cut, deaths drouſie ſleepe is then begunne.
After the ghueſt is gone, the Innes decay,
Our body's turn'd to rubbiſh and to clay;
Untill the ſoule returning doe poſſeſſe
Our bodies in Eternall happineſſe.

Farlie's *Emblems.*


MORS MIHI LUCRUM.
DEATH IS GAINE TO ME.

CELAR NON TE BESOGNA.

BUT IT TRANSPIRES.

EVERY ONE SPEAKS AS HE IS.

Elck Vogeltje singt soo't gebeckt is.

EVERY ONE SINGS AS HE HAS THE GIFT,

AND MARRIES AS HE HAS THE LUCK.

EVERY BIRD SINGS ACCORDING TO HIS BEAK.

'TIS an old Saying and a true,
That ev'ry bird ſings its own note;
Nor can it any other do
But as permits its beak and throat.
Whene'er you rove thro' field or wood,
And well attend with ears and eyes,
You'll find the Proverb juſt and good,
Whate'er the bird in ſhape or ſize.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

Thoſe which a hook'd ſharp beak have got,
  Are for the moſt part Birds of Prey,
And bent alone on War, they wot
  No note of ſong or minſtrelſy.
Whene'er near rivers, lake or flood,
  You chance a flat-beak'd bird to meet,
From groping in the fluſh and mud,
  Be ſure his voice is never ſweet.
The birds with longer flute-like beak,
  Might more be thought to ſong inclin'd,
But in their thrumming note and ſhriek,
  No turn for melody you'll find.
I therefore ſay,—as far as ſize
  And ſhape of beak,—nor fear proteſt,
That of all birds beneath the ſkies,
  The little beaks they ſing the beſt.
E'en thus among mankind, we ſee,
  God gives the little now and then,
A talent rare and quality
  Which He gives not to bigger men.
Of little beaks, what bird like he
  Which night-thro' ſings in wood and dale?
That feather'd Soul of Harmony,
  That little beak, the Nightingale!
And would you ſeek a tuneful throat,
  You'll find throughout the feather'd throng,
The greater beak the harſher note,
  The ſmaller beak the ſweeter ſong.
As with the Fowls of earth and air,
  Not ſo with Man—he hath no beak,
But in his mouth beyond compare
  The nobler Godlike power to ſpeak!
And when he ſpeaks in ſpirit kind,
  What note of bird more ſoftly ſweet
To breathe the muſic of the mind,
  When kindred hearts and ſpirits meet!
But when the mouth of Man outpours
  The blaſt of Paſſion's wrathful breath,

LET EVERY MAN MIND HIS OWN BUSINESS,

AND LEAVE OTHERS TO THEIRS.

The Lion not more fiercely roars
  His angry note of blood and death!
Hence what befalls mankind between,
  Comes from a deeper ſource expreſs'd,
Where ſits, by ev'ry eye unſeen
  But God's, the impulſe of the breaſt.
The Mouth commands, implores, decries,
  As moves the Heart, and gives thereto
The tone which moſt its will implies,
  By force or ſoftneſs to ſubdue.
Hence ye who ſpeak in bitter tone,
  And fiercely wound another's heart,
Beware, and learn to curb thine own,
  Leſt it repay thee ſmart for ſmart.

As “by his ears the Aſs is known,”
  A truth which no one can impeach,
“The Man,” as Proverbs long have ſhewn,
  “Is known as truly by his ſpeech.”

DIE rede verrath das hertz.

The speech betrays the man.

Au chant cognoit on l'oiseau,
Et au parler le bon cerveau.

Al suono si cognosce la saldezza del vaso.

Was der Man kan,
Zeiget seine rede an.

Nabal nabala idaber.—*Turkish Adage.*

Id est,
Stultus stulta loquitur.

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.—*Matthew* xii. 34.

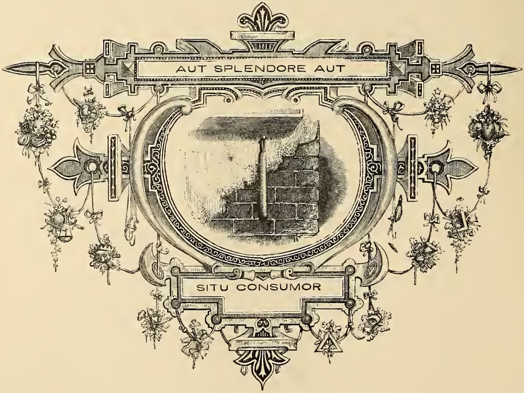
EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

ALL ARE NOT HUNTERS THAT BLOW THE HORN.

ALL HEADS ARE NOT SENSE BOXES.

NATURE propounds a dilemme, chuſe I muſt,
Either to dye by light, or rot by ruſt:
If I ſeeke eaſe and reſt, then laſineſſe
Doth me conſume with mouldy hoarineſſe;
But if I love to ſhine with glorious ray,
Then by my flames in teares I melt away.
Patience doth light'n this evill: I wiſh to live
In glorious light, and light to others give.
This life is worne out with laborious toile,
And ſlothfull reſt doth minde and body ſpoile;
But yet it's better for to dye a ſparke,
Than like a laizie moule to live in darke.

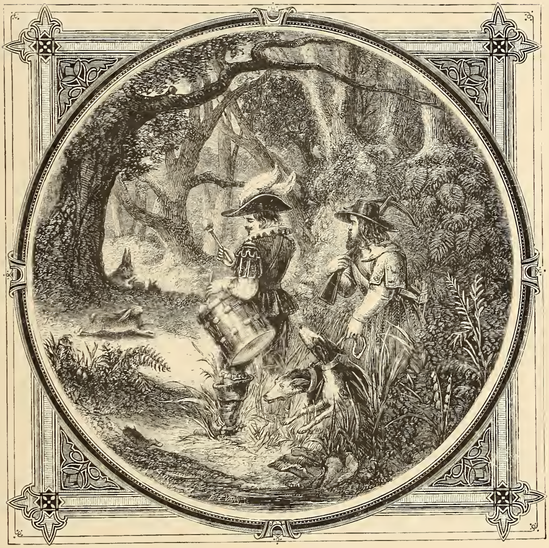
Farlie's *Emblems.*



EVERY MAN AS HIS BUSINESS LIES.

A STILL TONGUE MAKES A WISE HEAD.

On ne prend Lièvre au Tabourin, ny Oiseau à la Tartevelle.



SILENCE SELDOM DOTH HARM.

SILENCE IS WISDOM, AND GETS FRIENDS.

HARES ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH BEAT OF DRUM, NOR BIRDS WITH TARTLETS.

HE who by beat of drum would catch a hare,
Took the beſt means his purpoſe to defeat;
For ſoon as Puſs the noiſe began to hear,
With ears erect ſhe quickly left her ſeat,

A MUCHA PAROLA OBRA POCA.

BIRDS ARE ENTANGLED BY THEIR FEET,

PAR TROP DIRE ON EST PERDU.

And making nimbly for the neareſt wood,
  Within its leafy cover got away,
Leaving our friend and dogs, however good,
  But little chance their fleetneſs to diſplay:
So that at eve, returning from his ſport,
  With empty game-bags and dejected look,
He found but little reaſon to report
  His ſtrange device—for not a hare he took!
He who in Council ſits, or would attain
  Knowledge of aught, or ſee his plans ſucceed,
Of all things firſt his tongue ſhould well reſtrain,
  Nor ſpeak a word beyond the matter's need:
For he who lets his tongue his wits outrun,
  And blabs his buſineſs into all men's ears,
Will find it ſpoil'd e'er yet it hath begun,
  And reap no other harveſt than their jeers.
In Love affairs as in State Government,
  The Lover and the Prince ſucceeds the beſt,
Who Silence keeps upon his mind's intent,
  Nor e'en permits his purpoſe to be gueſs'd.
Nothing by chatter ever yet was done,
  Conqueſt achiev'd, nor battle ever won;
But who with "ſtill tongue" doth his aim purſue,
  Wins beſt as Lover, and as Warrior too.

Πάλαι τὸ σιγᾶν φάρμακον βλάβης ἔχω.—ÆSCHYL. *Agam.*

Id est,

SILERE pridem remedium damnis puto.

EXIMIA est Virtus, præstare silentia rebus:
  At contra gravis est culpa, tacenda loqui.—OVID, 2 *Art.*

WEISE Leut' haben ihren Mund em Herzen.
Alle vogels schouwen d'openbare netten.

CHI dice tutto quel ch'egli sa, fa tutto quel ch'egli può, e mangia ciò ch'egli ha; non gli resta niente.

QUIEN PAXARO HA DE TOMAR, NON HA DE OXEAR.

AND MEN BY THEIR TONGUES.

Sag' nicht Alles das Du weist,
Glaub' nicht Alles das Du hörest,
Thue nicht Alles das Du kannst,
Wisse nicht Alles das Du lisest.

Multorum conscii pauca loquuntur.

In irâ nihil decentius quàm cùm adest silentium.—Plutarch. *de Cohib. Irâ.*

Vestigatoribus et venatoribus diurni nocturnique labores essent irriti, si non silentio priusquàm venabulis et impetu, feras interciperent.

Carol. Paschal. *Virt. et Vit. cap.* 32.

Qui veut prendre oiseau, ne faut l'effaroucher.

Silence is the Sanctuary of Prudence.

A RESOLVE loudly expressed was never yet much esteemed. He who declares his intentions, exposes himself to censure, and if he does not succeed he is doubly unfortunate.

A man is always in time to speak, but not to refrain from speaking. We should speak as we make a Will; the fewer the words the less ground for law-suits. We should accustom ourselves thereto in matters of little moment, so that we may not fail to do so in affairs of importance. Whosoever is prompt to speak, is always upon the point of being conquered and convinced.

A heart without a secret is an open letter. Where there is depth, the secrets lie deep: for there must be great space, and a great vacuum, which will hold all that is thrown into it. Reserve derives from the great controul a man has over himself, and that is a real triumph. We pay tribute to all to whom we disclose our affairs. The security of Prudence consists in interior moderation. The things we would do should be kept to ourselves, and those which may be told may not be good to do.*

We should hear and see, but thereby be silent.—Gracian's *Maxims.*

S'il y a beaucoup d'art à parler, il n'y en a pas moins à se taire.

La Rochefoucauld.

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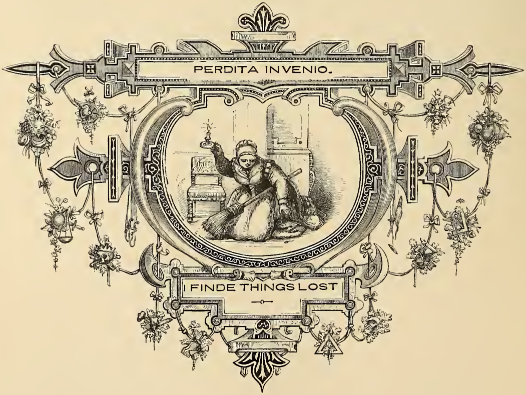
* It was said of Pope Alexander VI. and of his Son the Duc de Valentinois, that the father never did what he said, and the son never said what he did.

THE carefull Matrone in her cell below,
Let fall a groat, yet where ſhe did not know:
Forthwith ſhe tinnes a Light, then with her broome
She neatly ſweepes the corners of the roome:
Thus from the duſt and darkeneſſe when ſhe finds it,
More than the Phrygian Midas wealth ſhe mindes it.
Our ſoule a divine ſparke ſince that it fell
Into Cimmerian darkeneſſe of this cell,
The ſoules true knowledge doth appeare no more
Which goeth beyond Pygmalions richeſt ſtore.
Then muſt we light Cleanthes Lamp and find
By ſtudy, the loſt treaſure of our mind.

Farlie's *Emblems.*



LITTLE CHIPS KINDLE A LARGE FIRE.

Culex fodit oculum Leonis.

LITTLE ENEMIES AND LITTLE WOUNDS ARE NOT TO BE DESPISED.

THE GNAT STINGS THE EYES OF THE LION.

FRIENDS! come here and liſt to me!
Something ſtrange I would relate;
Should it prove of uſe to thee,
That will me well compenſate.
Though ſo ſtrong the Lion be,
Though ſo full of Majeſty,

LITTLE BROOKS MAKE GREAT RIVERS.

Though his eyes ſo fiercely gleam,
And ſo terrible he ſeem;
That no man, whoe'er he be,
Can unmov'd his anger ſee;
Yet the gnat, though he's ſo ſmall,
And ſo ſlight of limb withal,
Is ſo wond'rous brave and keen,
That the Lion oft is ſeen
Fill'd with dread as ſoon as he
Gnats perceives but two or three!
Yet the gnat doth not attack
Slyly, or behind his back;
But, firſt, like a gen'rous foe,
Scorning all advantage low,
When the Lion comes in ſight,
Sounds his challenge to the fight;
And forthwith bids him prepare
All his fierceſt wrath to bear.
Nor doth he aſſault his foe
Where he leaſt defence can ſhow;
Though ſo ſmall, yet keenly bold,
Like a Paladin of old,
He the Lion ſcorns t'aſſail,
On the flank or on the tail.
Front to front in open fight,
Heedleſs of the Lion's might,
Headlong at his face he flies,
And attacks his rage-lit eyes.
Where the Lion beſt can ſee
All his foe's hoſtility,
There the gnat, his rage deſpite,
Ruſhing 'mid their flaſhing light,
Deeply ſtings the fount of ſight;
Till half blind and mad with pain,
The Lion flees acroſs the plain.

Let Arrogance by this be taught,
  That whatſoe'er its Strength and Size,

SMALL GAINS BRING GREAT WEALTH.

There's nothing with more danger fraught
Than what is little, to deſpiſe;
There's neither man nor brute ſo great
But, like the Lion pictur'd here,
May learn to rue the wrath and hate
Of that which ſeem'd too ſmall to fear.

INIMICUM quamvis humilem docti est metuere
A cane non magno sæpè tenetur aper.—Ovid. *Art.*

Leo etiam minimarum avium fit pabulum.—Curtius.

Un petit homme abat bien grand' chesne.

Een kleyn man, met een kleyn geweer,
Velt wel een grooten boom ter neer.

Inest et formicæ sua bilis.
Habet et musca splenem.

Et pueri nasum rhinocerotis habent.—Martial, i. *Ep.* 4.

Ne despicias debilem; nam Culex fodit oculum leonis.—Strabo.

A mouse in tyme maye bite in two a cable.—*Old English Proverb.*

Tread a worm on the tayle, and it wil turne againe.—*Ibid.*

'Twas the Mouse that set the Lion free.—*Ibid.*

Wen der feind ist wie ein omeiss,
So halt ihn doch für ein elephant.

Un petit moucheron pique bien un grand cheval.

Een Kat siet wel op een Koning.

A cat maye looke at a Kinge.—*Old English Proverb.*

Il n'y a si grand, ni si sage,
Qui de petit n'ait bien dommage.

Il est bien petit qui ne peut nuire.

Gesellen, wilt uw wel beraden,
Hy is wel klein die niet kan schaden.

Il n'est pas sage qui n'a peur d'un fol.

Es ist nicht an der grosse gelegen,
Sonst erlieff eine kuh einen hasen.

Grande Ville rien dedans;
Petite chose nuist souvent.

Anche la moscha ha la sua collera.

DESPISE YOUR ENEMY, AND YOU

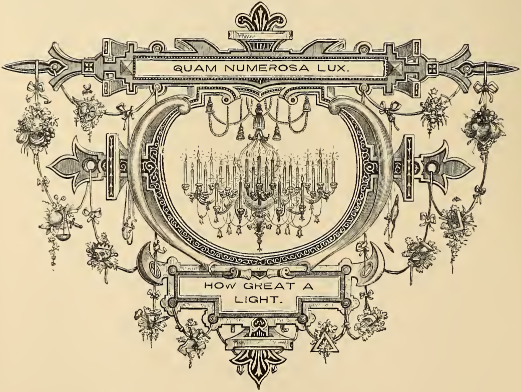
WILL SOON BE BEATEN.

SMALL RAIN LAYS A GREAT WIND.

DON'T DIVIDE THE SPOIL BEFORE THE VICTORY IS WON.

ONE candle diſpels the darkeneſſe of the night,
And many doe reſemble Phœbus light:
One Sunne illight'ns the round globe every where,
What way th' horizon bounds the hemiſphere:
If you ten thouſand thouſand Sunnes ſhould ſee
At once, O what a daylight would that be!
When Chriſt amidſt the clouds our doome ſhall plead,
When Earth and Sea ſhall render up their dead,
Saints more then ſtarres at once ſhall mount on hye,
As glorious Sunnes, to meete Chriſt in the ſkye.
That day ſhall drive away the darkeneſſe ſo,
That after that, no day ſhall darkeneſſe know.

FARLIE'S *Emblems.*


QUAM NUMEROSA LUX.
HOW GREAT A LIGHT.

DESPISE NOT A SMALL WOUND, A POOR KINSMAN,

OR AN HUMBLE ENEMY.

LITTLE BIRDS MAY PICK A DEAD LION.

TRY YOUR FRIEND ERE YOU TRUST HIM.

Amis sont comme le Melon; De dix souvent pas un de bon.

TRY YOUR FRIEND WITH A FALSEHOOD, AND,

IF HE KEEP IT SECRET, THEN TELL HIM THE TRUTH.

LIKE MELONS, FRIENDS ARE TO BE FOUND IN PLENTY, OF WHICH NOT EVEN ONE IS GOOD IN TWENTY.

IN chooſing Friends, it's requiſite to uſe
The ſelf-ſame care as when we Melons chooſe:
No one in haſte a Melon ever buys,
Nor makes his choice till three or four he tries;
And oft indeed when purchaſing this fruit,
Before the buyer can find one to ſuit,

TRY THE ICE BEFORE YOU VENTURE ON IT.

TRUST NOT A NEW FRIEND,

TRUST NO ONE TILL YOU HAVE EATEN A PECK OF SALT WITH HIM.

He's e'en obliged t'examine half a ſcore,
And p'rhaps not find one when his ſearch is o'er.
Be cautious how you chooſe a friend;
For Friendſhips that are lightly made,
Have ſeldom any other end
Than grief to ſee one's truſt betray'd!

BEPROEF uw vrient,
Beproef uw sweert,
Dat is uw groote schatten weert.

Who from mishap himself would guard,
Must prove his Friend as he'd prove his sword.

Les amis sont comme le melon,
Il faut essayer plusieurs, pour rencontrer un bon.

Le compagnon ou l'ami qui se tourne à inimitié, n'est-il pas une tristesse qui demeure jusque à la mort?—*Syrach.* xxxvii. 2.

Esprouve tes amis selon ton pouvoir.—*Ibid.* ix. 21.

Si tu acquiers un ami, acquiers-le en l'esprouvant, et ne te fie point en luy légèrement.—*Ibid.* vi. 7.

Κρίνει φίλους ὁ καιρὸς, ὡς χρυσὸν τὸ πῦρ.—Menander.

Id est,

Aurum probatur igne, amicus tempore.

As Fire, of Gold is e'er the surest test,
So Time doth prove the worth of Friendship best.

There is nothing better or more advantageous to mankind than prudent Diffidence; 'tis the guard and preservation of our lives and fortunes, our own security obliges us to it; without it there would be no caution, without which no safety. . . . . For who can secure himself of Man's heart, hid in the privatest corner of the breast, whose secrets the tongue dissembles, the eyes and all the motions of the body contradict?—Astry's *Saavedra Faxardo.*

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: Who can know it?—*Jeremiah* xvii. 9.

CHOOSE A WIFE RATHER BY YOUR EAR THAN BY YOUR EYE.

NOR AN OLD ENEMY.

False Judgment of the Many.

———FORTUNE now
To my heart's hope!—gold, silver and base lead.
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire!—That many may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that choose by Show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice.*

* * *

BE not in haste to make new friends, nor to abandon those thou hast.—SOLON.

THE friendship of one wise man is better than that of a host of fools.—DEMOCRITUS.

CONTRACT no friendships with persons of less worth than yourself; you will derive more harm than benefit from them.—CONFUCIUS.

IF you desire to know a man's sentiments towards you, consult him upon something which interests you; his reply will reveal to you his whole heart, and whether he is your friend or your enemy.—PLATO.

TAKE not your friends at hazard; attach yourself only to men worthy of your friendship.—ISOCRATES.

THE friendship of the wicked has no duration; but Time worketh no change in the friendship of the good.—*Ibid.*

AMICUM ita habeas, posse ut fieri hunc inimicum scias.—LABERIUS.

BE on such terms with your friend as if you knew that he may one day become your enemy.

IT is better to untie, than to break a friendship.—CATO.

OUR friends sometimes exhibit vices which have long been concealed. The best thing then to be done is to abate your intercourse gradually. You should unstitch, but not tear.—CICERO.

TRUST MAKES WAY FOR TREACHERY.

TRUST NO SECRETS TO A FRIEND, WHICH, IF REPORTED, WOULD BRING INFAMY.

IN ſecret ſilence of the night what's done
Is truſt to me, concealed from the Sunne.
Phœbus did Mars and Venus' love betray,
And turning backe did greater crimes bewray:
What I doe ſee when witneſſe is aſleepe,
That like Harpocrates I cloſely keepe.
Let mortals learne to rule their tongue by me,
What lawfull ſecret they doe heare or ſee.

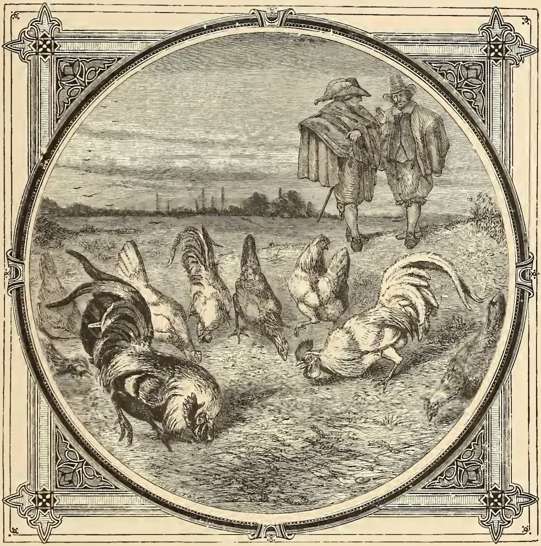
Farlie's *Emblems.*

VIDEO ET TACEO.
I SEE ALL AND SAY NOTHING.

TRUST NOT A GREAT WEIGHT TO A SLENDER THREAD.

EVERY ONE FOR HIMSELF AND GOD FOR US ALL.

Ogni Gallo ruspà à se.



EVERY COCK SCRATCHES TOWARDS HIMSELF.

GENTLE Reader, would you ſee—
Would you ſomewhat wiſh to know
Life, depicted truthfully,
And how things in this World go?
Simple though this Emblem be,
In theſe buſy Fowls you'll find,
Symboliſed moſt faithfully,
Type moſt true of Human Kind.

EVERY MAN WISHES THE WATER TO HIS AIN MILL.

EVERY MAN DOTH HIS OWN BUSINESS BEST.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSEL', QUO' THE MARTIN.

ALL MEN ROW GALLEY WAY;

Well obſerve how ev'ry one,
Picking, ſcratching here and there,
Looks to ſelf, and ſelf alone,
Reckleſs how his neighbours fare.
Not a bird among them all
Shews another bird a grain,
Tells him where he ſaw one fall,
Nor aſſiſts, that he may gain:
Each, on his ſole profit bent,
Plies with beak and claws apace;
Woe to thoſe who, negligent,
Loſe their chance, or miſs the place!
Poultry of the ſelf-ſame mould,
Graſping, ſnatching all they can,
Have been found 'mong Young and Old,
Ever ſince the World began.
Hence, young friends, if you would get
Something in Life's Scramble too,
Keep a ſharp look-out, nor let
Others ſnatch the grain from you.

PROXIMUS sum egomet mihi.—Terent. *Aud.* iv. i.

Wie brengt'er water tot sijn buer-mans huys, als sijn eygen huys brant?

Elck wil de boter op sijn koeck hebben.

Elck voor hem selven, en Godt voor ons allen.

Chacun tire l'eau à son moulin.
Chacun estudie pour soy.
Chacun tire à son profit.

Quisque suæ casæ.
A la Cour du Roy
Chacun pour soy.

I. E. EVERY ONE PULLS TOWARDS HIMSELF.

AIDE TOI, DIEU T'AIDERAS.

Es denckt ein yeder in seinen Sack.

Ogni grillo grilla à se.
Ognun tira l'acqua al suo mulino.

Tutti vogano alla galiota.
Tirano à se.

Ogniuno caccia con la rete al suo fratello.

Les vertus se perdent dans l'intérêt comme les fleuves se perdent dans la mer.

Doet uw Saecken met Verstant.

A KING of England being at table in the house of one of his Courtiers, and finding the dwelling spacious and full of costly furniture and plate, although the owner had been in but very narrow circumstances previous to his appointment to the office he then held, the King became very desirous to learn from him how he amassed so much valuable property in so short a period: assuring him at the same time that no mischief should come to him if he told the truth. Whereupon the Courtier, thus pressed, said incontinently, that he had always been a man of exceeding diligence and industry: that he had constantly made it a rule to rise early in the morning, and always looked after his own concerns first; having completed which, he then attended to the King's business. Upon this the King made answer that he should have just done the very reverse; that he should have first minded the King's business, and then his own. The Courtier forthwith assured the King that he had thereby never done the least prejudice to his Majesty's affairs; for that he had only appropriated the time passed by others in sleep to the care of his own personal concerns; having effected which, he still got to the duties of his Office before those who, having indulged in long sleep, had got to theirs, and had neglected their own affairs.

Collige, non omni tempore messis erit.

Vergader graen in uwe schuren,
De Oegst en sal niet eeuwigh dueren.

Es ist alle tage Jagen-tag,
Aber nit alle tage fange-tag.

Provision faite en saison,
Fait de bien à la maison.

EVERY ONE RAKES THE FIRE UNDER HIS OWN POT.

EVERYONE THINKS HIS OWL, A FALCON.

WHILST theeves doe digge at middle of the night,
Working the works of darkeneſſe, not of Light;
No ſooner through the window they me ſpy
But they affrighted turne their backes and fly.
This Light ill-doers no wayes can abide,
Simply revealing, what they falſely hide.
There was a time when all in darkeneſſe lay,
When mortals had a naturall night, no day;
Then Satan that arch-theefe did range abroad,
Seeking in hearts and houſes his aboad;
But ſince that Chriſts bright Starre had ſhewne his Light,
Great Pan is dead, the Devill is put to flight.

Farlie's *Emblems.*

EVERY MAN THINKS HIS OWN GEESE, SWANS.

MOST, TAKE ALL.

SHEW THE BEST SIDE TO LONDON.

Schoon voor-doen is half verkocht.

MANNERS MAKE A MAN, QUOTH WILLIAM OF WICKHAM.

MANNERS OFTEN MAKE FORTUNES.

WELL SET-OFF IS HALF SOLD.

WHO would learn the art of wooing,
And enſure the moſt ſucceſs:
Or acquire the art of doing
Winning things with moſt addreſs;
Need not learned volumes open,
Writers old, in foreign ſpeech,
But may ſee it plainly ſpoken
In the leſſon I now teach.

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE.

In your manner unpretentious,
  Yet, be diligent to ſhow,
Without being too ſententious,
  All the pleaſing things you know.

While you ſtrive to pleaſe and ſerve all
  To attain the end in view,
Well examine, and obſerve all
  Without ſeeming ſo to do.
If in them you faults diſcover,
  Shew not you thoſe faults perceive;
But if difficult to ſmother,
  That they're ſlight, let them believe.
By this rule abide in all things,
  And you'll be eſteemed the more,
Nothing more ſucceſs in life brings
  Than to hide your neighbour's ſore.

Or in wooing, or when married,
  Bear this maxim ſtill in mind:
Seldom Wedded Life miſcarried
  Where both ſides were ſomewhat blind.
Shew your brighter ſide to all men,
  And ſhew them that you ſee theirs,
Friends more readily you'll find then
  To advance your own affairs.
Who moſt taſte and judgment uſes
  To diſplay his wares to view,
Beſt the Buyers eye ſeduces,
  And moſt quickly ſells them too.

ET quâcunque potes dote placere, place.—Ovid.

——Occule mendas,
Quaque potes, vitium corporis abde tui.—*Idem.*

Multa viros nescire decet. Pars maxima rerum
Offendit, si non interiora tegas.
Cui gravis oris odor, nunquàm jejuna loquatur:
Et semper spacio distet ab ore viri.
Si niger, aut ingens, aut non sit inordine natus
Deus tibi, ridendo maxima damna feres.—Ovid.

Antè omnia tamen.

PRIMA sit in nobis morum tutela, puellæ:
Ingenio facies conciliante placet.

Brengt alles by, o frissche Jeught,
Daer ghy uw lief door maken meugt.

Mettre en évidence et faire valoir les bonnes parties.

Scipio and other great men of antient and later times excelled in this useful art; one which Ovid especially recommends to the attention of young persons as a fundamental rule of conduct.

C'est la raison pourquoy les gens d'Estat conseillent aux Princes de monstrer leurs bonnes parties et de dissimuler leurs imperfections; imitant le bon Architecte, qui loge (comme ils disent) ses plus beaux materiaux au frontispice de son bastiment.

Jean Marnix *aux Rers. Polit. Res.* 5.

Aensien doet Vryen.
Het oogh is leydtsman van de min,
En vreught voor eerst de lusten in.
Wat het ooge niet en siet,
Dat begeert het herte niet.

Ex aspectu nascitur amor.

Aseyta un cepo
Parecera mancebo.

Accoustre un tronq, il semblera un jeune adolescent.
——Oculi sunt in amore duces.—Propert. 2. *El.* 12.

Ce qui plaist
Est à demy faict.

Was das aug nicht siht,
Beschwehrt das hertz nit.

'Εκ τοῦ εἰσορᾶν γὰρ γίνεται ἀνθρώποις ἐρᾶν.

Id est,

Ex intuendo nascitur hominibus amor.
Ut vidi, ut perii!—Virgil.

POLICY GOES BEYOND STRENGTH.

KINDNESS IS THE NOBLEST WEAPON TO CONQUER WITH.

AT lengthe my Store of Light hath reach'd its ende,
Nor have I wherewithal more light to lende;
Greaſe ſpente, wick burned and ſmoake all paſſed away,
Of Light berefte, what bootes it here to ſtay?
Yet while I am permitted to remaine,
It is to ſhewe that I may ſerve againe:
In patient Hope I therefore byde my time,
Until in me freſhe Light the Fates do trimme;
And if the greaſe and wick be equale goode
To holde ſuch Light, I reſt of willinge moode.
For while to ſerve, the means to us is given;
Who willinge ſerve, ſhall have their faults forgiven.

HE WHO GREASES HIS WHEELS HELPS HIS OXEN.

SMOOTH WORDS MAKE SMOOTH WAYS.

PERSEVERANCE ACHIEVES SUCCESS.

Geen Boom en valt ten eersten Slag.

ONE STROKE FELLS NOT AN OAK.

EH! friend, why then ſo ſad, I pray?—
Thy woeful mien and looks betray
Some deep diſtreſs, ſome poignant grief,
To which I fain would bring relief.
Methinks ſome croſs-grain'd, haughty maid
Hath thine affection ill repaid,—

PATIENCE SURPASSES LEARNING.

HE THAT WANTS SHOULD NOT BE BASHFUL.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

Treated thy ſuit with cold diſdain,
And bade thee from all hope refrain?—
Yes, yes! Young man, I ſee—I know
'Tis that which thus dejects thee ſo;
But never be like this caſt down!
Full many other men have known
A like repulſe, when firſt they ſtrove
To win a wav'ring woman's love.
Come, come! arouſe thee from this mood;
It ill befits thee thus to brood,
And fret, and fume ſo woebegone
For loſs of what may yet be won!
Caſt but thine eye upon this tree,
And therefrom thou ſhalt quickly be
Inſtructed in the art to gain,
The fair one who hath cauſed thy pain.
This tree, which now ſo lowly lies,
But lately lifted to the ſkies
Its lofty crown; and though in ſize,
And girth, and grain ſo fair and ſound,
Its pride is proſtrate on the ground!
Thou ſeem'ſt to wonder how 'twas done;
How that alone the arm of one
So great a conqueſt could achieve?
Liſt then to me, nor longer grieve;
For as that oak was fell'd, ſo thou
Thine haughty fair one's heart may'ſt bow.
Arm'd with an axe of trenchant ſteel,
I ſaw yon ſturdy Woodman deal,
In long repeat, ſtroke after ſtroke
Againſt this maſſive heart of oak;
Till with the oft repeated blow
He brought the foreſt monarch low.

Learn thou from this, young man, no leſs,
  How truthful from all time was held
The pithy Maxim for Succeſs:
  "At the firſt ſtroke no tree is fell'd."

HE WHO WOULD REST, MUST WORK.

Would'ſt thou, my friend, as Lover ſo ſucceed,
Do thou the like, nor one repulſe bemoan,
Succeſs, of Perſeverance is the meed;
" The conſtant drop will wear the hardeſt ſtone."

NON uno ictu dejicitur quercus.

OMNIA conando docilis solertia vincit.

MIT viel Streichen wird der Stockfisch lind.

VEEL slagen maken den Stock-vis murw.

Τῶν πόνων πωλοῦσι ἡμῖν πάντα τἀγάθ' οἱ θεοί.—EPICT.

DII suas labore dotes esse venales volunt.

NUL bien sans peine.

OMNIA diligentiæ subjiciuntur.

DILIGENCE passe Science.
——PAR est fortuna labori.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.—ROWE.

Perſeverance achieves Succeſs.

MANY are the sayings of the Wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to Man's frail life,
Consolatories writ
With studied argument, and much persuasion fraught,
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted, in his pangs, their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.—MILTON.

HE WHO SHOOTS OFTEN, HITS AT LAST.

FORSAKE NOT THE MARKET FOR THE TOLL.

FIRST DESERVE, AND THEN DESIRE.

OUR THEME RELATES TO MAN.

MY CARE IS FOR THE FUTURE LIFE.

UN BEAU MOURIR TOUTE

LA VIE HONORE.

THE

THE·GLASSE·DOTH·RUNNE·&·TIME·DOTH·GO·†·DEATH·HATH·HIS·END·I·HAVE·NOT·SO
STUDY·ME·IN·THY·PRIME
BURY·DEATH·&·WEARY·TIME

END.

IL TIEMPO VA.

LA MORTE VIENE,

GOD ASSISTING, THERE IS NOTHING TO BE FEARED.

BEING ADMONISHED LET US FOLLOW BETTER THINGS.